

“Gorda” by [Yesika Salgado](#)

you take the word. the one that sliced through you like a knife through pan fresco. the one your Tío called you de cariño. the one the boys in school hissed as you walked by. you take the word and write it down. one time. two times. say it in English. Fat. it hurts that way too. maybe even more. the word is now a blade. two sides. you write it down. hundreds of times. you start saying it to describe yourself. you don't flinch. others do. they fear it more than they do [] or []. the word gives you power. you date a few men. they won't say the word. they prefer *thick* or *curvy* or *big*. you say you want to hear it. like you hear your name. some can't say it without laughing. embarrassed. like you just flashed a [] in public. they call you brave. you say it's just the parts of you that you can touch. like short. like glasses. like curly. like brown. the word is home. you write it down. you write it down. you write it down. you are a bruja when you write it down. look at that magic. Gorda. mira que bella. Gorda. your body answers: *hello. I'm here. thank you.*