

I just wanted to say “fuck off my body isn’t for you!” At one point I began saying to myself: “Who does it benefit when I hate my body?” I knew the answer intellectually but emotionally it took a lot longer to stick, until one day it finally did. I will always have my ups and downs. I will always have days where I curse every god for putting me in this vessel but now, I know that it is not about me. It’s about how society has failed me and others like me. How can I hate my body when my body has always been there for me? How can I hate the vehicle that can take me anywhere I want to go? The heart that allows me to dance to my favorite songs? How could I ever hate my belly that perfectly balances bowls of food on it—I can’t.

I am young. Most of my life is ahead of me and I know as life goes on, I will continue to face resentment and aversion from the general public regarding my body. I will also face systemic discrimination through medical care and hiring processes. Me having a good relationship with my body will do little to help combat the systemic discrimination and adversity I as a fat person will face in our society, but I am ready to fight. I will fight for the children in my life who at 3 years old already somehow know that calling someone fat is one of the worst insults there is and I will fight for people like Venus who has been attacked by society and still must live with the lasting damage.

Unlike Venus, I am hopeful that things will change. Anti-fatphobia communities have been thriving online and “body positivity” is becoming mainstream. It will take a long time for individuals to completely unlearn the fatphobic rhetoric that has been drilled into our minds since childhood but hopefully one day, fat people as a whole will not only be able to accept our bodies but also have our bodies accepted. Finally.

Renée Tiller is a BIPOC student at York University. As the first youth representative on the Inanna Publications board of directors, Renée’s experience working with disabled, LGBTQ+ folks, and inner-city youth influences her activism greatly. The intersectionality of identities is a main focus of her work.

ILONA MARTONFI

Trümmerfrauen (Rubble Women)

On Walhallastrasse,
women dressed in kerchiefs
cotton aprons, old shoes

at breadlines and burying corpses
waiting to buy cabbage, potatoes
with their ration coupons

rubble, intact rooms,
gutted silhouettes
the old Messerschmitt airport
war refugees from Budapest
we live in Halle # 7
windowless factory hangar

by the Moosgraben creek,
Bavarian chalk hills, bomb craters.

Purple wild irises
bog nunnery manor

cleaning red bricks,
my mother, Magda.

Ilona Martonfi is an editor, poet, curator, and activist. Author of four poetry books, the most recent Salt Bride (Inanna, 2019) and The Tempest (Inanna, 2022). Writes in journals, anthologies, and seven chapbooks. Her poem “Dachau on a Rainy Day” was nominated for the 2018 Pushcart Prize. Curator of Visual Arts Centre Reading Series and Argo Bookshop Reading Series. QWF 2010 Community Award.