

Weighing Words

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Abstract

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Interdisciplinary Arts and Science

Abstract: This thesis is an experimental poetic interrogation of the language of size discrimination from a heterosexual male point of view, utilizing the Oxford English Dictionary and its citations as a primary source of text.

Almost Cute.

I am nearly clever,

mostly cunning.

I am not quite attractive,

well-nigh well mannered.

All but (butt?) All but lovely.

Very nearly geometric and close,

not quite enough to draw blood.

A masculine Yankee to a great extent,

but not.

Never all enough of the whole beauty,

almost cute means

mostly ugly.

Aware.

I am not aware.

I am blind to mirrors

and Stupified.

I need you to tell me what I need,

I haven't tried,

I haven't tried enough,

I haven't tried this,

This one is new, I haven't tried it,

Shame me,

Shame me,

Shame me.

It's obvious,

Shame is what I need.

Shame,

Shame,

Shame.

It is a personal failure.

It's okay to hate me.

It's all my fault anyway.

Science is not sure why I exist,

Doctors want to get rid of me,

cut me away,

poison me,

work me

to death.

All the best people want me dead,

want *their children* dead,

rather than be like me,

and rendered into candles,

because that's what you do

with people like me.

I must be eradicated.

I must be cut down and replaced.

Your baby looks too much like me.

Diseased.

Cure,

Cut,

Poison.

Put your child away so we don't have to look at it.

You have to have a plan,

and I don't fit it,

I am a monster,

you can make a career out of slaying me,

you can entertain millions by killing me--

I am never the hero,

there will always be more of me.

I am almost always delusional.

I almost always want to eat you,

or your babies.

No one ever wants to be me,

But there will always be more of me,

You need a special place

just to say how much you hate me--

many places, actually,

though everywhere you seem to feel free,

to speak only flatulence--

fatulence.

I can't walk, I can only ride

or bounce,

or roll.

I am always eating,

always covered in eating,

I am the enemy,

harder to kill

only because there's more of me,

there will always be more of me.

I am so deluded,

I think I am normal.

I vomit explosive.

My clothes are strained to the limit,

covered in vomit and food.

No one wants me,

but there will always be more of me.

So I tug on

my micropenis,

if I can find it.

I am over the line,

too much,

but there will always be more of me.

Big.

I dwell

Within

Inside

I build on

(myself)

the land

and make it distrenyabil,

to pay my bail.

I build up

(my waistline)

buildings,

I don't sit around the house,

I am the building,

of þe cites of Iude,

of þar loges & þare tentis,

of Babiloyne.

I am the building

of the castell vp agane,

of houses and biggings,

of guid lairge staires.

I am the building

of houses,

of yon new barn,

of a house,

of a house.

I am

(the act of)

building a house.

Big II.

I am he who stir up at sixti stronge
with swerds drawen and kniues longe
and would not let them in.

I am the men of Tholomer,
beeren the men of Evelak a-bac,
and broughten hem to grounde.

I am the bolde begger,
pat mowe my bred biswinke.
I am the bold beggar that earned my bread.

I am the bald courage of Inglis men,
to batail with brade ax and bowes bent.

I am Launcelot wexed light,
after three days rest in disguise.

I am the strength of robuste,
the power and might of puissant.

I am the mighty kyng Merion,
massively shapen,
a felle man in a fight,
in batell myche bale I wright.

Bloated.

I wear a disguise

in a feparate and folitary Cell

tied up to the vows

the Morsel in my Mouth

filched by fraud.

Not left in the frame

of a more Narrow view of Persons,

I am of moaped Looks.

I am a habit.

I am a habit of a body of consumption.

I am squalid,

With hyfterick fits, wearinefs, and decay,

oedimatus by difposition of blood,

I am the eyes of the innocent,

sold in starvation,

comment after comment,

spiders, like tongues and lips,

draw a flimsy line

words that bid us obey

are misapplied, sanctified,

never wrong.

I am Not a daily beggar,

but a heedless friendly neighbor,

fled by lovers and poets,

I am eloquent and high-sounding words,

intolerable even in Verfe,

I am the purse of London,
overgorge on the wealth of India.

I am the magnificence of success,
passing over the most truly great.

I am a useless weapon that costs too much,
a rich charity that helps no one.

Do I seem so proud? So rich?
With my tattered shoes and no clothes that fit?

I am a flameless minister with a treacherous leer,
a pluralist priest that keeps sacrifices and fornicates--
a degenerated monk,
a degenerated gentleman.

I am the belly of unseen salamanders,
pushing through moonlit bushes.

Chubby.

I, a log,

frequent the deep

beneath the trees.

Stronger than some

weaker than others,

I am green,

the worst one.

Strong and unactive,

I laze against the stream,

sleeping away the lazy day--

only rising in Summer.

Chubby II.

I am soft.

I taste like boiled brown paper,

Salted.

I am a clown! A fool!

Bumpkin! Oaf!

Churlish and fine fingered,

I am called more scrupulous of clean hands,

Than good conscience.

I am a Jolt-head,

an inexperienced fellow,

Surely a young miss with me at her side

is an easy mark.

A Jolt-head.

Great-headed full cheeked fellow.

I know of no explanation,

Unless it be found in the size.

Pertaining to me,

And those like me,

The line must be very strong.

Diseased.

Maybe an illness,

a dis-ease,

no one wants to be me,

not even me.

Cure me--

when I am well

I am sick.

Cure me or kill me--

I am wrong in every way.

I am

and cause

Myself.

I deprive
everyone,

including
myself.

Fat.

I am fed up

for slaughter and

ready to kill,

an animal used (abused) for (the cause of) food

I am overcharged, incommoded, and full of God

I am nourished by advantage

I am bigger than you

some say the best in the world

I am evidence of much spirit

I take too much ink with my balls

My quarter and trussing are deep

I add to the efficiency of explosion

I am greasy, oily, unctuous and make a display

I am full of juice

I offer a chance to show, to impress, to effect

I am resinous and bituminous

I contain volatile, oily matters

I contain much, and greasy to the touch

I have few impurities

I am rich and full of stimulating elements

I am charged

I am thick and turbid.

I am a sacred fire, full of Frankincense.

I have much mettle in me.

I am very clear and made of good.

I become solid by long exposure.

I resemble you, but cannot be distilled without rotting.

I am made fertile with the blood of Christians.

I am smiling in the sun.

I am a good living.

I am the promise of flowing fees and good business.

I will bring a good ransom.

I am especially profitable for the printer when I write nothing.

I am well supplied and flourishing.

I am wealthy.

I am abundance, plenty, a feast.

I am, ironically, nothing or hardly any.

Shakespeare thought I was dull,

slow-witted,

indolent,

self-complacent.

I can be stewed in my own liquor.

I am that which swimmeth upon the stuffe.

I am an accretion of pure silver.

I am an unexpected stroke of luck.

I am the best part of anything.

I am the result of enterprise and industry.

>the weight loss industry<

I am the advantage gained.

I am good news.

I am effective and cause you to appear at an advantage.

Fatty.

I am a resemblance of the unctuous,

>I get that a lot<

Oleaginous,

Greasy.

I will not at all fall to maystry of drynesse,

but I am dry and not a concreat liquor.

I am the heauie bread made thereof,

the Oil of Olives turned by the Spirit of Nitre.

I must be received back into the blood

of employed ink.

I am a besmeared fist.

I am full of fertilizing matter,

my waues do fertile slime outwell.

In my lands grow my olives

in my guise.

I consist or contain,

I am the veine,

I am called Adiposa.

I have known tumors grown

consisting of vesicles,

filled with oil.

like Mucous,

subcutaneous and areolar,

I am myself within a thin, fibrous, capsule.

I am marked by deposition,

tending to production,

I am degeneration of the heart or kidneys.

I am sometimes a part of a general

tendency to my changes.

When I infiltrate

I displace

the protoplasm,

replace

the whole or part

of any tissue or organ.

You will die within a few years with my heart.

My oil is fixed and my acid is extracted,

acetic,

in the process of saponification

I look good,

from a poor miserable thing.

I am well built,

not jocular,

though I am

an epithet.

I am not comic nor endearing,

I do not like cake.

I will look out to the platform.

I am nimble,

I will take note of this tale,

and I know well,

success is few and far between.

Funny

I am the root and seed of laughter,

watch me grow.

Watch me waddle--

Watch me--

Look at me--

I am disgusting.

I am what you need

to not be me.

You can make money off of me--

if you make jokes about me

if you wear a suit like me

--You can build a career on me.

Literally. See?

Funny II.

I am cheated and cajoled--

in a specific sense--

older than English,

befooled,

sharped and Tricked,

Betrayed,

a joke,

It's all light hearted

merrymaking merrymaking merrymaking,

entertainment,

confusion.

I am a degeneration of wit,

I am the mighty frolic that conceals rogues,

I am the hellish thing seen,

Damn'd, and comical,

I am the very social great lion,

a tourist in search,

and shy of divines.

I am the downright flat play

when the fine artist is on stage.

I am the Reapers,

done with harvest, drunk,

singing to their neighbors--

he who fills the house with confusion,

an uproar of brandy and drink.

I am the shield of laughter,

of the usage of a master,

I am the female intoxication that weeps angels,

the hidden addiction to amusement,

that paints belles and courtesans.

How odd.

How surprising.

How unexpectedly interesting I am!

How strange,

the study to decrease our influence.

How much I want,

yet quite shy,

sometimes I sit for hours not speaking a word.

I am the missing product,

I am how the wind kept changing,

I am the symptom of something that happened at church,

Not sickness,

but cured with hot brandy,

and the most mischievous urchins.

I am the land to the legless man who swam

for six days until

taken by an ambulance.

Heavy.

I am the opposite of the visible.

Darkness,

I am a burden,

grievous byrþyna.

I am imaked of ierðe,

helpe is indeed needed

to remou me.

I am in-nogh of an ax,

ouer hir power to weyr,

too colde for winter,

too hote for sommer,

I am grasped and held by the ant.

Made clumsy by bad tradesmen,

I am greater relative to another air,

the result of wickedness on 3oure herts--

I am syn,

and drawes þe saul ay dunwarde.

I am each heart

I lie,

I sit upon,

thy soule to morrow,

I am something unknown

at the heart.

I am a public Calamity

that lieth on the Nation,

Laid on earth, the earth will lay

me on thee.

I did not lie on the nation.

I am because of quantity,

harvests nodding beneath the snow,

friend of sharp frost,

I am the early-sown crops

I am an abbey of trees,

seen as saw-mill logs,

crashed into by a cruel winter wind,

I am given by an old garden.

Projected from a given point at a given velocity,

I am the fate of the Eorpe,

I am the ston,

Leede,

Golde,

or any thing that wayeth moche.

According to my Order,

I lie deepest,

a deeper coloured oil,

I have not properly risen--

Unraised, clammy,

I am the bread of un-kneaded dough,

a pasty that goes against,

I am of high gravity--

Gravid

with some inward exercise of mind,

laden with the rich perfume of the seringas and acacias,

I am meaning and sorrow,

more than defined.

Precedence is given

to my exhibition,

I am concerned with the manufacture,

the trade of those engaged

in my industry,

the industry of me.

I am applied to ordnance of the larger kind,

ready to leave for my objective,

I am power,

I am ability,

I am to be an opponent in any contest,

well armed and equipped,

I march in order,

paraded and exercised,

and exercised, and exercised,

I am the charging Brigade.

My way is prepared.

I have momentum.

I am the dyntis gave

that maid him way,

with my shouris, Dunbar's dulle spreit lurks,

I am the stroke that lites vpon Arthure's shield,

the brunt of Cannon-ball,

I am the very fire on the sovereign,

play and no mistake,

I am the sea that runs outside

the thunderstorm.

Walked upon, I am carried,

specifically the lightest,

I delay the mail,

I am found walking in the sand,

and change the game.

Hard to digest,

in respect of Sexe,

I am a man's digestion.

I lie on her stomach.

I am coarse,

I grit the bit,

My mouth is hard,

In hand,

when,

from want of spirit,

I go sluggishly on and bear it.

Of grave import,

I am þæt man,

grievous to be born,

grievous burden,

the words,

Business of the Lord.

I am a matter of consequence,

of speech,

I am the growing sin,

preiudices deeply rooted,

hatred,

silence, and complaints.

I am the English frost of Dickens.

Of the amatory,

I am non-coital.

a pass not discouraged.

I am lowering clouds,

I am our heauens,

I am a storm from nothingness.

My conformation massive,

my features express contentment.

Their effect would be destroyed by ornament.

I am the church, purely monastic,

I am dialectical words,

a loud and deep sound,

deep-mouthed bloodhound's bay.

If you do not hear me,

then listen well,

my footstep is at your side.

I am the accent of the most base and falling,

I am alliterated and the exception,

my verses more stressed,

slow

and

stupid.

I louep bote to ligge and resti and slepe,

I am the ignorance that praises the worst best,

a dull Blockish slug,

an honest man,

I have spent many Hours with much Indolence,

nothing is worse than for me to be facetious.

I move slow,

clumsy,

grevyd wyth grosse humorys,

the bloud bak'd by that surly spirit,

Melancholy.

I am the flight of a Tunisian Falcon,
the lightheaded heels of water like wine,
a speedy ship desireable,
the broken wing of a gasping gray owl,
I am the gate of night--
the time of greefe,
the idle Hours of diversion,
the day of a sleepless night,
the hangover,

I am how the time lyes on lonely hands.

The lifeless labour of the braines
without force of phantasie,
a Book that survives by Wonder,
a long, dull poem,
undistinguished, slow, and boring.

I am serious, and addressed to the serious-minded,

I am the beat of swing,
like a broken wing,
nasty and off-beat,
a number of great difficulty.

I am Marcuse,
I am about what is terrible
and what should happen,
I am the dope scene,
the face of Uranian Willy,
I am metal thunder.

I am Lennon's Bulldog,
strange and dangerous,
somber and tragic,
I am the villain,
the business,
the drama.

I am the dignified father,

the unbending uncle,

avuncular,

I am personally oppressive,

I am the eorre unrehtwisenesse werun me.

I am the widowe seeking vengeance,

the King displeased,

the angardly anger with the traytor,

the imperial enemy.

I am the dreaded deliverer,

an evil friend, a frenemy,

I am a criminal, a safe-breaker--

Transporting narcotics,

I am hard to bear,

a piteous plicht,

I am the vengeance of God,

I am Censure,

a curse heard in shame,

the Bondage of slaves

I am the universal calamity,

I am how the world has been.

Hog

With reference to myself,

reared for killing and castrated,

I am counted with the ealdra,

the number of me is wealth.

I am berþt and noryssept azewel

ase þe kings,

I ete with those surfed to lyue,

and am found not the body of a man.

A pig without testicles.

I haue lykyng to ete Akernes

for it tempreth min flesshe.

Of the barrow,

ungelded,

I will run up the spear
and maul my murderer.

Trained up,
I find out the certaine earth-nut,
I am esteemed not as profitable
because of the lesser quantity
of myself upon the inwards.

I am a pleasure to see and sometimes considered best.

Sometimes I am not a male at all,
my face anticipates avocados.

I am the colloquial flesh taken with wine,
eaten fearless and uneaten nohow
without a smile.

Distinguished,

any said to resemble me

bear my name.

When I am wild I am young

and I ruleth

those who ruleth all.

I am impure and filthy,

I am started hunted and killed without being seen.

I am the origin of my domestic self,

an unshorn lamb,

I am counted among the flock.

I am the first shorn fleece,

a baby animal.

I am derogatory,

a niggard, an hound,

an ypocrit, & an heretic,

drunken wele ataunt,

veraie to your frends,

I am eluish markt abortiue.

Blush to have been long seduced by me,

who is troubled by my moroseness.

I am thought, in pleasure,

an Epicure,

who just dreamt he was at Table,

a governor who lays up nice things

while my friends rot.

I made no resistance and drank because I was thirsty,

an old man who was right where I said I was,

Modified,

I appropriate.

I am amok and shown to the astounded,

I am public and end-seated, stumble over my feet,

I am iron-lunged, chest pounding, and the most successful.

I refuse to pass the ball.

I am a Jonian called abusively,

an old custom hard to break,

remarkable on account of the figures

and habits of my students.

I am a ghost more uproarious than those of Trinity,

I am fond of good living and an opponent,

I am a press-man who calls compos'tors asses.

I am unknown in the sea and horned,

made from spart by the ketch to clean,

I am thrust under the ship and back up again.

I am money to pickpockets,

I am the line the stone must reach.

I am an agitator,

suspended above the fire.

I am a tricked out Cadillac,

capitalized,

I cruise with speed,

armed,

I am large and powerful.

I am a favorite and swung around

the most beautiful on Earth,

given care by the dedicated,

I convert waste and refuse into fuel.

I am a way of eking out,

the backbone laid longitudinally,

incapable of appreciating

the pearls at my feet.

I am lost for a halfpenny worth of tar,

I am complete, thorough, and full,

I am everything.

All that is expected of me is my grunt,

I am awkward, uncontrolled, and insecure,

stubbornly independent,

I live and travel as a vagrant.

Further up, I am extravagance and luxury,

I will not burn,

I am never good but when I am dead.

I am sheared with great cry and little wool,

I am a dog,

made of a thing,

offering no clean victory,

I am hunted by horsemen,

Butchered,

driven,

farmed,

fed,

I am raised and served,

buttocked, faced, necked, and backed,

I am an infant cursed by a beggar,

adolescence,

called by screams

I can cure a green wound and am a simple offering—

I swing by hooks.

My death is cause for celebration and rejoicing.

My fleshe is the beste but abomination,

Sordid,

an old humbug,

an old file,

I make a way for the young to pass.

My Latin is wrong and debased,

my words incomprehensible,

systematically altered and coded,

nevertheless learned with quickness.

I bear a menacing plague,

I am small and inferior,

I am a pox, and contagious.

Hungry.

I have the sensation,

the feeling,

pain and uneasiness from want.

The blade of my want,

my need,

is keen.

Fillid with goode thingis,

while ryche men left voyd,

I am a wolfe,

a dogg,

eating dirty puddyngs.

I byte sore,

I tykes 3e thristef for blude,

I look up and am not fed.

I am a hunter who never,

stoops to carrion,

clamorous for the morning banquet.

I am empty,

asswagethd with bread and salt,

I call for more meat,

my life is miserable.

The flocks and herds survive my chace,

my eyes shine and see far,

my tyme is sowre.

My hous hadde much defaulte,

I am the tyde,

the dayes,

the forties,

the fear of dear food,

and diets

I am a meal,

I am what I eat,

a good, honest, wholesome breakfast,

a vulture's regale,

unsatisfying, insufficient,

dining on starvation,

and diets

I am made by aire,

Dry, cold, piercing.

I am made by a sermon,

a place that wonderfully sharpens children.

I am a soule fede mid godes worde,

and fulfild,

I am of ferther knowledge,

after charge, spoyle, and gaine,

a Tyrranical magistrate that,

exulting, cries,

might sate my ear.

I am a youth eager for intellectual food,

I devour consonants aflame,

I eat the silent dead.

I am the deep a boat is saved from,

my arm a column of flame,

I lack elements,

I am in want of the needful and desireable,

More disposed to draw from

others than to impart,

I am not rich or fertile,

I do not supply,

I am barren,

I doth kill the unctuous nature of the soape.

Inside the Diagnosis

Just kill yourself, whale.

Just kill

Just kill smiling with the sun, a future

Just knock off of a flesh strongly expressed,

Smiling with the sun.

Only stop the story of sacred fires full of frankincense also to go to Paradise.

I don't want to sit next to the fatty.

Eye inaction

requiring from reclining

like the very clear

and made

of good.

Evaluation is limited by overlying soft tissue. Within these limitations...

Examination is

blocked

by fat.

Inside

the fat...

Judgement is damned by grease.

Inside that grease...

Damned is

scorned by their obesity.

Somewhere in there...

Fuck the fatty. If she lost weight she'd be human...

You should just kill yourself

You should just

so no one has to look at you.

Fat

should just kill

fat

so no one has to look at

fat.

full of God

should just kill

evidence of much spirit

so no one has to look at

a sacred fire, full of Frankincense.

Obese should just kill obese

so no one

has to look

at obese.

Towards an idiom should just kill the inverse of peculiar language so no one has to look at, of, or above,
an arbitrariness.

Human should just kill human

so no one has to look at the human.

Your mother

should just kill herself

so no one has to look

at her.

That boy should just kill himself so no one has to look at him.

Jolly.

I am graciously, gentle, and stout,

Not me to entreat To god's works,

Prayer is better heard of god

by still devotion

than by me.

Sometimes,

it seems,

nobody hears me.

With my tumult,

the city will not settle--

fear my sequel,

while my hours lead on,

my choir of maidens,

of daughters,

Awake.

My bachelor's body fresh and fair,

as the wife of a knight

became a luste hawke,

I, an hounde þat is liking,

and of sekenesse hol and sounde,

wynsyng as a colt,

I haue grete need of counseile.

I am a yong herty knight,

my spirites be wasted,

the bloud getteth a farther egernesse,

Why am I me?

Am I a saint? A gode man?

What am I at?

New Joy?

Am I of just words?

If I exist, the gods are in favour.

Of French entertainment,

I am gone away brisk

and shake my ears.

I am in my Topsy Cups

drunk as fuck

I will stay until seven in the morning,

I will drink thirty two bottles,

never more than myself,

and can take care precious well.

I am Bacchus, convivial,

A god,

a dog,

a person,

my God in Triumph comes,

my fellows ridicule every body--

(everybody who has the folly to be sober)

my comrades Search the streets.

I am laughing courage,

my heart flies high,

I am gallant,

I gest and chace him that slough the gode,

I have a true and manly visage,

I yearn to do cheuelry,

I am fit for knightly jousts and fierce encounters.

I am the skull sign of pirates,

I defy,

I am proud,

With oute justice

I think to outface you,

my vaunts make a boast.

I am not concerned for any thing that is past,

pride should never be removed.

I am wanton,

my lust the bodily delights sought.

I am the blood of an emperor,

an animal in heat.

I am splendid,

handsome,

a knight bearing beautiful colors--

decked in florid array,

I am of the immaterial,

fine words between friends,

words that wet tongues,

and win back beauty lost--

a show to deceive the simple.

I am noble of stature, fair, fetys,

the gentillest and best looking,

in the sheer water I behold myself as myself,

the escort of a nymph through the wood,

the feet of the Mother of all,

walking in paradise.

I am healthy, grown, and large,

I am brisk,

I am called by the Mob a handsome man.

I am myself.

I am a felowe of euery body

I am the quickness to take the pray

I am the invention of Utopia

I am, in irony, a slander,

admirably great,

Merry,

Very,

I am the face of farmers,

royalty,

my timbers make me fit

for the chariot of a king.

Killed and Rendered.

All killed and rendered,

Your son awaits the light

Of the flame in your hand

He is the candle you will give

The world's long, dark hallway,

Called by you, bespoken,

Everything that he is

Your son is-

Last

Looks Lost

A loser who hates losers

Who must lose must lose must lose

And who

Your son is

Is modified

Your son is-

Sitting alone

Modified.

Your son is in this dictionary

Pressed within its pages,

Cages like words,

Caged and burning bright.

Your sister, mother, other

Brother, is modified-

Parted out, cummed on,

Analyzed, made into

The fashion, (disassociated

Rape fantasized) fathered by

Bastards, compartmentalized,

Your mother is yesterdays.

Yesterday.

Yesterday was deep shadows

Sunlit on silverscreens,

Shown like sunshine,

Dark, dark shines the sun

In the closed eyes silverscreen of memory

Lard.

Everybody loves me.

pleasant to the taste,

a delicacy.

Needed if too lean,

I cure warts,

in collections

to the table sent smoking,

fed for

the patience of adversity.

Rendered and purified,

the pharmacy of unguents,

hit well and decoct,

in Latin, in lading,

curing the ill with a distilled kill.

Peculiar volatile

acid,

loose and very pure,

watered down to save money--

commercially unfit for medicinal use

two grades of neutral,

often adulterated judiciously,

rubbed in and sifted,

caked, clean,

legal tender for all debts,

smoked, blackened.

Singing and swaying over the flames,

snatched at by some lackey,

regarding his solicitude,

a bladder of rebellion,

the Special offence

of existence.

Not the genuine article

but counterfeited anyway,

homeless now and used for burning--

a matter of omentum and mesentery,

one alone requires two million--

we follow now

divesting.

Used to very slow lapping,

a part is hard,

soft stone,

a suitable substitute

for price.

Massive.

I am an object.

I am the whyte perils rounde

in Jupiter's crown,

I am the grete and evene vpryght trees

of the fadeless forest,

I am a tower theron erthe.

behouen to fall by the erthe

that moueth so strongly,

I am a diuerse cloud

that congelis corrupt vapours,

broken by the operations

of the planetis I impede,

I make thoundir

I am a candilmaker's wall

with duris and windowes

closed by ruch wark

and hurtfull to the towne,

I am a piece of Amber Gris,

perfuming the respects of an ambaffador,

I am a volume waded through,

searched for faults by griping critics,

I am a sepulcher of silver gilt,

in the sacristy of Valencia,

I am a heavy common weapon,

the military sword for close engagement,

I am a building that cannot be destroyed,

I am the snuff-box of a murderer,

An unrepentant fat wife murderer--

Fuck you.

I am a paynim, hydous and grete,

strong, and felonious,

I better resemble the deuyl

than a man or a person.

Morbid.

Not a sanative and healing contagion,

I apprehend the doom,

I am the doom,

of every Human Constitution,

I am affected with disease,

I am disease,

of unwholesome thought,

I apprehend,

Lachrymose,

like everyone who has ever come into the world,

in the mind, I range over

the wider scale of existence.

Of a flesh strongly expressed,

my anatomy of pathology,

the condition of a severe mathematical,

is pestilence.

Poisonous, I am the variolous matter

first inserted by the puncture,

I am the appearance of sudden death,

I am death.

Obese

I am against eating.

I am in the way.

In the way of relation.

In the way of origination.

In the way of nations.

In the way.

I am towards an idiom.

I am against countries.

I am a native of being in the way.

I am from a country, but I am against dialect.

I am the inverse of peculiar language.

I am usually used in depreciation.

I am usually used in diagnosis.

I am usually evidence of blame.

Evidence of weakness. Of a lack. I am evidence of a lack.

Self-discipline. I am evidence of a lack of self
spanking.

I am of, or above, an arbitrariness. An unattested arbitrariness of medicine.

Of, or above, but otherwise unattested. The scale is unattested. The measure of me is without
witnesses. Without shoes? Without the jacket? Am I healthier
without the jacket or my shoes?

I am an unattested lack of evidence of a lack.

(The first to speak of me was speaking of medicine. The first. Maybe I only exist as an illness?
Maybe I only exist as bills. I only exist as a way to finance golfing trips in Hawaii.

This is the first recorded use of me in English. A medical book. I am a medical word. Doctors
made me. They made the idea that I am a sickness. That I am morbid, morbidly so. Morbid to
call some body
morbid.)

I am bariatric.

I am cut away and replaced and revised, revised, revised.

I am cut away and grow again until the root is dead.

I am like cancer, like diabetes, like congestive heart failure, like death death death.

I am death.

Cut me away and send me to the medical waste. I am medical waste. I am tissue. An abortion.

I am a program.

I am blame.

I am failure.

I am all about sitting in the office full of dread.

I am all about bills.

I am all about being all about.

I am plethorick. A plethora of myself. Whatever happened to plethorick?

I am over.

I am the death epidemic.

I am spreading and I am stuffed in.

I am in the way.

When they say diet, do they mean die? Do they? Better to die than, well you will die anyway,
well what is there to live for, well what is the point of living if, well you would rather, wouldn't
you, wouldn't you rather
die?

Studies say you would. Studies say. They say studies that say you will.

Get down here. Get down. Lower yourself. Like us, they say, though they don't. Do it or die.

Like us, be skeletal, big bones, or be a skeleton. Die.

I am over.

I am over you. Over everybody's body.

I am the language of resistance.

Oink.

I grunt,

Low,

Gruff.

I vemde & stod azen

as many a wild man

eyleth ought

as a horse doth
wrooting in the mucke,
in the unripe years of a poet,
an optick-glass, covered
from the piercing eye
and extenuated,
I, undismayed and secure,
beneath the chestnut shade,
lighthearted, satirical,
am admired by Wordsworth
for the growth I show
in repose and abundance,
or violently exercised.

A devil after the manner of my kind,
I represent a human imitation of the natural.

Greeting like a seal,

I am only alive

because of my heart.

Pig.

I am earthen ware,
worn on by the Earth,
or, anyway,
the world.

I lie in certain hollows,
not wallows,
broken brilliant blue,
the war wants us thin or dead

Thin = dead

at ten or twelve years old,

a little boy or girl

will wish

they were dead--

"They Said," to tell the stories

of pretty faces, if,

you should,

being the best body,

no one likes you and it's a pity, so,

no one will, ever--

your nickname will be obscenity.

Why don't you

just kill

yourself and spare us

the sight.

It's only good natured,

just teasing,

you are funny, can't

take a joke.

Tough,

get tough love,

intervention, medication.

the doctor says

it's inevitable.

You roll, your role is rolling.

you always eat,

I know the cure,

have you ever even tried?

Really, really

tried?

I don't believe you.

Stupid.

I am stunned. Benumbed.

My faculties dead. Dull. In a state. My faculties are in state.

I am like hyperbole, a human cartoon--

Can I speake? Heare? Know man, from man?

I am senceless,

I am aftonifh'd, obedient and contented,

(tho' the people were opprefs'd)

I am the surprise

fixing eyes,

gaping devouring the warrior dame

unbred to spinning.

I am the beggar,

jaw bone dash'd--

jaw bone broke--

dropped from the stunning wound--

I am how he lay,

knocked down by so

smart a blow.

I am the blunt heart of the true,

proved and now undoubted,

I am the thoughts of the racked,

written in bloud,

I am the peace of the eyes,

the sight of a banished knight,

love lost,

sorrow unchained.

I am the lethargy of woe,

the chill'd breast and stopp'd blood

of scorned and grieving Sappho,

I am the sleep a sweet dream falls into,

the nothingness in the midst of heaven,

I am the parts of the paralytic

touched with nettles.

I am the obtuse pain,

I am that which the minde, to retayne pleasure,

ought not be reduced to,

I am patience,

Stoic, senseless and wretched,

I am, in relation to the beauties of nature,

Basest of Beasts.

I am the sense of the noblest Sentiments,

I am a creature not raised with descriptions

of the person of Christ.

I am the constant carelessness about futurity,

shielding Vice

from the dread of punishment.

I am the Tangible Parts in Bodies,

I am the unmov'd Earth,

confounding the world's right order,

my dead Body is ascrib'd the Care
of the Publique Good of the Univerfe.

I am the pitiless Grave,
the Stone not in the least conscious
of those Impressions,
Knocking, cutting, Motion or Action,
done to it,
done to me.

Oh yes, I am.

Ugly.

I am feared and dreaded,

the aspect of horror,

deformed in squalor

I am the rod cast before Pharoah,

transformed, a snake,

I am a man's dede body,

in ertth layd lawe,

I am the filthe and stynke of hell,

I am hell.

I am the sight of mani dragons,

the sell of William Wallace,

I am the cadaver,

3it may thow be within ane zeir,

I am the furies to reuenge the slaughter,

Darksome Death,

with-holding my darte,

I am the painted faces of the priests

(of the naturall inhabitants of Virginia),

I am shown by snakie hairs

in the sight of good men,

I am the sight of terrour,

I am the brindled Monster,

struck to the heart,

I am Ten thousand Phantoms to be fear'd.

I am the ffoul thyknesse,

Carrion lamentable,

I am a foule beare,

The weapons of wildmen,

with terrible visages,

I am the diuels of black Erebus,

tormenting the soule of traitors,

I am a new disease,
so foule and filthie,
that a man would have chosen rather to die,
(they say most men would rather die)
than to be so disfigured.

I am the head of darkness,
plung'd in deepest hell,

I am the shewe of monstrous
sondry shape and phisonomy
of dyuerse people,

(I am the shape of diversity)

I am a great flame of four fyres
ioyned together.

Weight.

My portion is quantity,

it is weighing a definite amount,

I am weighing a definite.

I am a definite amount,

a definite amount

Of oppression, of a measure,

of oppression of a thought,

the lot of Cagots,

exactly the same,

but not.

I am the silence sometimes

weighted in my mind,

and yet I find the best and the wisest course.

I am the underlying illness,

the condition found under sickness,

(doctors say everything wrong with me is me)

I am just like a large mass of stone,

an object used (abused) solely

for being myself.

I am Sense,

the gold at the heart of the matter,
I am the burden of faults but partially excused,
the not unmerited blame of the brave,
who fought alone against the world.

I am the degradation
of the memory of the poet
by the ascription of pilfered and diluted verse.

I am the admixture of an adulterant,
a disguise,
giving body and firmness to the inferior.

I am the compensation of the average,
the relative combination of representation,
in different degrees of importance,
in accordance with the pattern of average families.

I am waiting,

weighing

words, weighing

worlds,

waiting for the world.

Whale.

Beaten flogged thrashed

Upon

I am thought a thing to be hunted

Rendered

I will wear

the ropes you

bound me with

Held

To my body, you will drown.

I walk as a swan

I am also to go

to Paradise.

I am hunted

I am seen between one

class and another

I am them that are deuourers

of your Merchants

I am authoritative, an expert

I have a great capacity

I am very good and keen

There is no end of me

Lasciuious, I devour all Virginity I find

I am, in time,

had and told of

in happy terms

and equally dashing of a fellow type.

Words.

Words into flesh

reflected

wrpmg

Am wrong.

Be wrong/

Real wrong.

Ain't worth

Razor blades

Ain't worth

Beans

Hey

the anticipation builds, the studio audience goes quiet

Hey

Fat Fuck

**the sign is unnecessary. The studio audience is delighted. Ha Ha Ha*

Ha, ha

Leave Some For

the studio audience ROARS

Ha, ha

XXXXXXL.

I am sextuple proportion

I am beyond

I am outside

Oversized

I am situated

in a place

Outside

Invisible to the department

Monstrous

I am an epidemic

of exception

Extraordinary

Unorderly

I am not worth

the manufacture,

The Kings yearly expences,

There are not enough

like me

Despite the epidemic

Despite the evidence

I am an epidemic of

exception

I walk alone

In numbers

I am

(We are)

Outside the numbers

Oversized

Outside large

Very far from large

I am excluded

I am outside, wandering,

At large,

Extravagant

I am not large, at all.

You.

I am you.

A chimpanzee is

almost you.

You are a close relation

To me

To a chimp

I am you.

You II.

I am accused

And told to the king

I am asked rightly about

The hope I have within

I am summoned by the queen

To show forth rightly the judgements

I am kept by God

I am a captive

Given

to torment and toil

I am wretched

I have stirred up trouble

I am thrust into darkness to starve

I am of little belief

I am awaited at home by the king

I am evermore loved

I am thanked with good will

As I ought to be

Poetics Statement

In the Summer of 2017, Chris Christie had a family get together on a beach which he had shut down to the public. He was caught on camera, and the resulting scandal became a part of public discourse. I became aware of it on Facebook because of a “progressive” page I belonged to at the time. The article was very similar to the New York Times article here:

<https://www.nytimes.com/2017/07/03/nyregion/chris-christie-beach-new-jersey-budget.html>

I then began to read the comments. Christie’s ethics or politics, which might, in a rational discussion, seem to be more germane to the topic were almost completely ignored. Almost every comment referred to his size and weight, as if that was all that mattered. I was so incensed by these comments that I felt I would be failing myself and other fat people if I didn’t address the issue of size discrimination.

The primary weapon used against people of size is words. The words used to describe us, to talk about us, become the words we use to describe ourselves. The old saying “words will never hurt you,” which I was taught to believe as a child, is a lie. Words worm their way into our souls. They become our universe, the only world we know.

My goal with Weighing Words is to investigate and reinterpret words used in the discrimination against fat people, like myself. I wanted to vivisect them, lay them out, diagram them, remove their power to harm.

I have been influenced heavily by Oulipo, erasure, and *Uncreative Writing* by Kenneth Goldsmith-- the constraints of which I echo by primarily using the words of the OED and its citations. I chose these methods because they directly challenge existing language and can illuminate aspects of that language that would otherwise remain hidden. I attempted to complicate those techniques by directing them toward a specific social goal and also including occasional editorial commentary to reflect my personal reactions and remind the reader that I am reading these citations as well.

I used the etymology and original citations of the Oxford English Dictionary to generate the work. Usually, I would try to find as much of the original context as possible and tried to interpret or re-present it poetically. I discovered that if I copied and pasted the citation in Google, often the original document was available either through Google Books or through a university portal. I also used Old English and Middle English translator pages to be as sure as I possibly could that I was understanding and manipulating the text correctly. I preserved as much of the original language as possible, especially the archaic spelling and alphabet, partly because I simply love Middle English and Old English, and partly to show the impermanence of language-- that language and its meanings can change drastically over time and need not carry the same connotations forever.

I chose the repeated phrase "I am" to reflect how these words became part of my psyche by sheer repetition. I present the poems alphabetically, because I came to think of the manuscript as my own dictionary and refer to it as such within the text, specifically in *Killed and Rendered*. It is the dictionary of a fat man.

Some of the poems are not based on the OED. I based *Killed and Rendered* on Giles Coren's fat-hating screed "I Don't Care What My Son Becomes... As Long as He Isn't Fat!" originally published in *Esquire UK*-- in which he fat-shamed his own 4-year old son. XXXXXXL draws on my experiences trying to buy clothing, with maybe a dash of inspiration from Bill Maher's fat-bashing commentaries, such as (from memory) "They don't make clothes for you because you're fat. Buy a tent."

"Aware," arose from diverse sources, including the representation of the sexuality of Ignatius J. Reilly in *A Confederacy of Dunces*; an article talking about how fat people were represented in video games ("harder to kill only because there's more of me"); the Coren article; the pervasive and toxic idea that fat people "need" to be fat-shamed into losing weight-- when actually the ostracization this produces, if anything, exacerbates the problem.

I drew some inspiration from Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. "Song of Myself" and its ever expanding poetic form was a reflection of his vision of America, but for me the form is a way to illustrate the depth of the impact of words on those they are used to exclude, and the forgotten breadth and majesty of those same words.

In my first year of the program, I read Aaron Shurin's *The Skin of Meaning*. His sense that his poetics chose him rather than the other way around made a powerful impression on me. My "Shurin" moment was in reading the comments following a news article about Chris Christie at the beach. Shurin's poetics arose from watching the impact of AIDS on his loved ones and friends in the gay community of San Francisco at the height of the AIDS epidemic.

I have watched and felt the impact of the war on obesity in America. I was prescribed Redux, a drug my doctor knew had a chance to kill me within a year because he thought the risk was worth it. I have seen the effect, in my own body, of yo-yo dieting and know intimately how futile dieting truly is. I have seen countless memorials for bariatric surgery patients who died from complications months or years after a "successful" gastric bypass. I have seen bariatric patients have multiple bypass surgery revisions because of regain, even though they had almost nothing left to revise. The war on obesity is a war on the obese.

There is a strong and wonderful movement for fat acceptance, but mostly the movement seems concerned with women. There seems precious little out there for fat men, who are desexualized, villainized, and can barely find adequate clothing at prices that won't break the bank.

My hope with this work is that those who have suffered as a result of these words may find healing and empowerment in discovering, along with myself, that these words are ultimately meaningless when applied to people and their bodies, and need not determine anything about our lives.

I found working on this manuscript to be comforting, as if dismantling these words that have haunted me for my entire life exposed how arbitrary and meaningless they really were and took away some of their power to cause pain. I choose how they are received now, and I choose to see them as beautiful references to forgotten poetry and literature. Lastly, I also hope that those who have used these words in reference to people of size will reexamine their usage and their own prejudices.