



The Morning Before Boudoir

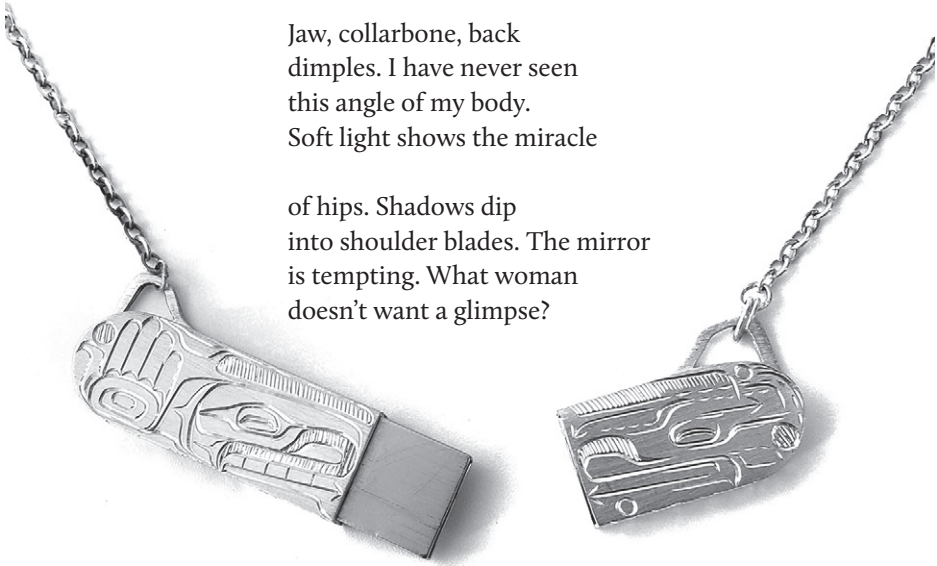
Elizabeth Rumfelt, Juneau

It's a delicious sight,
waking to my own reflection.
Standing, toes on tile,
this body is mine.

I turn, twist my spine
the curvature of womanhood.
No man should even touch it
without saying grace.

Jaw, collarbone, back
dimples. I have never seen
this angle of my body.
Soft light shows the miracle

of hips. Shadows dip
into shoulder blades. The mirror
is tempting. What woman
doesn't want a glimpse?



Rico Lanáat' Worl, Raven Transforms Into the Data Stream