Oh, what shall we do with the big girl? & I wonder what it's like to be thin

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**Oh, what shall we do with the big girl?**

You know the one–from flat chested to C cup by the end of fifth grade. The one who has outgrown her peers. Her wide hips and pronounced backside shapely distractions next to her still straight-as-a-board classmates. Somehow the big girl exists simultaneously as ugly, undesirable and as an insatiable slut. Her thighs–thick, lurid–calling thirtysomething men, they say, with their virginal siren songs.

She bleeds first–or so she suspects–and hides it for months until her crimson rags are discovered under the bathroom sink calling a congress of women to the kitchen table. Sweat-slicked round-faced, she peers at them through a cloud of smoke–Blair 100s, Virginia Slims–swirled by the oscillating fan rat-tat-tat-taching in front of the open trailer window. In chorus her grandmother, her mother, her aunts (just two) chime: “Well, now you have to watch the way you act around boys.” That was the talk. All of it. Start to finish.

Oh, big girl, big beautiful girl, someday you will grow into your body and out of the corporal prison they put you in. Your fleshy arms will wrap around yourself again and again like succulent vines. Your despised belly will become a bounty on which future lovers will feast. Oh, big girl, don’t cry. One day you will be more than they can handle. They will see the way you love yourself and try to punish you. You will laugh at their hate like a ravenous Medusa and re-fill your plate sucking the syrupy sweet satisfaction off your fingers while staring them straight in their miserable stony eyes.
I wonder what it’s like to be thin

bird legs propelling me around town
through doors opened eagerly by strangers
not out of kindness but out of appreciation for
stick arms waving hello, hugging goodbye,
fraying a kite high above the trees
its yellowredblueness becoming a tiny
diamond bobbing before a backdrop of
suspicious gray clouds sparking annoyance