



This body swelled and stored fat without my permission.
It shoved off measurements and proportions
as it bloomed into society's black book.

I try to convince myself that a giraffe is not a model
because every elephant has a trunk
but I do not listen.

Cute shoes won't fit on my feet
'cause they say I'm not fit and I don't fit in.
Mockery raise brows and blinks
from the eyes of friends, I don't call friends.

Their sweet chuckles taste bitter in my ears,
as every flash of sham strikes like lightning.
Fake smiles are my only offering to this
daily crucifixion.

I rearrange my voice to answer them,
but I don't.