

I have
arrived at a point in my life when the male gaze seems blind to my charms
which is perhaps not coincidentally the exact same point in my life when the male gaze
can go fuck itself
which may sound like bravado coming from a one-breasted woman who calls herself
the fat ass cancer bitch
but there is a kind of sexy in releasing oneself from such expectations
part of it is actual physical horrifying biological shift
an evening in high heels earns me a day and a half of advil
a good night's sleep is when I only get up twice to pee
I need glasses to read my cosmo horoscope in the check-out line at stop & shop
my knees pop like bubble wrap when I climb stairs
getting spanked lately means putting on a girdle
and now my bathing suit has a fucking skirt
and part of it is a coming to terms and being done with certain facts
never was skinny never will be jesus I've spent half a century
feeling bad about this
the gaze that matters is my own even when I don't recognize that person
staring back at me some mornings *who the fuck are you?*
so much time wasted on bullshit notions the value of physical beauty the dumb
struggle for self-acceptance
as if I have a choice
I could write happy talk for some ladies' magazine all day long
affirmation drivel for brainwashed women working hard to believe that they are worthy in the cult of loveliness
YOU are beautiful we are ALL beautiful EVERYONE is so very beautiful
this is patently untrue
if we are all striving for the magazine airbrush photoshop instagram filter hashtag moviestar kind of beautiful
then I know only one or two truly actually physically beautiful people they're freaks
better to try and insist that YOU are kind we are ALL benevolent EVERYONE is so very compassionate
we need a cult of mercy
imagine if I spent half a century yearning to be a better human instead of a thinner one
so fuck you male gaze
and while we're at it fuck you cosmo horoscope
and the rest of the lady propaganda at the checkout in stop & shop
wanna bikini body?
put a fucking bikini on your body
hello and welcome to your next half century glorious lumpy self
it's your own party woman
and you are late