

body.

Pygmalion created Galatea to be perfect
Nothing less could satisfy him
He melded curves out of ivory
Beauty where there was only potential
Love out of inanimate hands
And a lineless face
He would kiss his own creation everyday
Treasuring the flawless
Until she came to life beneath him
And he achieved beauty
By making the perfect body

I sculpted my own set of flesh
Finally setting down my chisel
To reveal the perfect body
Belonging to someone else
I rework myself on occasion
Cupping my face until my eyes are woman
Hugging my chest until my arms are girl
Kissing my lips until my body is mine
I achieve beauty without perfection
Never to be Galatea
Not made to be loved by one man
Not flawless and ivory
Not perfect

My mother soaked my marble in lemon juice for nine months
Softening my stone to sculpt me
Meticulous hands and magnificent hassle
Creating her masterpiece
She knew love as well
Mixed it into the paint
She laid down on my skin
Laid down on my eyes
Until all her work paid off
A healthy infant child
In a perfect body
That was theirs
For then

For a time, I was Galatea
And everything was right

My parents poured love into my veins
Brought me to life with every smile
And they did their very best
To make me flawless
In another world, I could've been
But then my body was no longer mine
I painted green around my eyes
Puffed out my chest
Crossed my legs
Wore every single flaw
Pygmalion had detested in mortal women
And loved it

A lover kissed life into me
Told me I wasn't her exception
But her rule
And Venus strung our hands together
As we danced into the night
The origin story of my heart
Spinning wax and spinning stone
I was sculpted into someone
I could see as being me
Spinning around and around and around
If only the world could see this
A statue brought to life
Humanity in the object
They had made me

My work is almost done
My life dedicated to this body
A mission to make myself flawless
By reshaping all my flaws
I make my too-tall body taller
My too-small arms petite
A statue of femininity
With sin flowing through my veins
Life is my flaw
Love is my wrongdoing
And I can never achieve perfection
Yet
I am beautiful

Maybe I'll dance with Galatea in heaven
Because really

Pygmalion couldn't have been so flawless himself
And he'd never compare to me