

## MAYBE I'M BORN WITH IT, MAYBE IT'S MY LIBRA MOON

## **MARIE-ALINE ROEMER**

i love her but i'm glad
i didn't learn about foundation from my mother
the medium-beige craters of her skin make me nervous
i expect mercurial break outs beneath
but she would never listen to the stars

i love my mother but i wish she would look at another woman looking at herself in the mirror and learn to blend her jawline into her neck

i love that womanbut she cakes it on too thickby the evening i see her pores crumblei endure trails of ink and sweat the heat leaves in her wrinkles

which i look at almost

everyday

because i I love her but i'm glad i learned to line my face without her help anticipate crows' feet and liver-spots in time, know to carve new contours on my flesh

i love her and maybe it's how i was raised but for years i couldn't tell oil for water-based foundations i am still angry that nobody taught me about this and that I learned it at all

i love it all

but thank god i I didn't learn to put a face on like my mother isn't it enough to have to read her veins

like the back of my own hand? one day they will make a beige blue belt across the medium sky our own made-up constellations

this day will come i will look up to see another woman looking at the mirror

be caught glimpsing at her in the small moments

grasping at rising signs i will learn to love the pieces

and everyday i will miss things

a wrinkle a hair on a mole on a vein

her face an indifference to the universe

## Her liquid eyeliner

## The creases of an entire firmament

*Marie-Aline Roemer* is a graduate student of Social and Cultural Anthropology at the Freie Universität Berlin, where she specializes in Feminist Science and Technology Studies and Medical Anthropology. She has a special interest in poetry and science fiction, and in exploring kinships and oddkins in all their (queer) forms. She currently resides in Berlin.

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