

## Jamie Gierer

### Beautiful

The woman,  
wafer-thin,  
sits on the storefront steps,  
collapsing there  
with finality,  
as if she can move no more.  
Trains could navigate  
the tracks on her arms,  
the homeless around her would love  
to possess  
bags as large and black  
as those under her eyes.  
Hips jut sharply  
above low-slung pants,  
Ribs as defined  
as a xylophonist's wet dream  
stretch above a taut, empty stomach.

A line of blood  
escapes her nose  
and she swipes it away,  
absent-mindedly:  
she's done this many times before.  
Yesterday she celebrated,  
today she'll stumble home to recover,  
tomorrow will see her primped and combed,  
made up,  
clothed with designer labels,  
tottering on towering heels  
down the narrow catwalk,  
leaving behind herself her real beauty:  
her hips, her breasts, her confidence;  
navigating her narrow way  
to glossy magazine pages of perfection.