Ode to my Keloid

Erin Elizabeth McConnell*
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By Erin Elizabeth McConnell

Oh,
the very thought of you,
lushly pink, sliver of skin,
makes wee babes weep,
suitors cower,
dermatologists wince.
you who receive
more eye contact than i —
like a car wreck
from which
once cannot turn away.

Scar tissue of sublimity,
you grace my shoulder
with the majesty of an earl:
pompous, purple,
believing himself to be beautiful
when everyone else
finds him hideous.

Lethal leech of my epidermis:
you survived the sterile steroids,
bested the cruel sutures,
spat into the faces
of futile immunity.

i am forever
aware of your presence;
unnecessary necessity
of my limb.