EpicDermis Copyright 2018 by Kate Carpenter

Her skin is a sculpture
A study in textures
A wonder to stroke.
I gaze at this fragile fabric
That mirrors 94 years
Of living and loving.
This was baby skin once.
It was teenage skin
Tanned at the beach
Burned, peeled, restored
A million times over.
Freckled, this skin
Felt the electricity
Of my father's touch
When they first met
On a blind date ages ago.
Now he's gone
But the mother of his 9 children
Lives on
And her splotted skin still speaks.
Smoothed with love and lotion
Painted blotches
BrownRedPurpleTanGoldBlack
A Map!
Ancient Artwork
And underneath this frail thin layer
Blood still flows
Through tired veins
That refuse to quit.
My hand rests on the arm
That cradled me as a child
Worked to sustain me
Spanked and pained me
Guided, trained me
Now who can blame me
For the reverence I hold
In my heart, in my hand?
This human leather
Cherished, crinkled
Worn and wrinkled
This is my Mother
O God, how I love her!
I am flesh of her flesh
Skin of her skin
Amen and amen.