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One of My Thin Friends

You don’t know embarrassment until somebody has tried to fuck you in one of your fat folds, and of course I mean embarrassment for the other party and not myself. I felt bad for that person, but only because we were on camera. Can you imagine being documented for life as someone who couldn’t find the cunt of a morbid o-beast? Wouldn’t you just DIE? Wouldn’t you just curl up under a fat comforter with a fat teddy bear and watch some fat porn in order to study up and to shame-masturbate while you cry over your thin-minded folly? As for the person who truly did lose their dignity thus, I believe the half-rotten zucchinis helped their case somewhat. Yes, they could blame it on the produce: hey, YOU try getting it in the right place when the fucking implement you are using in that particular moment is neither sentient nor firm! Indeed, I think much of the debacle can be blamed on agriculture, like many bad fucks or even medium-quality fucks. The frat boys don’t call it getting corn-holed for nothing. It’s because corn is a fucking disgusting food. Oh, my professor friend teaches some dumb article about frat boys—how they tell jokes about how to find fat women’s vaginas. The joke has something to do with coating them in flour, or breading them—something that reminded me of fried chicken, anyhow. All I took from it is that guys secretly love fucking fat people, but only in secret. Like, I had a skinny roommate who said his favourite dinner was a tie between coquilles St. Jacques and a deconstructed Steak Oscar with rapeseed-oil aioli even though I once walked in on him at night because I thought he was having a nightmare but he was just tummy-down on his bed gnashing his face into a bag of Cheetos and grunting. Now, that metaphor doesn’t quite work, so don’t quote me, because it implies that fat people are of lower nutritional value or whatever the sex equivalent of that would be. That is untrue. Some of us are so highly nutritious that we fuck and eat zucchinis, you know. Or was it a cucumber? What I wouldn’t do for some tzatziki
and grilled meats right now. There was no meat at the party where the fold-fucking faux pas occurred, only very small oranges and a bottle of maple syrup that was eventually poured atop someone from England, as per her request. Nobody asked if she was a crepe or a crumpet. But as for my thin friend, my fat-fucking strumpet, well, I loved that person so. We remain the best of buddies. But I’ll never ask that friend over for crudités. That would just be cruel.

Please Don’t Bury Me Down in that Cold Cold Ground

No, I’d rather have ‘em cut me up and pass me all around  
-John Prine

Use my tripe for dental floss;  
Transgender women can have my tits.  
Braise my ribs in honey-garlic sauce;  
Burn my slick pits, zits, and clit.

Use my temper to dispense with folks  
Who’ve always got stuck in your craw.  
Daddy-dutch, don’t you ditch my yolks –  
The finest hollandaise you ever saw

Duck duck goose, get my liver to Quebec;  
Chefs, it’s almost foie gras.  
Tartar my tongue; make a broth with my neck;  
Then, baby, choke me down raw.

Use my calluses to sand down your edges;  
Use my butt to make some soap.  
If you’re hungry for change, then dredge,  
Batter, fry, and eat my cunt for hope.

Puree my asshole into wieners;  
You know people love that shit.  
When the bread’s broken, be catholic keeners  
And consecrate a whole vat of my spit.

Salvage my piercings and store in a Ziploc bag;  
Give them away to someone unsuspecting for free.  
Wring out my favourite shorts for my guerrilla rag  
And institute a bloody archive of mouldy me.

Airplane Lavatory Algebra

If X = My Ass
and My Ass is 100 feet behind First Class,  
then let Y be the compression required to have X in the airplane lavatory –  
I am the reluctant engineer of the Mile Wide club.

If V = the volume of the airplane lavatory  
and C = the circumference of my thighs,  
then let B be the rotational axis around which I must pivot to P(ee).  
Like Superman, this booth transforms me –  
into the lead contortionist of the Cirque de So-Gay.

If my buzzcut seatmate’s hair = A²
it remains unfair, this space between our chairs, 
where the armrest is owned 
by the acute-angled elbow he digs into me 
while my flabby forearm hovers (rather non- 
aerodynamically). 
My god, dude, would touching elbows be like butt- 
fucking me? 
(Am I the first-ever fat flight attendant of Flight AC 
693?) 

If \( H = \) the height of the lady attendant’s bangs 
then \( P = \) her hunger pangs this year. 

If my queer chest, uni-boobed, may be called \( Q^3 \) 
then my bad mood will be visited upon all the rubes 
who own the airplane seatbelt-making factory. They 
need to think 
bigger. Because, at this height, I can’t summon 
Houdini’s 
powers 
to extend the length of this bruising constraint. 

Inner monologue: \textit{don’t worry, you’ll be fine, you’ll be 
fine, you’ll be fine}— 
The PA: \textit{return to your seats, as the captain has switched 
on the Fasten Seatbelt sign.} 
Inner monologue: \textit{you’re still fine, you’re still fine}— 
Seatmate: \textit{the armrest is mine, it's mine, it's mine... It's 
mine!} 

\( F = \) my fear that \textit{in the unlikely event of an emergency 
landing over water} 
the others will grab me to float. 
I’ll kick them off with aqua-fit quads; 
let the rich drown with their lead-rod lean bods. 
Unlike the airlines, my policy is no-fuss: 
Noah saved pairs and I’ll save 2XLs and plus. 

I’m flying to a city where \( \text{Fat} \geq 1 \). It has a street of 
strip clubs 
flanked by Addition Elles, where 
\( \text{XXX} \) meets \( \text{XXXL} \). 

Hell, I’m a regular Fat Elvis 
entering my Graceland 
bananas in pockets 
peanut butter in hand. 

\textbf{Urologist} 

Your head is an old Body Shop 
My body is an old head shop 

Your Satsuma sneeze makes me gag each time. I’m 
weed-weak in the kneeling pulse of my fag-niche prime 

The plywood of your skull leaks Oceania 
oil, but you never moved with a current 

We were: ripened patchouli sweaters 
sopping up spilt swill – white musk 
you straightened out like corn 
you mistook me for your husk 

but I’m in cyan silk and 
will not attend your crop. 

Your head is a boarded-up Body Shop 
My body is not quite an old head shop 

Just one year had me cabbing to the 
clinic at West \( 4^{th} \) and Burrard 

trying to roll one up with an onion-leaf page 
torn from my unabridged works of the Bard 

But there were other dank years of stolen phones and 
unlucky coins 
That I wouldn’t scrub with strawberry soap for new 
bones or new joints. 

Did you ever have a bilingual gay lap dance to a 
Cranberries ballad? Break your finger at a party 
in a condemned house filled with Clementines? 
Do you know how to vanish? Why Montreal is a verb? 

Are you still perturbed 
if 
\( a \) 
\( \text{friend} \) 
\( \text{comes up} \) 
\( \text{queer} \)? 

Oh, MD. 
You never could see me. 

In your sterile soap dystopia of white things
I'd slow-gait evaporate – smoke rings, fat sweat

Soon I may get un-scandalous surgery, then take a long rest.
I'll host no more neighbours for the organs you play best.

On your bony back I heard a primate hiss
behind your unhung earlobe:

You shall not be moved; tea tree oil sacrament
You shall not be moved; body butter for all self-flagellants

My nostrils remember your priss-stink bliss.
But “my” body, this body, now takes and

gives and takes the piss out of you
and your rat-run Body Shop mind.

Don’t look for my chopped body.
There’d be “nothing to be gained.”

You stay up late, king.
Me, I’ll be in Maine.

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