

Apostate's Creed

My body image coach said:

take a hammer to your scale.

Throw it out. Heart pounding,

I hoist sacred artifact

of self-control over dumpster lip.

Someone I respect said:

the best thing I ever did for my health was get fat.

That is to say, she freed herself from

the pursuit of shrunken flesh,

found liberty to live

her life.

She, like me, can walk into a grocery store

bejeweled with towers of holiday treats,

feel a sense of peace inside on account of privilege:

income, self awareness, that is to say intuition

which she trusts to tell her

when she is hungry, when she is full,

what she likes, what she does not like,

and when another human is saying something unkind

[under a thin veil of "health advice"].

She and I believe

in the wisdom of the body,

dwelling under heaven on earth,

sensing the seen and unseen.

Honed every living moment,

of one essence with the Mystery:
evolutionary creativity, the force
of life that made us.