

# Windsor and Newtown Galeria Acrylic

*Elizabeth Terhorst*

When I look in the mirror, I see myself covered in paint.

Red

Around my neck  
From when I was thirteen.

Pink

Caressing my cheek  
From age sixteen.

Purple

Blossoming in the crook  
Of my eighteen-year-old elbow.

Blue

Slapped across my back  
From times I was too young to remember.

It sticks to my clothes.

It gets matted in my hair.

Green clumps

Hang off my split ends,  
Going on six years old.

Orange peels off my ankle

In the shape of  
My middle school cast.

It stains my bed,

My walls,  
The trunk of my car.

Yellow and gold cover every inch of that polyester interior.

I see the paint in

Every. Single. Photo.

The rainbow flashes  
Through my camera roll  
Every time I open the damn app.

I scrub.  
And scrub.  
And scrub.  
And scrub.

I can never see past the paint.

When I look in the mirror, I see myself covered in paint.

But, I'm starting to think  
That's how other people see themselves, too.

That's why no one comments on the palettes I leave behind, the ones on every  
seat.