swimming pool (disambiguation)

miracle thornton

i jumped and crushed my brother’s mouth with my foot the blood like the spurt of lemon juice in water. my sister and i stirred organic cane sugar with a black spoon ice rattling in the jug. i brought the spoon to my lips and it tasted like chlorine.

i will choose a bikini black and white striped with eye-sore pink straps. in the store my mother’s eyes will skate across my chest.

i’ll look down and see the dark stain of my birthmark on my right breast blown up. she’ll asks me if it’s right. i’ll giggle yes then shrink as the receipt whirs out the register shrivel on the bus until my excitement sits pulped in my chest while the other girls wave their pale bottoms in the air whooping.

i go down to the pool in just my suit. it’s a one piece the lump of my belly shrunk by the tight as skin black material. the cleaners sagged and keen watch me flit down the steps smoking. i smile at them as they tip their cigarettes with brown teeth. they watch me and i go delicate for them skipping over the vacuum
cleaner  i’m sorry ma’am  i’m sorry ma’am  my mouth is made for pleasantries.

i will forget about my skin despite being so used to covering it up so used to wrapping myself in wool  sweating clumps in the summer  barely pulling up my sleeves to spit shine my wrists. we’ll go into changing rooms. when i step out a stall  the girls will ask me where my body comes from. in my head i’ll tell them from somewhere wet  out of my own piss sack  somewhere so turbid you can’t even see. we’ll dress again after dissecting each other silently  all told to stay clothed until we’re ready to be submerged.

i lost my tooth and yellowed  circled my sour new hole. i forgot about what used to fill the space until the water cooled around me and i was called in for lunch. i had fit myself onto my mother’s lap to help her peel rinds  flicked seeds into an unused ash tray only to be kicked off by the baby in her stomach. so  i sat at her feet as my siblings sucked lemon skins for comfort. naturally  i did the same  then screamed.
in my head those yellow mouthed boys will brush thighs with me. unaware of whose limb belongs to who they will grab my stray ankle thinking i’m another girl or they will kick my ribs thinking i’m another scar skinned boy.

the room is all windows. as i swim i feel my hair breaking and floating around me the slip of the water over my well oiled skin. i dive and emerge to a man smoking rapping at the window of his truck plucking at his wife beater. there are many ways i want him to look at me something to tongue over something to bob in his fingers something to turn and turn until galled white. i suppose he can’t see me whirl a rippled girl out of the corner of his eye or he may see nothing at all instead the glimmer of motel water dirty as expected.

i will try desperately to keep myself tucked in the right way i will not flutter my feet i will not splash i will not make an aggressive plunk into the deep end and show how unimpressive my form is i will not watch the others go straight and easy and noiselessly into the water i will not jealously cling to my own flaking meat thumbing the poor skin on my legs.
there’s the real thing my skin how it broke from the crash of my heel to his teeth. i haven’t apologized. i saw brown and thought it was my own reflection shrieking back up. still unaware of my own capacity i shove gratefully into whatever space i can fit.