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She Confesses to a Cow

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SHE CONFESSES TO A COW

from the fat girl poems

You stand and move your jaw
in a slow sideways chew,
but if you knew what it is like
to be called a big fat cow
by a boy walking home from school
who pointed and laughed with his friends,
you’d stamp and stop that stupid chewing.
Except, you are a cow and I’m a girl
who should be stamping and shouting names
like “snakeskin”, “toadbelly”, “cow-plop-eating fly”
and letting him have it with a hand as big as his.

But some days I hug this extra fat of mine,
soft and full like a cloak around me.
I might be someone thin, wearing a disguise.
No one thinks of you as only hide,
you have good tasting meat underneath.
So might I, if someone cuts through skin,
turn out to be like steak, look fat
taste thin, but I’d rather not let anyone in.