

## Body Love, Pt. 1

Mary Lambert

I know girls who are trying to fit into the social norm  
Like squeezing into last year's prom dress  
I know girls who are low rise, mac eyeshadow, and binge drinking  
I know girls that wonder if they're disaster and sexy enough to fit in  
I know girls who are fleeing bombs from the mosques of their skin  
Playing russian roulette with death  
It's never easy to accept  
That our bodies are fallible and flawed  
But when do we draw the line?  
When the knife hits the skin  
Isn't it the same thing as purging?  
Because we're so obsessed with death  
Some women just have more guts than others  
The funny thing is women like us don't shoot  
We swallow pills, still wanting to be beautiful at the morgue  
Still proceeding to put on make-up  
Still hoping that the mortician finds us fuckable and attractive  
We might as well be buried with our shoes  
And handbags and scarves, girls  
We flirt with death everytime we etch a new tally mark  
Into our skin  
I know how to split my wrists to reveal a battlefield too  
But the time has come for us to  
Reclaim our bodies  
Our bodies deserve more than to be war-torn and collateral  
Offering this fuckdom as a pathetic means to say  
"I only know how to exist when I am wanted"  
Girls like us are hardly ever wanted you know  
We're used up, and we're sad, and drunk and  
Perpetually waiting by the phone for someone to pick up  
And tell us that we did good  
We did good.  
I know I am because I said am  
I know I am because I said am  
I know I am because I said am  
My body is home  
My body is home  
I know I am because I said am  
I know I am because I said am  
I know I am because I said am