

STRETCH MARKS

The fan blew cracks in mists
 of a mirror
 buzzing of crickets

How she traced those marks
As if the route of raindrops
 On a window, with her hands,
those thin rifts unfurled. I remember
Being ashamed of growing up— Of maturing
 Of being recognized as a woman
As if that means the existence, the public display of sexuality,

By: Tina Zhu

Tina is a freshman in CAS (technically complit major but is really undecided). It's her first time writing for a magazine, so everything's very exciting. Hope you enjoy reading her works.

loosening
the space between a wound
and a scar;
her warm towel went up the curve of my breast
as if it's the curve of
any random fruit or vase
rubbing my hair dry as
shattered woman began to seam,
With the stagnation between each chirp,
julienning of wings
Like the hyperplasia of skin
tissue