

## **Hard Body**

of and by Alexandra Nicole Muck  
on 4.22.2020 in the morning  
on a bar stool  
four feet off the ground.

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I want to be, a hard body.

What heresy to want to be  
a hard body –  
watery self  
straining against its  
bounds, more metal  
than fat, nothing  
left for the wicking,  
the candle gutters out.

You see, the world will end in smoke  
and a puddle of wax,  
if it ends at all. Fire creates.  
It does not vaporize,  
not fully,  
not ever.

My middle school science teacher,  
a faithful man,  
taught me  
that mess, matter, and energy are neither created nor destroyed,  
merely,  
and marvelously,  
converted . from one form to their next.

It was such a revelation, the realization that my  
burnt out body wanted  
my depletion to be carried out to ecstatic, well-praised completion.  
Damned near deletion.  
No fat left for my bones. Or nay,

it was my *mind* who did that wishing, and this writing. My

Body knew. It always knows first of

my sedition  
my betrayal  
my desire.

My desire for it to be  
more than it may be.

And less.

Less in this case.

Less.

*Always less.*

DO NOT make God so small, my

defrocked

Lutheran minister witch Aunt

always

Warns.

trusting in my words

She got me this journal,

Trusting

that

an

empty

book

was

truly

what

I wanted for Christmas

The Christian holiday of Small God, embedded among us,

Behind beloved enemy lines.

I will

not make

God

so small.

I  
will eat the 1.5 pans of brownies my body asked for with *relish*, smushing their half-cooked perfection against the roof of my mouth

Like a spoonful of peanut butter I swear I will keep down. I will

let my

body grow fat with my faith,

grow-soft

and-strong and-resilient. Well-

Fueled for all the Fires

yet to come.

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Glory be to

the thighs,

the gut,

and the split ends.

As they were in the beginning

are now,

and ever shall be,

Whirled without end—

Amen.