

# Ode to my Keloid

*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.