

A change in water pressure

The bathroom smells like you, boy.
Whenever the hot water runs
the steam finds the scent of you, left
in the cracks of grouting, the
indentation of the shower drain,
nice and clogged with my soapy hair.
I tried to scour the residue you leave,
a slimy trail,
you leave.

I shut my eyes
with electric water dripping off my nose,
only to
see you wrapped in green towel, early mornings
rubbing iridescent powder all over your skin,
ignorant to the white droppings
on my carpeting.

My shower completed,
I stand in front of the crisp mirror, that is
too blunt to lie to me,
studying my soggy features-
becoming entranced with my own eyes.
My limp hair
clinging to my collar bone.
I pull out a brush with big
nobby fingers, and violently,
try to get the damaged hairs on my head
to fall.

Soon
the shower head will fill with
rusty water deposits, too long
in the stainless steel.
I will pour into the tub
refreshingly cool water and
quarts of greasy bath oils. But
I won't sit long.
Hopefully,

the green towel will hang over the heater,
with warmth
and a new detergent smell.

Rebecca Richards