

Lamenting the Fat Girl

fat girl
braggadocia
sits--Pigasus,
bare toes like
Cleopatra lounging
gobbling grapes.

fat girl
has written two poetry books;
well, she just flew
to New York and
plastered her fat John Hancock
on a contract,
and inhaled
up a pork chop at the
Four Seasons--
one will be
Will be containing old poems,
the other of yet-to-come,
And A Novel! (partially written.)

fat girl's
here as I write
"We are getting married
--we have to wait for the familial ... familial ..."
and blabbing about Plath
saying almighty Boyfriend
shuns her interest in, pathetic
respect for the poetess;
and the subtext
bites at my ears, tiresomely, again, again,
rattling bragging rights
on that windsome, weary
suicide attempt.

fat girl
'll be an
English major, a writer
(of wrongs, of black roses
and whining babies and
flashbacks to razor
blades) of quality words
'cause She's Deep
and flabby,
painful
fat girl