

Body Love, Pt. 2

Mary Lambert

I know I am because I said I am
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My body is home
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I know I am because I said I am
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So try this
Take your hands over your bumpy lovebody naked
And remember the first time you touched someone
With the sole purpose of learning all of them.
Touched them because the light was pretty on them
And the dust in the sunlight danced the way your heart did
Touch yourself with a purpose
Your body is the most beautiful royal
Fathers and uncles are not claiming your knife anymore
Are not your razor, no
Put the sharpness back
Lay your hands flat and feel the surface of scarred skin
I once touched a tree with charred limbs
The stump was still breathing
But the tops were just ashy remains
I wonder what it's like to come back from that
Because sometimes I feel a forest fire erupting from my wrists
And the smoke signals sent out are the most beautiful things
I've ever seen
Love your body the way your mother loved your baby feet
And brother, arm wrapping shoulders, and remember
This is important
You are worth more than who you fuck
You are worth more than a waistline
You are worth more than beer bottles displayed like drunken art
ifacts
You are worth more than any naked body could proclaim in the sh
adows,
More than a man's whim
Or your father's mistake
You are no less valuable as a size 16, than a size 4
You are no less valuable as a 32a than a 36c
Your sexiness is defined by concentric circles within your wood
It is wisdom
You are a goddamn tree stump with leaves sprouting out
Reborn