

HOW DO I LOOK?
SENNAH YEE

How Do I Look?
By Sennah Yee
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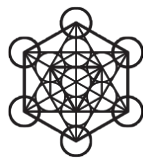
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HOW DO I LOOK?

MEDUSA

Beauty, power, and confidence without gaze. Then, a man holds up a mirror and kills her. There is nothing mythical about that.

MOTHERLODE

Sarah and I always played *The Sims* with versions of us, our sk8er boi crushes, our celeb crushes (*Fight Club*-era Brad Pitt and Edward Norton), and our enemies. My older sister helped us download cool mods: makeup from My Chemical Romance music videos, tattoos and dermal piercings, BDSM outfits before we knew what the letters stood for, and Cloud from *Final Fantasy VII*'s hair. We made our sk8er boi crushes fall in love with us in minutes. We took turns woohoo-ing in the hot tub with Brad and Edward and giggled at the pixels. We made our enemies pee themselves and die by fire. We accidentally fell in love with each other and had to Google how to undo it. We cheated so we were forever full, rich, and young. We forgot that the sk8er bois never talked to us, that Brad and Edward didn't look like that anymore, that we kind of felt sorry for our enemies.

SKINNY-DIPPING

I had never seen my friends naked. He said he had never seen nipples as dark as mine. Knowing his dating and porn history, I believed him.

**FROM ANONYMOUS ANSWERS TO:
WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE MEMORY OF LAST
SUMMER? WHAT DID YOU LIKE/HATE ABOUT
YOUR FIRST CRUSH? WRITE SOMETHING TO
SOMEONE YOU MISS.**

After pool-hopping fully clothed, we got stuck in the rain. It was August. I got to see where she grew up: Chinatown bars, the spa across the street, a haunted house. I liked her dark hair, her ambivalence towards me. I've rarely laughed harder. Lots to hate, too: teeth stained yellow. Constant wandering and coming back. The first time we slept in the same bed, I wanted her to have wanted me more. She called me "the one that got away" even though she always left me behind. I walked into the lake the morning after. It was hot and my feet were dust. My skin was sore. Hate takes a long time to soak up.

PROM

I bought us pearl earrings for \$5 from an elderly vendor in Chinatown. I told him how neither of us had ever owned anything pearl before. He knew they were fake, and so did I, and so did you, but it didn't matter. Later, you spilled Smirnoff all over the gown you borrowed from your sister. I tried not to stare at the lace and sequins of your bra seeping through the soaked fabric. Having eyes only for you is just a glamorous way of saying that I am blind.