



BODY, I TAKE YOU BACK

Body, I take you back.

Foot. I cradle the artistry that is you. I stroke your luscious pad first to touch the earth when I get out of bed, and I praise the toes that spring me forward into life. I tickle your bones like keys on a piano. I worship the weight of you, heel.

Calves, I now caress you. I grab at your flesh like a hungry child grabs at it's mother's skirt hem.

Thighs...the way you taper and tease at the knee, then fill up at the top like a vase of roses in full bloom, I bow to you.

For all the times, belly, that you have called to me from the truth of my gut, but I ignored your siren song because there was no evidence to back you up; I knead my hands deep into you now, like fists pressing into yeasty dough.

I want my hands, arms, apron and nose immersed in the flour that is you. I want you beneath, between, below, and behind my fingertips.

You envelop me, as I envelop you, and like a brown buttered biscuit slathered with honey, I cannot get enough of you.

For all the times breasts, that you have been slowly stolen by entitled eyes, I steal back your spheres of beauty with my very own hands.

I love you like a potter loves wet clay spinning under her fingers. You are safe under my wing, and when you unfurl from your canopy of lace at the end a long day, I will roll out a red carpet for you that lasts for miles.

Heart, for all the times you have been broken like pink construction paper ripped into confetti, I offer my touch as glitter glue.

Body, for all the times you have been pinched, smacked, leered, or whistled at without consent.

For all the times I tolerated it because I thought you belonged to them more than you do to me.

This is our reunion.

This is me trading in my terms for un-conditions in the way that I love you.

This is me taking the temple marble that was once dry and crumbling, and polishing it back to life.

With my own hands, body, I now take you back.