

I Envy Fat Women

I have wanted to loll and spread
to bob down streets with secret moist spots
under the folds of my breasts —
a wetness in the creases on my stomach —
with my caftan, thick hair and glasses —
my tongue lost in my round face.

I have smeared frosting from stolen donuts on my chin —
greedily spooned in comforts of vanilla ice cream —
the sweetness caught beneath my tongue
like honey and syrup from my lovers.

Darla Bielfeldt