



CHUNK

Lane Bryant jeans
bustin at the seams
I breeze past your lingering stares

there are many ways to say fat in our language
but I, sir
do NOT fit that profile

from my super-sized thighs
to my triple scooped boot/teasing your glances
dancing alone by mirrored walls cause you know
they say that nobody wants to dance with a fat girl
when in fact
EVERYBODY wants to dance with a fat girl

somehow they love that chunk
that funk
that our thinner sisters never quite got

now I'm not saying we're better than they are
we just
have *a little more to offer*
we smother you in our sweetness
we smell like pound cake with cherries
we move like smoothies down your throat
we glide as we ride you to
kingdom
coming
harder

I got pounds of juice where most have ounces
and I will pounce when beckoned
you better come correct or don't come
you'd think you'd know by now how I will take you
break all of your misconceptions of the bigness
baby you cant mess with this!

I make you afraid of how you feel
making you sleep outside my window singing love songs
in early moanin' for me
pleading for me

seeing me from across the room
pants a bit too tight
I cause fights in rooms of peace
women stare in disbelief
when I walk out with the same man they came in with

this chunk cannot be messed with

you need your daily dose of funk
your vitamins A,B, and Chunk
you see yourself falling into addiction
can't sleep without our fattening friction

soon night will come
and you'll put away those
toys that boys think they need
those silly girls resembling matchsticks
with weave tickling the backs of their knobby knees
and you'll see us the free
hair short as can be
squeezing into a size 18
and then you'll realize that maybe you are a fiend
for the bigness
for the
CHUNK...

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