

My Body

by VICKY RABINOWICZ



My body is great!



It walks, it runs,
it leaps, it jumps.



It takes me where I want to go.



It houses my mind and my soul,

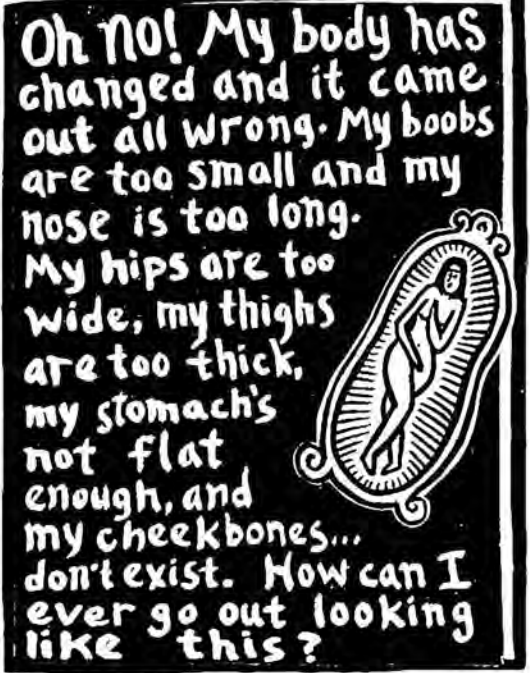
gives me freedom to do what I've got to get done.



Huh? What's this? Strange dark hair, curves and lumps, dents and bumps? Could this be right?



Let me check and compare.



Oh NO! My body has changed and it came out all wrong. My boobs are too small and my nose is too long. My hips are too wide, my thighs are too thick, my stomach's not flat enough, and my cheekbones... don't exist. How can I ever go out looking like this?

Wait, there's hope!
If I just...



drink this,



don't eat,



pop that,



Paint those,



lengthen these,



outline this,



cream here,



THIGH BEGONE

fluff there,



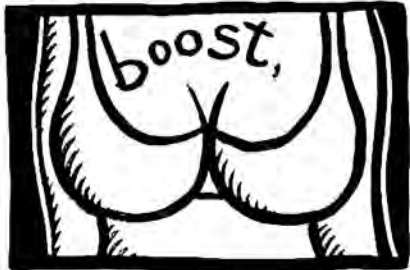
SUCK IN,



Stick out,



boost,



buckle, snap.



TAA DAA!

How do I look when I walk? When I run? Is my hair in place? Is my buckle undone? Is my fat hanging out? Is my makeup O.K. - in the sun?



I guess I look all right... but not as good as her.

But hey! I have my whole life to spend fixing my body to fit the mold...

And when it finally does - I'll just be old.



My body is great!



It walks, it runs, it leaps, it jumps.

It takes me where I want to go.



It houses my mind and my soul, gives me freedom to do what I've got to get done.

