

## Nomenclature Hannah Bryson-Price

Names society gave my body:

fat    repulsive    undesirable    disgusting  
cow    project    fetish  
big

My body is big.  
Its gelatin hills  
on my back jiggle  
comfortably  
in my hoodie  
as my feet fly  
on the treadmill.

My body is big  
and it likes to run.

Despite my cuddlebear  
plushness, don't be surprised  
when I roll my eyes  
if they say,

"You're pretty for a big girl."

"You're strong for a big girl."

"You're smart for a big girl."

"You're sexy for a big girl."

As if no one expected  
my bounding bigness  
to shake their foundations.

My body is big  
but it's not all of me.

They saw my body  
has fat  
so they called me fat  
with daggers in their spit.

They saw craters  
in my thighs  
and named me careless.

They claimed love

for my body  
and called it a trend  
asking for my thanks.  
They saw my stomach  
drooping down  
and named me heifer.  
They heard me walking  
and swore  
they heard a stampede.  
Funny how ears mistake  
my footsteps  
for the earth trembling beneath me;  
for thunder shattering the sky  
after lightning electrocutes  
the ground I stand on  
returning flashes of light  
to storm clouds  
leaving remnants of energy  
in my skin called  
stretch marks.

Yes, my body is big.  
It's necessary to hold  
the force of nature cemented  
in the woman I am.

The names I gave my body:  
big powerful beautiful worthy  
strong relentless  
enough