

**STILLPOINT**  
A MAGAZINE IN THE EYE OF THE STORM

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

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**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 woman  
but she cakes it on too thick  
by the evening i see her pores crumble  
i endure trails of ink and sweat the heat leaves in her wrinkles

which i look at almost  
                        everyday

because 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 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**

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