

Sand dunes

My body is a multitude of sand dunes
from the fullness of my breasts
dipping and thinning at my waist
to swell at my stomach
and my hips reach like invisible hands
a crease, a furrow,
then the curve of my thighs
meet my round buttocks
slope down to my legs
where every bump is loved, made just so
the way it is because *that* is what is best
for me

My body is the beach,
my skin the sand dunes
self-love being the water
making the sand damp
the water comes in and retreats
with little bits of me, of sand
but that is okay because those particles
were self-hate
they didn't stick to my skin, sink in
because they don't have a place there
in my body, they're unwanted

they can cling all they want
like scared little children
but they do not serve me
they are taken away by the water
to only leave the damp sand,
self-love
covering all the skin I have.