

# Zebra Kin

It does not match  
Even when I am thin, it is vast.  
I've seen it before,  
On the treeless grasslands of Southern Africa  
A herd of zebra butts undulating across the plains  
They don't hate their butts.  
But then again, they all have zebra butt.

It seems to come from a different body  
And attached to my small frame by mistake.  
A mix-up in the body construction shop.  
"Oops, sorry about that," they might say.  
The proportion works well on the striped, wild horse,  
Bulbous belly, portly neck, zebra butt.  
But I am not a zebra.

When I take off my pants at night,  
And look at the empty space left inside them  
That still emanates warmth,  
I can't believe my flesh can actually fill that volume.  
Do the zebras know how big their butts are?  
Do they ever compare themselves  
To the sleek, skinny gazelles?

When I see my reflection in a window,  
My left foot swings forward, right cheek moves up,  
Step down, pull forward,  
Right cheek moves down midway and pauses,  
Then goes down as my weight moves to right foot.  
Two distinct movements. I call it double butt.  
I see zebras move the same way.  
Graceful, forceful, powerful.  
It says I can run as fast as you.  
On the zebra, it says survival. On me, it says too much strudel.

Sometimes I wish I were an amoeba  
They have no body standards, no rules.  
They have no prescribed ways of being.  
So they can't think their butts are bulbous.  
What would a big butt amoeba even look like?  
But then I wouldn't have anything in common,  
With zebras.