I have spent forever hating the impermanent: the way a dress looks around the middle, how much of my chin shows when I bow my head, the number on the scale.

I would have been a Libra but I am a true Leo, so I came into the world months early at 1.5 lbs.

Mommy risked her life to give me mine and brags to God what it means to be *Jordan—born with the strength of rivers for which she was named.*premature baby but everything about me as an adult still carries as painful and urgent.

People tend to think I've always looked this way or that I want to, assuming that I didn't play Varsity sports in high school, I don't spend nights dancing in front of studio mirrors until I can't stand anymore, I don't skip so many meals that Cooper has to walk me to food to be *certain* I'll eat.

I have never been as heavy as the world thinks I should be.

I know what it is to be both too little and too much of a human.

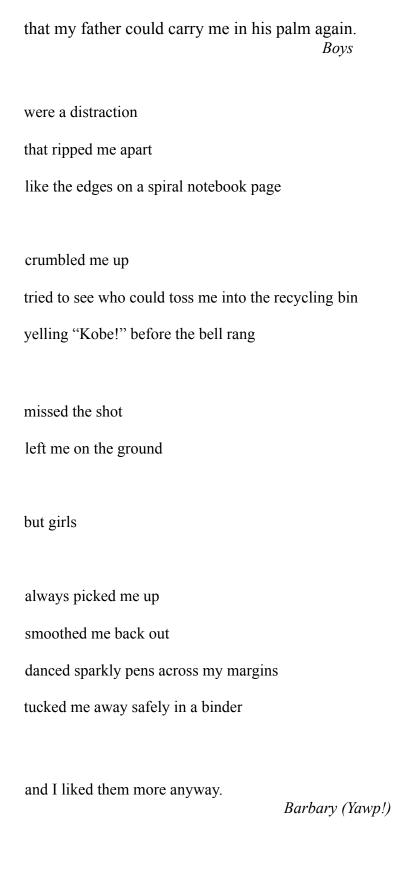
I spend nights staring at the ceiling wondering if the person who just left would love me if I didn't have boobs and wondering if the one who hurt me did it because I do have them if

I were smaller would men be nicer in their words and in their touch?

When I see myself in the mirror I tell her I love her more the smaller her waist is. She tells me she loves me always.

She is a liar.

If a genie gave me one wish it would be to be so small



I am a warrior:
the silk of my pen floods over pages and pages
without an ark to ever stop the tide
of my thoughts
I write the feelings
that demand to be felt
(pain and love I dare not speak)
writing is
a Messiah
to Promised Lands
flowing with milk
and hyperbole it is my rapier

brandished high

with bejeweled pride

because language is

the most powerful weapon in the soul's artillery

my words go to battle

when my heart can't.