

The Way Of All Flesh

Quietly —
Persistently —
My grandma's body has overtaken mine.
Thick, meaty belly,
Paper skin,
That downcast look both
Lost and
Scared;
Her lonely sighs
Now emanate from me.

My guard was down.
I didn't see it happening.
At this late date
Can it be changed?
Probably not.
Diet, guilt and shame
Have so far yielded squat.

Billboards along the information highway
Hawk the plastic surgeon's skills.
These artists —wielding knives — proclaim
With one deep cut
They can transform
The shape of women's lives.

I think they're wrong.
Their alchemy
However strong
Would never stand a chance against
My grandma's Swedish genes.