

Three Big Fat Poems

by Pennfana

Meditations on being "plus-sized".

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Chapter 1 of 1

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1. Too Fat?

Other girls recall first kisses

When I've not yet had mine.

First dates, slow dances and all romance

Have escaped me every time.

I'm far too much to look at,

So there is no need to prove

One simple fact which haunts my life:

I'm too fat to be loved.

Men know I'm safe for friendship

Because I recognize

Their loathing for my hefty shape,

Their hatred for my size.

There is no threat that I will try

To ever make a move

If I'm attracted, because I know

I'm too fat too be loved.

2. Untitled

I already know I'm fat; after all, I have mirrors.

I've seen pictures of Twiggy—don't expect me to be her.

I can survive famine; in a week, you'd be gone.

In the middle of winter, I'm toasty and warm.

All my food for a week can be carried on my back;

My weight's in my muscles, not just in my fat.

I'm big and I'm beautiful; don't you make fun of me

Just because you do not like what you see.

I can fly in a plane without buying two seats,

I do lots of walking, I don't overeat.

And though I did not choose to look as I do,

I like being me. Is it the same for you?

But when I look for work, certain problems arise—

Will you look at my résumé, not at my size?!

And clothes shopping can be a bit of a pain

Since most designers look at fat with disdain.

And the doctor's office with that horrible scale

That makes me feel like I'm a miniature whale

Doesn't do wonders for my attitude

(Especially when the doc thinks it's her right to be rude

And assume that I've got the IQ of a gnat

Simply because of the fact that I'm fat).

I'm not considered attractive enough for a date,

Partly (at least, I'm sure) because of my weight.

No, this life ain't heaven, I'd have to agree,

But still, I must say that I'm proud to be me.

Body standards change. Two centuries ago

I would not have been mocked with cries of "fatso!"

Look at Renaissance art—it may be a surprise,

But most of those women are "women of size"!

And even my doctor says she must confess

That my health is much better than the size of my dress

Would appear to imply. And as for the men—

If they can't accept me, then to hell with them!

Now I'll close this rant, for I've gone on awhile

And I'm drawing tired of this long-winded style.

Yet I hope that in reading this, you'll have seen that

Prejudice is wrong even when its victim is fat.

3. "Fat! So?"

You think that I should be made to feel guilt

Over the large way in which I am built,

That I should be made to feel less than human

Because you think I have been over-consuming?

You think that I should starve myself to be thin

Because being fat is nothing short of sin?

You say that I've hastened the day that I'll die
Because of a number on the old BMI?
You think that I'm ugly 'cause there's more of me
Than you, with your prejudice, would wish to see?
You think that genetics has nothing to do
With the fact that I'm not as "perfect" as you?
Take a look in the mirror, take a look at your clothes,
Take a look at the attitudes you try to impose.
Take a look at the hurt that you try to inflict
With your insistence that we all be your kind of "perfect"!
Human beings are creatures of variety—
We're not all the same! And why can't you see
That there's beauty to all of us, both outside and in,
And that health's not reserved just for those who are thin?
As I see it, my body should not concern you.
My fat places no limits on what I can do.
Your mind is too small; give it some room to grow!
I'm glad to be me, and yes, I'm fat! So?

Author's Notes:

I must admit that I've got more than a little bit of personal interest in the content of these poems. At slightly taller than 5 foot 7, I am visibly (though not extremely) what many people would term "overweight" at slightly over 210 pounds. Now, I'm not going to get into a long speech about what this has done to (and for) me through my life, especially since it seems that the poems have done this already, but I will say that it has had a definite impact.

The second poem, by the way, was inspired by a well-known poem celebrating womanhood, variously called "Women are Wonderful" and "IT'S A GIRL THING!" The third one is a re-working of one that I wrote when I was roughly fifteen or so and starting to get sick of the way that many people insisted on treating me based on something so superficial and irrelevant as my appearance.

And yes, I know that there are health risks which are associated with being fat. Still, this is the shape that my body appears to "want" to be in. (In fact, I take better care of myself than most of my thin friends take care of themselves.) I certainly see no reason why people like me should be made to feel that we are defective or sub-human.

I hope you've enjoyed these. They've been in the works for a long time. From a certain perspective, they've been formulating themselves in my mind for over twenty years.