I weighed myself when I woke up, and then after going to the bathroom. I weighed myself with hair heavy and wet from the shower to see if the water had the same weight as the day before. Then as per the routine, I had to be stark naked next, because the fear that my sweatpants, so opaque and thick fabric that it had pills, would add up to a bigger number.

I ate with disgust, sugary or salty delights that found their way into my fingers or on my fork when I wanted to bite. I chewed fresh and warm bread I baked, slowly with anger at not being able to control myself.

“Had my throat become swollen a little more over night?”

“Has my chin’s lower twin retreated from battle, slimming my face by some divine miracle?”

My father was compelled to chip in,

“Don’t worry, I’ve been gaining weight too.”

I informed him I’ve lost 11 pounds in two weeks. Eleven pounds should be heavier than the words that confirmed my ongoing sense of failure.

My stretched pants slipped off from lack of friction; the peeling leather belt that tried to cling to my waist jaded. I was the second person to use this belt (wondering if the previous wearer donated it to goodwill because it became too big…let’s hope). The goal pants perfectly fitted five years prior had me stifle cries after my hips bellowed out to the denim, “You. Shall. Not. Pass!” Gandhi avoids this whole mess, with an adjustable robe and an adjustable sash.
This isn’t new. A future supposedly should have excitement, one day this, and you will be different! (Written on the whiteboard every day for a decade.) The unsettling knowledge that it most likely won’t seeped into my confidence, making the warm sandy beach of happy thoughts achieved with practice into thick, dark, suffocating mud. (I should practice more).

I’m not happy with my body’s fat. The insulation, the energy stores for unthinkably cold and hungry times ahead. The warmth and confidence that the cells (who are me) repeat every day, “you will not starve, you will not freeze” as they split and grow, copy and die without my command.

This biological high confidence makes it necessary for the nouns that exist outside my body enforce made-up rules for our lovely dystopian status quo. How dare someone treat the body of a person like a person! The body designed with the future in mind, that’s both powerful enough to ruffle the feathers and eyes of a man with the expectation that I can be lighter than my six-inch shorter mother, if only I tried harder. He has the greater burden after all. Weighing if a rapidly approaching silhouette is worthy or unworthy of an arm extension, to hold the door or to not hold the door? “I need to double check first” He thinks.

Beautiful round stones made by nature have a waiting list of a million years with the planet’s water not rushing perfection. Beautiful round stone, made round by a sharp straight blade, has an artist willing to sacrifice a lifetime of study and skill trying to perfect it. Aphrodite’s estrogen picked places to harbor her fat cells that were so essential to her beauty, so nonnegotiable to her irresistible appeal. The sculptor with a tiny chisel as the sole tool of a a one-ton statue deems it worth the time to include this roundness. Yet the local clothing designer, seamstress, or shop owner, who thinks roundness is only acceptable depending on its numerical value in inches or
centimeters, has a better idea of beauty than the artists and the oceans? The oceans and the artists are wrong because the billboards said so.

No tangible penalization of being fat exists but wait there’s a twist. I hold the weight of my crime on my bones first. The skeleton that allows me to walk won’t walk me to jail, require a monetary fee, or run for fun for free. Yet my skin, stretched and used (as skin is) while it grows, folded, and padded under my chin, letting everyone with eyes and hands know, especially from below of the permanent residence it holds nearby, near the somewhat pretty face of mine. This skin averts the eyes of a potential love that comes only twice in a life (thank God for that second time). The bigger boss than me just with one chromosome difference between us, does his silhouette to resume check and repeats that worn out phrase “sorry, you’re not what we’re looking for.” The woman in the stall, crying and shouting and tearing at the walls, who I hear, and I let speak and I allow and accept her instantly when she feels weak. She leaves down the hall without a care at all at returning the favor.

This rug once welcome mat of mine has already been stamped to the shape your muddy footprints had. The mouth of mint, the legs, and arms that surely never had hair. The pits with no sweat and organic byproduct bacteria floating in the air, and the shoes no one truly forces me to wear. The dresses that require someone else to be there. If only the thousand ways my being has lied about to fit in was the right amount of change. But I didn’t fit in that one dress, I don’t deserve to fit. This pudgy blubber I grew myself was simply not the right shape for praise.

I am in my youth still it’s true, but big before and bigger now does not make the odds look good. Am I destined to a scooter, or to be pregnant once from a one-night stand man? It can only recover from so much stretching to still be seen as desirable. I am a second child though, so my
mother surely had success, but the diets and the short frame and the insecurities she still had (and those were held by all the rest).

The grandmother with diabetes (who smoked four packs a day). That husband of hers the second type of diabetes as well preferred to be in a Lazy-Z-Boy and waste away (who’s bad knees flared when the weather perfect for strolls was looking fair). Old age took them, their trips around the sun starting with the number eight. It sounds like a good number until it’s called “plus” on it’s your waist. The father’s mother who had him younger than my grandmother had my mother is still alive, had her stomach stapled at the age of 65. The obsession of food and cheese stayed, but only the amount of cheese that a mouse would care to intake.

My father is on his way, horking down his calories plate by plate, with the energy of a hummingbird who just tried cocaine. My mother makes pizza from scratch, but she cannot reach her own back. The mozzarella and spotted crust forever are worth it though, and she likes to eat, she’s go with the flow.

Five hundred could be my physical limit, my conviction could get me lower than ninety nine before death would barge in. The favorable genetic traits not bred into me also don’t favor the bread I put into me. “Her genetics are amazing! No famine, no flu!” My butt says no. I am not the “normal” size, I will never be the “normal” size. Seventh tenths and more of women in these barricaded walls that are either empty desert or snow can’t fit inside the “normal size”, when there is so much space here that our borders are mostly empty.

Keto, vegan, Mediterranean, water fast, intermittent fasting, caloric deficiency, you haven’t tried everything yet! How about forget to eat, how about take a pill meant for mentally ill that has their bone structure revealed, which indicates they of course finally healed (and it will be noted
on your chart as all done). The gluten, it must be that. The lactose, I always figured cows that kept famished distant ancestors alive were evil. I should trust the shops nearby, for they say I’m not the right fit, not nearly small enough to try.

The bigger women should fill me with disgust, yet they look literally divine from every angle. The smaller women surely need me to point it out as they fill their gas tanks with fuel. “I couldn’t help but notice your shape. I like your size. You easily pass the silhouette test, which is why this fake kindness glares from my eyes. “

The womanly body should be no more than a commodity, a publicly traded good online with viewers and exclamation points and heart fluttering designs. The offers of money that equate to already paid for time yet to be spent alive, with not so hidden flashes of green. As long as those green panties, “those are size X or SX, right baby?” my respect goes down when the X’s come first and copy themselves the way fat cells intended. And all my clothes the past 18 years have all been a neutral M.

This black and white cat I keep in the back, she doesn’t deem me as less than a desirable caretaker because I am fat. When we don’t see eye to eye, she climbs on my lap and closes her eyes. I need to mention the guinea pigs I keep by the door, one sow and one boar. They know what I eat and what I share from my fridge, they are herbivores and love to chew too. The green thumb that has power not from size or shape I hold, it can grow any plants and cook any dish, fit for the guests I find royal.

Enviable, what I have and do. Besides that one big thing.
My cells were not hired by my conscious request, they tell me “as long as I keep running, this ship will not sink. The bitter leaves should stay bitter, and the frying spuds we love are not to be ignored.”

I wasn’t meant to be skinny, and I hold no ill will to the people who are. Let’s throw that term out altogether, skinny. We look funny and complicated, since we can make an inside joke from a 10 second experience and remember it forever.

Yet the compare and never contrast to a blue whale is a symptom of the rot this country feeds user BigGirlsSuck69. His eyes, mouth, and material being eats off the same billboards as me. He sees mean comments, and sometimes he agrees. The antidote for that buzzword of fatphobia is to look at me the way I try to look at you. You see your hands, you hear your voice, and you don’t like when your chosen words were regrettably the ones drafted that should’ve been benched (why was my starting lineup fumbling). Your face tells me nothing about who you are. That was birth and your actions and reactions tell me who you for all that time after. I don’t see my own face while using it to look at the uncloudy sky the same way you don’t. External beauty that belongs to me is useless with the things I truly want to see. The nonbinary, the women, and the men are beautiful and should be called so the same number of times as whatever person pops up when you type in the search bar “most beautiful woman alive”. Let the person inside the body do what we have always desired to have done. Dance slow or fast, eat the energy so these flesh machines of ours will last, and those enviable impossible models, they are welcome too. They probably have been wanting to break out of that zoo.
There is no evidence we get to re-do this one life, with everyone single one of us being a person who’s alive for the first time. Your guess is as good as mine, but don’t waste your time on me BigGirlsSuck69.

I stopped weighing myself. I made a mental note of what I would’ve written if I was my doctor, who tracked my true weight and was happy for me.

“The patient lost her weight.”