

Amy Haddad

JUG SHOTS

*Turn to the left
put your hands on top of your head. Hold it.
Okay, now face forward
hands on your hips.*

Stripped to the waist in front of a blue screen
in the surgeon's exam room, my stretched and distorted
chest is the object of the camera.
The implants sit on my ribs under my muscles,
part of me now yet cool and alien. The blonde,
perky tech clicks shots cutting me off at the neck.

Okay, one more close-up.
Too late, my hand flies up to cover
my aquamarine necklace. Flushed
and embarrassed, I don't want this part of me
in the pictures. She starts over.

*Do you want to try a tattoo areola and nipple?
They wash off. We're letting patients test them.*
Numb, I let her paste the photos on the blank
mounds where my breasts used to be.
The tattoos burn through my blouse
as I leave the office, smoldering
nipples constantly erect.
Later in the shower, I watch someone else's nipples
dissolve and drip down my stomach and legs into the drain.