

Big Legs

by Jamie Iredell

Breached out the birth canal massive legs first, legs like gas planets, in leg-shape. Titanic legs, unsinkable, sinking through the air of the hospital into the briny wash. Her body: normal as a body, a baby's body: skin and eyes. A shriek like the song of humpbacks. She grew, her legs expansive, exponential. Her legs were the trunks of redwoods. Her legs became Studebakers. She drove forward into redwoods. Everyone stared. *What's wrong with that woman?* Her legs became their own ecosystem: rains of bleach-blonde peach fuzz, clouds of cotton socks and landslides of darkened sweatpants. Custom shoes size eighteen women's. Her crutch is her body, so normal, skin and eyes.

