

# MOVEMENT

for LYNNE GERBER

That I am fat brought  
me to these wooden steps  
by the river

I come down            turned  
to keep weight            off one ankle

This twists my knee.

A poet I follow  
said pain in the body  
is not the same as  
pain in the streets

It's fifteen years since I left  
my job at noon to listen  
to her across another river

I loved her language already  
then for its pressures  
She seemed to ask  
that I inhabit my politics  
that I let a lesbian mind in me  
sweat and stagger at least half awake  
through my desires

but that afternoon  
she turned our attention to pain.

Now, a heron turns and settles on the bank  
and I am away

from a hotel full of other fat people  
who might force me into the courage

to press my low breasts  
against the air as if it were glass

to say we need our pleasures  
but cannot be consumed.

by SUSAN STINSON



drawing by Olivia Edith