



**Oh, what shall we do with the big girl? & I wonder what it's like to
be thin**

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Oh, what shall we do with the big girl?

You know the one—from flat chested to C cup
by the end of fifth grade. The one who has outgrown
her peers. Her wide hips and pronounced backside shapely
distractions next to her still straight-as-a-board classmates.
Somehow the big girl exists simultaneously as ugly, undesirable
and as an insatiable slut. Her thighs—thick, lurid—calling
thirtysomething men, they say, with their virginal siren songs.

She bleeds first—or so she suspects—and hides it
for months until her crimson rags are discovered
under the bathroom sink calling a congress of women
to the kitchen table. Sweat-slicked round-faced, she peers at them
through a cloud of smoke—Blair 100s, Virginia Slims—swirled
by the oscillating fan rat-tat-tat-taching in front of the
open trailer window. In chorus her grandmother, her mother,
her aunts (just two) chime: “Well, now you have to watch the way
you act around boys.” That was *the talk*. All of it. Start to finish.

Oh, big girl, big beautiful girl, someday you will grow into your body
and out of the corporal prison they put you in. Your fleshy arms
will wrap around yourself again and again and again
like succulent vines. Your despised belly will become a bounty
on which future lovers will feast. Oh, big girl, don’t cry. One day you will be more
than they can handle. They will see the way you love yourself and
try to punish you. You will laugh at their hate like a ravenous
Medusa and re-fill your plate sucking the syrupy sweet satisfaction
off your fingers while staring them straight in their miserable stony eyes.

I wonder what it's like to be thin

bird legs propelling me around town
through doors opened eagerly by strangers
not out of kindness but out of appreciation for
stick arms waving hello, hugging goodbye,
flying a kite high above the trees
its yellowredblueness becoming a tiny
diamond bobbing before a backdrop of
suspicious gray clouds sparking annoyance