

for/four women

wilting on a steamy summer night
cooled by colada froth and
lush desserts three
in the tender flush of life and

one (me) hovering around the
middle shocked to learn
how common the
hurt is still, inhabited

by images impossible
to bear, idols so
many worship in rites of self
despair and feeding

frenzies of spending
girls wanting dolls whose
grotesque measurements they
must study propped

up on tiny painful pointed
toes endlessly
forced fantasies of
billboard celluloid fashionista haute-couture ...

my haul to middle age has shown me
those permanently arched
feet can never stand alone, sprint or
wrestle every day with

demons to win the right to who we
are hair eyes lips hips legs tits clit brain
perfectly imperfect.
hold on I want to

holler do not give up this bed
rock meaning of our bodies
owning our own luscious
selves with or without gazers and hazings

find the precious sensual strong bawdy bold and
soft embrace
it, find it satisfying and
good for who knows better the inner tender-

ness caught suddenly by blooms of heat
lightning steamy summer
nights when we speak
together and dance away in the dark