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He Called Me Fat

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Author

Garcia, Brenda Celina

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**BELINDA CELINA GARCIA
HE CALLED ME FAT**



THE VERNAL POOL

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My little sister came from school
with crestfallen cheeks
and droopy eyes.

No gummy giggles, no cookie cuddles,
no sprinkled stories;
nothing but bewildered hesitation.

After an hour
I lifted her to her bed.
She was as light as her empty smile.
When she finally spoke, her words
poured; and I was not prepared.

Among her six-year-old
broken syllables
I pieced the words
He-called-me-fat
and sunk in her sobs.

He called me fat
acidly ran down my throat,
He called me fat

clenched my lungs,
He called me fat
plucked my heartstrings.

But it wasn't the comment
or the words; it was the sound.
Her voice echoed a resounding
familiarity that demanded instant comfort;
so I fed her sweet compliments.
I fed her flattery treats.

She smiled through her red eyes,
but my candied compliments
wouldn't last.

I knew because my mother fed me
those same sweets when I clung to her.