

Let America Be Chubby

By Cassidy Mowen

Let America be chubby
Let America be a hot tub for fat people
Let it be a dish of 2nd, 3rd and 4th helpings
Seeking not a bikini bod, but a dad bod

(America is a glass house full of mirrors constantly judging my numbers on the scale)

Let full-figured cellulite-filled thighs feel free
Where plus-sized bellies blubber and bounce beautifully
(It never let me feel free in my own skin.)

O let my land be land where the obese are crowned, where the model flawless body is
not smiled upon, where the shape of my mind is valued more than the shape of my body,
O let this land be free

(There's never been this positive palace for the chubby chubsters.)

I am for no longer sitting up straight and sucking in
for slouching and feeling unjudged

I am the little hand reaching into the candy jar
Fumbling through unreachable societal standards
I am the 15-year-old hearing judgement
I am the 15-year-old counting calories, body-checking,
scrolling for hours obsessing over an image set too high for me to reach.
I am the smile, accepting imperfection

I am size whatever, weighing in at who cares
I dream to one day count clouds, not calories, turning off my screen, turning on my voice
I am the change America needs to see

I envision this utopian universe in hopes for a change