

Metamorphosis

Am I developing breasts? Perhaps.
Creme caramels of flesh. Yes.
In bubble bath shock, I dip under
water surrounding me. Them rising
to the surface.
Is this what it's going to be now?

*Heads, shoulders, knees and toes,
knees and... them.*

The left in-perceptively bigger than the right.
The crease in each one smirking at me:
You. You are no longer as male.
No longer as male.

Eyes and ears and...
Breasts?

They're bumps. No. They're humps.
My chest a hillside. My muscles a memory.
And they're sprouting; erupting. Unsettling me
They are eye-popping eye-sores of the wrong cells.

Mouth and nose. Heads, shoulders, knees and...

I hold my breath. Shut my eyes.
Emerge from the water. Hoping,
praying I haven't changed again.