

fat womon/renaissance
poems by Sharon Bas Hannah

fat woman / renaissance

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"My name speaks trust
it is ancient
iam called fat womon"

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aiming to share the spoils

in egypt she was queen
oiled flesh amber
lifting round the moon

in such temperate climates
she danced freely
her fortune sold
for bread and pearls
robes of satin
sashayed with crimson

garlands before the waterfall

here she arrives
shattered by a wound that has no ending
rough edges cover her body
with a spat on future

living in a body that is spat on
she is a survivor of specialized murders
like the rough edges of an abyss
surrounding her future

her thighs have been
the strange mirror
for a tryst of forsaken loves

a cactus of frozen petals
from her luck in history

more and more a longing:
to dance in the sweetness of flowering
dignity

to share the jewels
ageless ancient
of her existence.

whoever i am i'm a fat woman

the space of a silhouette
entering the space of a silence

curvatures of silk
caverns flooding
welcome to a canyon:

she's a horsewomon
a tennis match
a champion runner

she's an artist womon
a desert womon
a dancer

she's a fat womon

a fashion hall for dreams

she's a seeker your lover your sister
a dreamer a bohemian a thinker
your doctor she's a healer
a psychic her stories will set you free

herb lady
masseur
mathematician
architect
sexologist
clothes designer
museum curator
sculptress
archaeologist

a farmer

a laughter's echo
she's a fat woman
a fat woman
a woman
bound to cut
this earth of the shadows inside her

cliffhanger
ballroom dancer
go-getter
bartender

scene stealer wheeler dealer

a leaper a runner a roller

she's a fat woman and she's breathing

the unknown woman
the woman who flavours her own song

she's a genius
she's extraordinary
she's an ordinary girl
she's a fat woman

cab driver copper welder tea drinker
street walker prude

she's a blues singer
a flautist a drummer

a pin up girl
an ice skater
an icecream lover
a hindu

a hiker a kite flyer
your shadow on the tightrope
she's a fat woman

your shadow
a brake mechanic
a concert cellist
a jazz saxophonist
leaping on laughter's echo the rhythms of
her life.

poet playwright witch nun jew

surfer
bathing beauty
high heeled sexy tramp

scorpio rising
rubesque pearl

priestess potter shoemaker
hairstylist jeweler
thankyou. a furniture design.

the woman procured by money
the woman who is heard above laughter

the woman who walks beyond
the streets of desire
the woman who has always walked these
streets
with passion
the woman who has taken over the space of
her body
and the woman who has refused to conquer
that space.

worker bohemian boss scholar aristocrat
roadrunner sailor weaver

a fat girl
she's a wallflower
socializer leader recluse wanderer

an advertisement for love:
in lillian russell days
you'd follow her
her bare ankles
down the rivers muddy edge by foot
making love to her on your knees

she's a stallion a fleet of rivers.

feel the womon
whose river bathes in mammoth luxury
tracing the moons
that are inside her

she's an aesthetic womon
she's a plastic womon
she's a junkie
a hobo
a housekeeper

candlemaker
chiropractor
stuck up bitch
fast smiler
on welfare
or could be
she's a fat womon

the silent womon
worn
with a mask around herself

the womon who is challenged to a duel

the womon who is tortured

tied to the bed and raped

the womon who always sleeps in black
the womon who never says "excuse me"
or smiles when she's supposed to

the woman whose existence is in question
rough outrageous dull graceful ingenious
exciting to be alive as being a fat woman

she's a deep sea diver
a windmill climber
a motorcycle mama
and a bicycle rider
she's a fat woman

she's a snow shoveler
a short stopper
a wind lover
a heart breaker

certain truths
will make your heart beat fast
when you hear them from a fat woman

you'll grow pale
get chills
disbelieve
but she's marching toward you
she's here and she's taking back her life.

a tough springer
a dead ringer
watch the stones
they throw
her will turn
to looks of beauty

the stones
they throw to works of art
will turn to looks of beauty.

(The anthology of women's writings on oppression
Shadow on A Tightrope takes its title from this poem, which was
also published in the book.)

where am i

where am i?
in most places
yet i'm not supposed to be here at all.
in the eyes of a greek orange cat
i bellydance
in robins eggs and tree seasons
i meander.

limelight/5:01

the moon is getting full
would Beth ever climb a shady tree
unchallenged we walk to the grocery
putting out a face in limelight
chanting
the opera singer neighbor
navels folks who made fun of your body
younger folks made fun of mine
pity
lets go for a swim

fat circus woman

in a sense we're all
fat ladies in the circus
our image sized up
too full too plush too contrary
won't satisfy the cosmetic lie.

blackk

I'd like to plunge
through
La Brea tar pits
become a nun
wear black all day
so no one'd
sea
scars.

storm waves

rain an open air intruder
violating the streets
allows her to go out in public
she orders pancakes
and dances down the beach
her hips in wild waves
an ocean few can see.

uninvited space

a great fat woman
hips swaying wide
claims to be an actress

and you who see the film
might renounce old illusions
mistakes bad attractions
and you who know the score
recover your minds
to see you've been had

like this woman
remembering
the smile your eyes once buried
those looks which murdered her mind

like this woman
slashing contortions
shaming betrayals
shattering insults

dissolving the blindness
as
she
dazzles you with her life.

laughter bursts

I something new
coming from the moon
who dances best here
can a fat woman have the part?

II backstage a woman is leaping
through the whispers
public looks
diet sodas
toward center stage.

ore

your essence speaks
refinement
not yet refined
a secret language
yet
we talk
chiseling out of silent stone
the jutted teething form
the silent sculpted eyes
finding concreteness in the aura of clay
your nearness
turning each minute
on its mask of dance
unmasks the form they tried
so many times
to bury.

comets in the snow

she has left a funeral of sunshine
where her bones were bleached by
indifference

she has cast her self away from warmth's
illusion in a california sun

in the streets of an east coast storm
her flesh can grasp fire

in winter's ice camouflage
an image walks
once scorned dismembered for a lifetime
with other women shadows in vaults of mist
unshriveled slowly opening

heretics
our varied shapes our ancient patterns
a cosmos vision abducting the heavens

as wintered ice reaches past times lost
galaxies

secret fires
under ice of ice
are warmed luminous illumined alluring
joyful to display their self discoveries

renaissance of womanhood
reclaimed in forms rubenesque,
willendorfian.