

Ode to my Cellulite

waves of the ocean

no force could keep you still
each step is a tectonic shift
a quake between my thighs

the dips and dimples of the desert

winds shifting the sand
light catching and dancing
between each curve

there is a power i think

in your changing
fluid form

my flesh will not be stilled

i wouldn't change

the cottage cheese
piles of flesh that i
have been told to
hide away

for static skin

each bump and crater on my backside

is as vast and powerful
as the sea of tranquility