

# Full Moon Stomach

Poetry • Sarah Feingold

waning gibbous

sometimes I watch myself bolt from my house  
screen porch door slamming shut behind me  
    swinging  
I peel out after her, terrified of being left behind  
fists pumping, my sneakers  
    squelching  
tearing up the marsh grass  
my ponytail  
    swaying  
just a football field away

third quarter

my body isn't mine anymore and  
I don't know how to make these legs move any faster  
my thighs  
    scraping  
past each other  
turning red with the effort  
my hips wider than the creek at high tide  
    swamping  
meticulously trimmed lawns  
and aquamarine pools  
an ocean unbridled  
    seeking  
her revenge

waning crescent

I'm drowning all the eddies and the tidal charts  
my gut  
busting the seams of my favorite jeans  
waters inching up the dams  
rising until they burst through every barrier built to contain them  
stretch marks and dimples and wrinkles and rolls  
changing landscapes and ecosystems and topography  
I used to make maps of my body  
but I don't think even I'd recognize them anymore.

new moon