

JANE CHUN

My Features Tell A Story

Few white strands,
lines under my droopy eyes,
split ends that should have ended months ago.
From my six pack to one cube,
that's what happens when the sun wins the race.
My features tell a story.

Those scars on my cheeks
were dug by my brother's claws.
My upper lip beats in comparison
to my bottom lip due to an
incident from a fallen hose.
We all have that first scar on our knee
from our first bike accident.
These were some of my childhood remnants.
My features tell a story.

Stature and lazy stomach
taken after mother
Black marbles hidden behind slits passed
from my father,
along with the rest of my face.
And hands inherited by paternal
grandmother who used them to feed
everyone in her house
but my smile reveals my mother.
My features tell a story.

Burnt shoulders,
sunspots tanning on my cheeks,
legs pumped with muscle

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perspired from weekly outdoor tracks
and indoor machines.
My features tell a story.

Pierce-less ears,
invisible tattoos,
naked nails,
freckles that prove
no cosmetics dare conquer this earth.
The only thing that touches me
are garments of art that define me.
My features tell a story.

Despite words from my mouth
and actions taken,
all parts especially the face,
since the face never lies
reveals age which equals experience.
Lifestyle reveals preference.
History, my family's story, my story,
my features tell a story.

