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... Nicked Myself Shaving Last Night

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... Nicked Myself Shaving Last Night-

Eleanor Mund (Musical Theater and English 2026)

a flickering light blinks above

my phone screams midnight

as I prop my leg up on a plastic white shelf

I didn't want to do this tonight

because I'm lazy—

or defiant—

or something else-

who knows.

but I have the razor

rusty though it may be

and the sickly sweet shaving cream stares me down

in its hot pink bottle: made for women just like me!

so! why not?

I try to go slowly

(DON'T shave your ankles, mom told me. you'll nick yourself and your hair is already light, nobody will notice)

but I'm impatient and so is that razor

I really should have thrown it out a week ago

shouldn't I have?

it glides across my skin with inconsequential ease

slicing through the thick foam of gel that smells like dying flowers and femininity it creates little globular patterns on my unevenly fuzzy legs

and I distract myself with the mumbling commentary in my head...

I think I'm almost done with the left when I notice a bead of red on that stupid pink blade—\$10 for a pack of four.

I let out a groan as my ankle runs red.

mom was right.

I hope it doesn't stain my grandmother's dressing robe.