

## Body Love, Pt. 2

Mary Lambert

I know I am because I said I am  
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I know I am because I said I am  
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