

Thinness

You are too thin,
they tell me,
ankles too like
uncooked spaghetti
and arms
like pieces of straw
that would splinter
and float away
in a strong wind
to be carried who knows where.
What's wrong
with you?
for under the hypnotism of talk shows
they have come to equate what I look like
with something I am not,
their malicious desire for there to be
something wrong
ill-concealed behind concern

And would it be a bad thing,
I wonder,
to be splintered and blown
farther than they can imagine
if in the journey I could collect what I do not already house
in a body that is not too thin,
a soul that would not be too skinny
to hold what I desire?

Christina Cass