

Words from a Proud FAT Woman

By Natalie DiFrank

I feel as if I woke up one day and forgot the war I fought in
I look at my body and see the scars of the battles I seemed to never win
It's funny how when people see stretch marks on your skin they never ask how
No one wants to know where these stripes on my stomach and arms came from
It's assumed that I didn't listen to the warnings of eat your vegetables and exercise when I was young
I'm never asked where did that particular jagged wound come from
If they were to ask I would tell them of the many battles I fought tirelessly for years with myself
The self hate and the endless thoughts that clawed their way from the inside out
The nights I spent thinking and thinking and thinking about why I have never been able to fit into the neat
box I was forced into
These scars came from the adventures I eagerly went on hoping for love and leaving with brandishes forever
on my skin
If only I could be pretty, if only I was smart enough, if only he loved me, if only they listened
The lotions and magic fruit will never eradicate the pain that coursed through this body of mine
These scars may never fade and I may gain new ones as I continue
But i wonder what makes these less exciting or striking or mysterious than the scars caused by bike rides
Why do they wonder more about the time I tripped and a pebble embedded itself in my skin than the time I
fought hard and strong in order to earn control of my life when the world seemed to never stop stretching
and molding me into the form I never wanted to be
Why is being **FAT** a reason to not ask how?
Why does being **FAT** act as an answer and problem at the same time and not a beginning of a long journey
that Id love to share with you?
These stretch marks remain a reminder to me of the war I fight to love myself and the battles I've lost along
the way

TRIGGER WARNING!!! Discusses body image and fatness

I'm **FAT**, yes I just said that and no that doesn't mean that *All About that Bass* is my theme song or that I look up to Jennifer Lawrence.

And NO I don't identify with *thick, large, curvy, real, chunky, chubby, plus size*, or any of the other euphemisms that prolong the negative connotation of the word **FAT**. It also doesn't mean I'm not healthy or self loathing. For too long I have not identified as a **FAT**

woman and have lived off the *compliments* of friends and strangers who tell me "you're not **FAT**, you're beautiful", as if being

FAT and beautiful are two adjectives are unable to be used to describe one body. I have thrived off of squeezing myself into clothing that feels utterly uncomfortable in order to pride myself on still fitting into mediums and I can no longer ignore that my identity has been shaped by my experience as a **FAT** woman. This 360 has made me think more critically about the words I identify as

and has therefore made me more open to reclaiming a term that I have for so long tried to not use. Does that mean that all women who are larger than the "average" (whatever that is) reclaim this

term? NO. But it does mean that when you think you're giving a compliment by telling someone they look like they've lost weight or when you make claims like "wow I'm being so **FAT**" or if you've

tagged a photo with #**FAT**skinnygirlproblems, you should understand that being **FAT** is an identity. It may be a temporary one and may include health issues but

that is

honestly

none of your business.