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