

Thin Skin

A sketch for Wabi Sabi 2 series



You are overly sensitive, my partner suggests,
You're reading into the situation, it's all in your head
My intuitive sense discredited as 'not reasonable'

My son labels me a worrywart
Reacting irrationally when I expect things to be done on time
Chill, he offers in a patronizing tone, everything will be fine



My friends and I have become more rambling
We're preoccupied with our own health and histories
Our conversations body part check ins or organ recitals

My skin is becoming transparent
A mere brush with a door slices through the top membrane
Leaving a gash on my already mottled arm



I have entered the Era of the Thin Skin
My protective covering wearing away
Soon other layers will be shed, one by one
Leaving me raw, totally exposed



The slightest touch
All the more tender