

Nazira Vania

SMALL WORLD

She seeks refuge in her bedroom
A suffocating box of stilted air
A curious place to hide, she knows
But it is preferable to what is out there

Out there are faces that mock, words that sting
Comments that like sharp knives slide
Through the enforced perpetually-jolly-exterior
To all that is vulnerable inside

Out there is judgement at every turn
Not just people with minds that are too small
But shoes and clothes and handbags that taunt
“You must know you are too big for us all!”

Furniture that creaks and threatens to break
Billboards that condemn body mass
Public spaces that are made for the skinny
And scream at her “YOU SHALL NOT PASS!”

That there is much more to her than just fat doesn't matter
Such appeals don't gain sympathy
The corpulence is blocking their view of all that
She must lose weight if she wants them to see

The world both ignores and scrutinises her
Finds ways to beat her down every day
Hate rains upon her like lava
To the shadows it drives her away

She hides in her room but cannot escape
The contempt, like sand, gets everywhere
It pours in through her phone and TV
She is no safer at home than out there

So she pulls even further away from the world
But finds it is too late for that
As she looks at herself with those same scorn-filled eyes
All she can see anymore is the fat