

Baby Fat

Zoe Roettger

There's something to be said about the process of
Metamorphosis, jolting and shuddering
Spindly limbs stretching out from fragile hollow carcasses
Discards, really, to be left behind
As flight is taken, grabbed
Wind under steady sturdy wings
Steady
Steady
Steady
Past childhood ideals and unformed wonder
Better to be made of something sharp and molded
Sugarspun and painted and stretched unbearably thin
Hollow hollow wings held in suspension
As memories of the past
Tinted with curdling shame and grating embarrassment
Are banished
Shaped into something *realistic*
Shaped by loss, really
Steel-cut by flashing headlines into cool apathy
A simple shrug and tired sigh
Hollowed (clipped) wings and hollowed cheeks
By necessity and battering memories
Of what could have been better
What should have been better
Why this is so much better
A butterfly is a butterfly
And no one remembers the discarded cocoon

(Least of all, you
You wish
Even if
Maybe
There could have been something
Other than a hardened butterfly
To emerge)

No more baby fat