

Restoration

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Look closer. The lines from the black felt pen are still there, running along your jaw, forming a ‘T’ over your eyes, carving the outline of your nose. See that? The scar on your upper lip shaped like a half moon. Remember when you tripped down the porch steps? After Ben started doing coke again, and stole grandma’s wedding ring and you chased after him? Dr. Karnage, (pronounced like the music hall) says that after tomorrow, it’ll be history, thanks to the collagen implants.

And there? Those lines around your eyes—no more rubbing after tomorrow!— they began to appear after Tony took your one piece of Samsonite, swearing up and down on the St. Christopher medallion you got him for his thirty-fifth, that he’d FedEx it back. Where was the Greyhound bound for again? Tallahassee? Texarkana? Never mind. The Botox will take care of those, too.

The nose. Oh my Christ, that nose. “Looks like a boxer’s,” Max used to tease during Saturday night bowling while he leaned over you, a pack of Marlboro’s threatening from his shirt pocket. You kept score and added extra points to his total, but his smile never reached his baby blues. It’s probably the reason he started dating whatshername from the Crab Shack. Seriously, how does one say they need “space” and then marry a nymphomaniac who wears acid washed miniskirts and rolls the sleeves of her T-Shirts, three months later? Rhinoplasty is a lovely thing. Goodbye Boxer, Hello Athena.

Cheekbones. Nonexistent. Remember how Joy had to finally just grind the CoverGirl in with a paint stick before you started to show up in the mirror and you were both late to the last-night-of-camp-dance because of it? And Tommy Stackhouse asked if you changed your name to Pocahontas, and then dragged Joy onto the dance floor to the tune of, “Can’t Touch This?” Hurrah for silicone!

Trace the lines with your finger. See how they fade? How, with the lightest smudge, it goes away? Maybe you should ask Dr. Karnage if he can make your ears even so you can finally wear those dangly silver things you bought yourself for Christmas last year.