

*Celestial Acne – by Anna G-H*

Once, when I  
was fresh fifteen,  
I was laying on the sofa upside  
down, absent mindedly touching my face,  
While Grandpa read the newspapers across the room,  
muttering about the anniversary for the moon landing  
and how he had  
watched it back in his day on TV  
and how times had changed  
etc etc,  
When:  
my roving fingers discovered a life  
form, an  
alien presence  
In the crescent of my  
outer-left-nostril.  
With a wail I  
informed the house (and possibly the whole street)  
That I had a  
new spot,  
my fifth of the week!  
My *fifth* of the week!  
Which resulted in Grandpa lowering his newspaper a  
fraction.

"Where?" He asked, squinting through his half-moon glasses.

I moaned, and indicated,

despairing.

"So? You're not the only one with skin afflictions," He said.

Seeing my venomous look he

quickly hedged:

"I mean, think about the moon! Talk about a pizza face!"

"The moon?" I shrieked, incredulous.

"Yes! Haven't you ever noticed how many craters there are on his face?"

I gave him a dubious eye roll (my fresh- fifteen speciality).

"Think of Mars' rosacea!" he persisted,

"The sun's psoriasis!"

"Venus's eczema!"

"Saturn's ringworm!"

"Jupiter's moles!!!"

He paused,

winded.

I eyed him, curious to see

where he was going with

this outburst.

"So you shouldn't feel bad

about your skin. Think

of those planets! They didn't let their celestial dermatology problems

stop them. They went

on to be giants in the universe.

So will you."

Seeing my confused look, he drove his point home with-

"You're not alone, is all I'm saying."

Then,

"Have you seen my slippers?"

I smiled and shook my head before

laying back down, feeling

strangely reassured.

Later I went to find

my telescope.