

BellaBianca Lynn

Bending Moment

The writing across her skin shows me
she's been tickled. Massaged even.
At the end of Parliament Avenue, I turn the corner.
This corner
Brings me to her shaved leg. Shaved of
grass, replaced with smooth asphalt.
I heel-toe around her pores and cracks,
reading temporary tattoos:
Have a great day; don't worry be happy;
make every day a good day;
Tomorrow's a new day – her words evolving from
pink to white as I ascend the sidewalk.
The curved shoulders in the capital “H” hug
my cage that houses breath.
These same curves break my dam of compassion:
The bars of my cage tighten and my
throat swallows a burning knot

Fastened muscles from faint, rainy eyes.
I've turned the corner only to be cut open by powder

Not yet grown into images of political red and white stripes
That end up turning on each other, but young
shades building on each other along this canvas.
Both colors are calcium.
Strength that our bones salivate over.

This leg running alongside the road, with
colors of purity, makes me want to tell
Others to turn the corner.

This corner
proves that fingerprints, fingerprints of shelled-in babes,
Believe in the calcium cycle, how washed away broken bones
Fall back to sea where they become chalk again.
Where children ground our steps along the edge.

To turn the corner,
this corner, reminds my lips to curve.
Grateful for the grocery store uniforms that
feed the mouths of these fingerprints.
This is only one of the uniforms fighting.
Their scheduled war begins with
unloading boxes at 6:30 a.m. and
Ends with facing shelves at the face of 7 p.m.
The war rises as the American flag rises each morning.
This is the war without women making
bullets. Without blood. But with plastic.

Plastic masks and partitions.
Today's war is fought using materials over the body,
And there's no flesh to break. The opponent kidnaps
Red frisbees from our bodies, giving them the futile chance of
Escaping.

I imagine the curled knuckles that swayed open the letters,
Their gloves of coarse experience not yet pulled over them.
I imagine them at the corner.
This corner, they pull a strip of scotch tape from their thumbs,
swirling the patterns across the plastic only to lose them.

Once my heel takes its last step along this current of kindness,
Our hidden weapon,
I flash my eyes back to the beginning messages and notice
A blue right angle with arrows at each
end. Construction to come.
A change follows.

Not even a canvas is permanent.
But this leg running alongside the road, with
colors of purity, makes me want to tell
you to turn the corner,
This corner-
Where children ground our steps along the edge,
Innocently cracking our shells.
This corner
Proves that fingerprints, fingerprints of tenderfoot babes,
Believe in the calcium cycle, how washed away shells
Fall back to sea where they become chalk again.

About the Author



Bella Bianca Lynn holds a BA in English from Curry College with a double concentration in Creative Writing and Professional Writing. While in attendance, Lynn was awarded second place in the First-Year Essay Contest and received the English and Poetry Award. BellaB is a contributing writer for Step Up for Mental Health and VWell Magazine. More recently, her essay "Southpaw Belly Dancer" was accepted by Iris Literary Journal. Outside of writing, Lynn is a belly dancer and 500-hour certified yoga instructor with a focus in Therapeutic Essentials. For more of her work please visit <https://bellabiancalynn.com/>.