

A Strange Kind of Beautiful

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She was made of knobby corners and sharp edges; spit and ink.

Her ribs were a perfectly constructed bear trap protecting her center from grizzly beasts.

Her skin was porcelain and her eyes a thick blue.

From the outside she was a strange kind of beautiful.

On the inside she was something of a disaster; all reds, pinks and purples.

She was all bruises and bone marrow, strung together by Christmas lights.

And she was held up by her butterfly of a backbone.

To the sound of her typewriter's click she broke herself into pieces.