

anthem for my belly after eating too much

By Kara Jackson

i look in the mirror, and all the chips i've eaten
this month have accumulated
like schoolwork at the bottom of my tummy,
my belly—a country i'm trying to love.
my mouth is a lover devoted to you, my belly, my belly
the birds will string a song together
with wind for you and your army
of solids, militia of grease.
americans love excess, but we also love jeans,
and refuse to make excess comfortable in them.
i step into a fashionable prison,
my middle managed and fastened into
suffering. my gracious gut,
dutiful dome, i will wear a house for you
that you can live in, promise walls
that embrace your growing flesh,
and watch you reach toward everything possible.

Source: *Poetry* (March 2021)