

# Ink is Beauty

*by from\_n\_to\_h*

a small poem I composed in the shower. Because I'm sure that many of you know that this is where all the best ideas happen.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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I stand in the steam of my escape,  
Reminding myself of my shape and my secrets  
My hands brush away my heavy, saturated hair and graze against  
My tattoo  
Mmm, ink.  
My thoughts drift,  
I hope my next lover has tattoos  
Entrancing body art that I can admire,  
I will allow my fingers to wander over the ink that sleeps  
Under my lover's warm skin  
Allow my tongue to trace the shapes  
As I ask about the marks in afterglows  
Mmm, ink.  
My thoughts return to my own body  
My own shape and my own secrets.  
I run my curious fingers over my own shy ink,

Touching and enjoying the texture the immigrant art creates on my back

My tattoo

It is my very own oxymoron,

My secret that I share with the world.