

# Outcast Dykes

eMRobinson

She said, “Love me, love my thighs.”  
Her soft and wrinkly rounded, sagging  
thighs are filled with butter fat—the sweet cream  
that rises to the surface.

I can take hold of them easily  
and cushion my head as I sink into her.

I said, “I will love your thighs.  
They are just like mine. But with me  
comes my belly.”

She thinks about how it overflows,  
folding against itself, rolling under my clothes.

It’s pale, doughy and heavy,  
clumsily moveable and poorly hidden.

When she seeks, she finds  
and finds and finds.

She said, “I will love your belly.  
It’s just like mine. But promise me  
you won’t laugh at my arms.”

And I said, “Promise me you won’t criticize  
my double chin.”

How can we criticize each other  
for the same faults? the same obvious defects?

Fat is bad at hiding. It prefers to be noticed,  
taunting thin bodies with malnourished minds  
to throw sharp darts, as if we can be deflated,  
as if we should be deflated,  
as if we owe them gratitude for humiliation.

Not everyone needs to count their ounces  
of body fat on one hand or even two.

But in our likeness, the outcast sameness,  
we struggle with acceptance of ourselves.

I can love her thighs more easily  
than I can love my own.

So we work at loving ourselves  
while our soft bodies comfortably melt together,  
becoming one  
(and a half).

Although, our four breasts are equal to the weight  
of ten. That’s more to enjoy for each of us,  
Outcast Dykes.