

## Ode to Being Fat

“You’re not even fat!”  
If I got a dollar  
For every time I heard that phrase  
I would be fat *and* rich.

I am fat.  
I have been all my life.  
It’s in my genes  
And it’s part of who I am.

Growing up  
I felt different,  
I shopped in plus size  
From the age of eight.

It was tough,  
Stuck in transition age,  
When everything mattered,  
From looks to style.

And when I felt undesirable.

The word carries a taboo,  
“Oh, did you see how fat she got?”  
“Does this make me look fat?”  
“Ugh, look at me, I’m so fat.”

The idea that  
Somehow you can’t be fat  
And attractive has held me back  
All my life.

The older I got,  
The more confident I became.  
One day I’ll love myself completely,  
But for now, I slowly learn to accept.

To this day, my friends  
Still say that I’m not fat,  
That I’m still pretty. But I say,  
I’m both.

## When It Rains, It Storms

I have no say whatsoever.  
Like water through my fingers,  
The world is out of my control.  
My hopes on a balance,  
Waiting to fall over.

Too much to name, too much to think about.  
The rush dies down, and then  
It's nothing but high tide and strong winds.  
Wave after wave  
Knocking me off my feet.

The only thing getting you back up  
Is your fear of failure.

She tells herself it could be worse. Could be worse she tells herself.  
It could be worse could be without could be without could be could be she tells herself.  
Could be without she tells it could be worse be worse. It could be worse be without she could she  
tells herself. She tells herself could be without be worse be herself. She tells  
Herself it. Without could be worse worse could be herself she tells it. Could be worse could  
Be worse without herself it could be worse. Worse than the reflection she sees.  
Ugly.  
Not ugly.  
And fat.  
Not Fat.  
Here's the catch.  
She's disgusting for it.  
The catch is here.  
So she is as disgusting for thought of it.  
The catch is as disgusting.  
Wondering wonders and wanders so do clouds. Wondering wonders and wondering and so  
Wondering wonders and wondering and so and so wondering and so wondering wonders and  
So wondering wonders and wondering and so. And so wondering wonders and so and more so.  
And more so and so and so and more so.  
Suffer in silence. To suffer in silence the suffering silence as silent as  
Suffering, suffering as silence, sufferably silencing, sufferable in  
Silent suffering a silence, suffer in silence. Until it kills her.  
Supposedly.  
Now lighten up and get over it, now lighten up and get over it, now lighten up  
And get over it.  
A few bad choices and no release, lighten up and get over it.  
She hopes hope.  
As a sufferable silence.  
Who understands her? Worse than no one.  
Who understands too understanding understanding too little, who even cares, as they leave they  
forget, who forgets her, her is as her as as hurt or as hurt.  
Now too weak now too weak. Too weak and too weak and week after week.  
Who understands her, no one.  
Realization. 2 a.m.  
She is falling apart.  
Keep breathing.  
She is falling apart unbearably.  
Keep breathing.  
And keep breathing.  
She is falling apart.  
And keep breathing and breathing.  
And falling apart.  
Keep breathing and keep breathing and falling apart.  
Then keep breathing.  
And falling apart.  
Then keep breathing.  
Keep breathing.  
Breathing, keep going.

Breathing, stop.

Realization.

As realized.

As she realizes.

She cries and as she cries, and as she cries and she cries, she cries and as she cries and she and as she cries and cries and cries and cries.

Will it ever stop will it ever stop soon, sooner, their words echo.

As worthless.

As confused.

As hurt.

Has hurt.

Has hurt.

As hurt.

As hurt.

Worthlessness.

Insecurity.

Worthlessness.

As insecurities as worthless.

Anger and angry.

With no answers or help.

Angry and frustrated.

Good enough good enough good enough never good enough good enough never good enough

Good enough enough good enough.

Frustrated and never enough.

If what she knows is.

Feeling.

Her emptiness.

Thinking.

Her emptiness.

Overwhelming.

The emptiness.

Overwhelming.

The emptiness.

Overwhelming.

The emptiness.

Thinking.

Her emptiness.

Feeling.

Her emptiness.

What she knows is.

She waits.

A gate.

She waits.

A date.

She waits.

She worries.

She waits.

She as worried.

Mistakes make.  
Make up.  
Make up lies.  
A lie.  
As lie.  
As or as worthless.  
It builds up and she says nothing. Nothing at all.

It Could Be Worse: A Self-Portrait  
Inspired by: If I Told Him: A Completed Portrait of Pablo Picasso by Gertrude Stein