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My Body (Not) for Sale

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Author Bio

Re’Nyqua started out as a reader, stuffing her nose in every book possible and falling in love with stories—until one day she decided to write her own story. The story still has not ended and she plans on writing until she has nothing left to say. Although she dreams of having her name across the front cover of a published book, nothing is more important to her than inspiring readers and writers through her stories.

MY BODY: (NOT)

FOR SALE ■ RE'NYQUA FARRINGTON

I'm covered
from wrist to toe,
black shapeless sweatshirt—
no cleavage to show—
and opaque leggings
dotted with lint
that sprinkle the top
of my knee-high boots.

Still, he scans me
like a register
ready to buy me.
No, actually,
he already owns me.
The look he gives me
suggests I'm only
renting my body.

He starts polite
and says, "Hi,"
I think, "How nice,"
and offer a smile.
He snatches my grin
and morphs
it into a sneer
and after

he sucked his teeth,
I knew he would
take it there.

He calls out,
not to me,
but to his friends
too cowardly
to address me
with his baseless epithets.

Nonetheless,
he and his homeboys
unabashedly continue
analyzing my body,
scanning it all
over again.
They whistle.
They mumble.
They probably think
(and believe)
they mean no trouble.

I walk past
their jeering
and suggestive staring;
ignoring their perusal
and swallowing my disapproval.

