

# Body Love, Pt. 2

Mary Lambert

I know I am because I said I am  
I know I am because I said I am  
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My body is home  
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I know I am because I said I am  
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I know I am because I said I am Try this:  
Take your hands over your bumpy love body naked  
and remember the first time you touched someone  
with the sole purpose of learning all of them.  
Touch them because the light is pretty on them  
and the dust and the sunlight dance the way your heart did.  
Touch yourself with a purpose. Your body is the most beautiful void.  
Fathers and uncles are not claiming your knife anymore,  
are not your razor, now put the sharpness back.  
Lay your hands flat and feel the surface of scarred skin;  
I once touched a tree with charred limbs.  
The stumps were still breathing,  
but the tops were just ashy remains;  
I wonder what it's like to come back from that,  
because sometimes I feel forest fires  
erupting from my wrists,  
and smoke signals sent out of the most beautiful things  
I've ever seen. Love your body the way your mother loved your baby feet,  
and brother arm-wrapping shoulders,  
and remember this is important.  
You are worth more than who you fuck.  
You are worth more than a waistline.  
You are worth more than beer bottles displayed like drunken artifacts  
You are worth more than any naked body could proclaim  
in the shadows;  
more than a man's whim or your father's mistake.  
You are no less valuable as a size 16 than a size 4,  
you are no less valuable as a 32A than a 36C.  
Your sexiness is defined by concentric circles within your wood.  
It is wisdom.  
You are a goddamned tree stump with leaves sprouting out.  
Reborn.

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