Jeans

Like many women, I've bickered and brawled forever
with my own body. I've struggled for transformation
and I've struggled for peace.

Unlike many others, though,
I'm ridiculously slow; I'm always running late.

For instance, when I was maybe 30, after years of self-counseling and fuming,
after profound concentration and a million greasy turns
on Nautilus machines and stationary bikes,

I finally came to accept
my body as it was at age 16. I hated it back then,
but by 30 could clearly see
that I had been thin and completely marvelous.

Eventually, by the time I was maybe 42, I was able to find peace
with who I had been
at age 27, a gym nut, health freak and relatively thin as shit,
though at the time I raged against my imperfections.
This acceptance stuff takes years!

And it only gets worse as we age.
There's always more to hate,
more and more to embrace or try to change. I can't keep up!

Lately I'm working on what I was at 40,
even though I'm half again that many years by now.
At this rate, I'll be grinding on an elliptical,
I'll be arguing with a mirror,
I'll be trying to live with some iota
of happiness and grace
well after I'm a skeleton
in the ground, bones picked perfectly clean, calling out to anyone
above who can hear me: *Do I look fat*
in these jeans?