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The Paradox

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THE PARADOX

Kristine Pugsley

My sister would be embarrassed for me to say this:

She has a *great* body.

I mean, she's only 15, but she looks like she walked out of a magazine:
all legs and eyes and brown skin.

Sometimes, she gets 'That Look' more than I do.

She wears baggy sweatpants at home and long sleeves when we
go out, and

There isn't much to look at *that way*, but still.

I want to walk up to people and shake my finger in their face and
say, "Don't you dare do that to her!" but I don't.

We walk on and ignore it, but her ears burn and my face does too.

Part of me mortified for *her*

Part of me sad for *me*.

I am ashamed of myself, after.

You don't hear many people complain about being little.

If I were to do so, I would say that it's a terrible paradox;

You want to be healthy, first. Second, you want to be pretty...
Part of me will always wish for long legs that look good in
shorts, like hers.

Understanding the 'system' doesn't make living in it much easier.

America's Next Top Model

Seventeen Magazine

The newest diet fad: Don't eat! You'll lose weight.

Absurd, yes.

Yet there we are...young, attractive. Maybe not models, but girls...

Maybe that's all it is, after all.

Maybe, it will be like this forever.

I hope not.

Pugsley: The Paradox

Someday, and this is what I hope for her,
We will walk through the mall,
Not falling out of our clothes or anything, just two girls.
Two sisters out for a day.

Maybe...and who knows when that will be,

We will be older then, maybe mothers

Our bodies changed from childbirth

Women, in a woman's form.

Two sisters, who will walk through the mall

Or down the street in the city,

And there will be no whistles

Or catcalls.

No more lingering stares and leers that go on for days...

I can not hope that the world will be so different then

That this won't ever happen.

But I would like to think that when we have daughters

(Whatever they look like)

They will not feel pulled in two directions.

36, 29, 38

Who cares? The only way I hope they are pulled

On an outing like ours

Is whether or not to go get lunch *first*.