

FAT

By Isabelle Riche

She is so fat and she knows it

She can see it in the faces of her friends when she talks

How disgusting and putrid her morbid obesity is

How it burns their eyes as they look upon her

Like she was sick

She knows all they can think about is how fat she is.

She can hear it in the voices of her parents

As they talk down to her,

Consoling,

As if some words of wisdom and hope will cure their daughter of her excess

And as she goes to sleep

and wakes up unable to think about anything

except the flabby skin between her fingers when she grabs her stomach

even at the crack of dawn

standing upon the scale

she is still so fat

all eighty four and a half pounds of her.