

Show Me The Lightning

Today was the day.

Today was the day she would start to look at herself differently.

Yet, the day started as any other day would. She awoke, not wanting to leave her soft sheets. She groaned as her alarm went off. Her lover pulled at her arms.

“My love, good morning, wake up.”

She pushed her away.

As she made her way to the bathroom, she groaned again. This was her least favorite part of the day.

She turned on her shower.

She took off her clothes.

She stared in the mirror. Purple streaks lined her stomach and thighs. She sighed.

Her lover came behind her, “but my love-“

She pushed her away.

She showered, running her fingers along her stretch marks slowly. She knows what her lover would say. “My love, those are lightning bolts. They show your power. They show your strength. It’s natural, and it’s powerful. Those bolts are part of you. They show what you’ve been through.”

She stared at her stunned. “You can’t really see it that. These are marks of failure. Marks of fat. Marks of..”

She was interrupted by the sound of rain. Pitter Pattering on their window.

Her lover had an idea. She peeked out onto her fire escape.

“Come with me!”

“You’re going to get wet!”

“So don’t make me do it alone.”

They curled up on the fireplace, rain pitter pattering. It started to pick up.

“Shouldn’t we go inside?”

“Not Yet.”

It got windy, and cold. The two lovers sat outside together, huddled for warmth. A few times, She protested, but her lover insisted they stay.

“What are we waiting for?” She asked.

“You’ll see.”

Suddenly there was a loud CRACK. She Jumped!

“Almost there,” said her lover.

Then, quickly, the entire sky lit up a light blue color. A uneven large streak followed by tiny whips shook the sky. Birds escaped in either direction.

She stared. She knew lightning was strong, but sitting here, just watching it-

Her lover whispered in her ear, “Do you see? That is how I see you. You are a force to be reckoned with. You are stronger because of what you’ve been through, not weaker. You are beautiful and dangerous and light up my life.”

The next morning, she awoke, not wanting to leave her soft sheets. She groaned as her alarm went off. Her lover pulled at her feet.

She pushed her away.

Later then she should have, she made her way into the bathroom. She turned on the shower.

She took off her clothes

And she looked in the mirror.

And to her surprise, she saw something different. In replacement of those scars she had hated before, she saw lightning bolts. She was proud even.

She ran her fingers along the purple marks.

“I am a force to be reckoned with,” she whispered.

Just a Woman and her Lightning. Unstoppable.