Meditation V

The question: *How much weight have you gained?* will repeat itself until I am again a sliver of branch.

I canter beyond the row of elms, a branch lashes my cheek as I go, torso no longer bending forward in the way it used to.

I gallop until the question cracks beneath the weight of hooves: gain ground, speed, distance. I become singular and whole like a bullet exiting the shoulder blade, whistling with the rage of all women made to feel less than holy.

Like when I spread my legs for comfort in front of the TV, and your sulky hand finds a second home between my thighs.

Am I the kind of thirst that haunts you when you flick on the lights at 2am to reach for a stale glass of water only to return to bed to find me larger, and more threatening than I was nine months ago?

Call me dumpling, turnip, a fat round pie as you sink further into me than either thought was possible.