My Hairy Legs

My legs
look like
gooseberries:
tiny prickly bristles
sticking out
against
the air.

I know
what you think
when you
see me
coming down
on Bloor Street:
one of these
women's libbers
who don't want
to make themselves
look nice,
because they are
afraid of men.
What men, anyhow? All men, some men? Maybe it is that I don't care for your standards of beauty that nature de-natured does not look beautiful to me.

My legs look like legs: muscular, healthy and covered with a remnant of animal fur.

by Margrit Eichler