

Pretty girls

She laid in the bath, admiring how her body looked in the dim lighting from her tea candles. She thought it was quite beautiful, fluctuating throughout the years. In this very moment though, she was in awe at the point of her knees and the way her stomach stayed completely flat; even if she was laying down in a body of lukewarm water. Her phone buzzed again-another dating app notification. Though she was over the male validation part of the app, there was something comforting about rejecting men anonymously, without her life being in any remote danger. She had hoped that it was one day going to be her Prince Charming, even if she was a cynic about love. Something inside of her still craved the upmost heartwarming love that she had only saw through a screen.

She sat forward, placing her hands on her knees.

Though it was causing a strain on her spine, there was a small ounce of comfort having her body parts so close to each other. She wondered if this was what being grounded felt like. Gravitating your body together to create your own safe space.

A part of her braided hair fell in front of her face, and from there she knew maybe it was time to get out feeling the wet ends brush against her side.

She hated being a woman, but maybe that was because she was on her period, and the invasive feeling of failure kept creeping up on her; no matter how hard she tried to ignore it. Her life was measured by time, and every second she allowed her fingers to prune, the more she was wasting herself away.

Her womanhood.

Her youth.

Though neither would truly be hers.

She got out the bath, wrapping a towel around herself. She'd pick this up next time, knowing this feeling would meet her again.