Flea Girl By: Victoria Kruzel

my mom picked me up from school today

i cried about my stretch marks and the way my thighs rub together wearing the shorts that all the other girls wear i should clarify i think she meant this to comfort me but she told me i would never be skinny

she saw something called bio oil on pinterest and if i stop crying she'll buy it for me i need to promise to rub it in every night

i ask her even my boobs? and she says yes even your boobs

they aren't even that big but i'm gaining weight fast and i'm worried that others have noticed too i've heard the boys moo at girls in the halls

what you know about boobs girl? what you know about boys girl? what you know about sex girl?

puh leees

you fat girl you aint all that girl you fat girl you flat girl you fleet girl you flea girl you flee girl you flei girl you fley girl flai girl i've been told that not knowing is half the fun experience is the best teacher but leaning into this kind of unknown is how value is lost like how more miles on a car means more problems down the line

my boyfriend and i stopped in the lot of the waterpark

the dark of the night clung to the windows of his car while we hotboxed it not with smoke but with our heavy breathing which is kind of like smoke or at least it felt like it

is it so bad to feel wanted? finally choking out my default setting to feel dirty for wanting it?

he asks if he can take my bra off usually i would say no and he would kiss me anyways but this time i decide that it's dark and he wouldn't really be able to see my stretch marks all that clearly and they're just lumps *right?* lumps that might not fill his hands but certainly fill his mouth and he is hungry and this time i believe him when he says:

there

such

is no

thing

as a

loose

woman