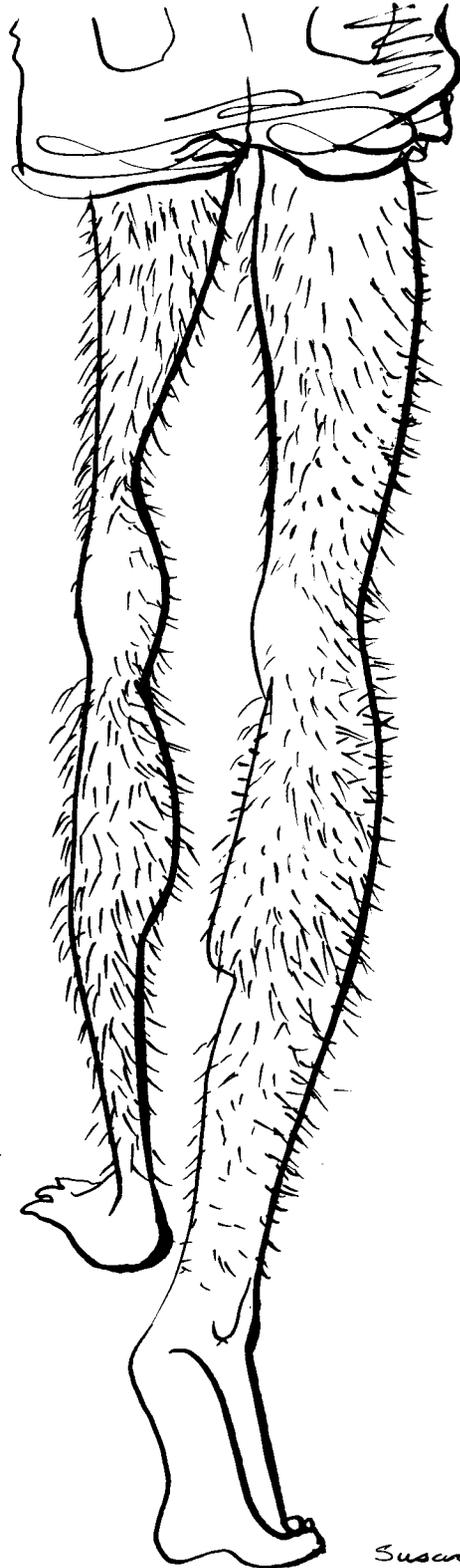


My Hairy Legs

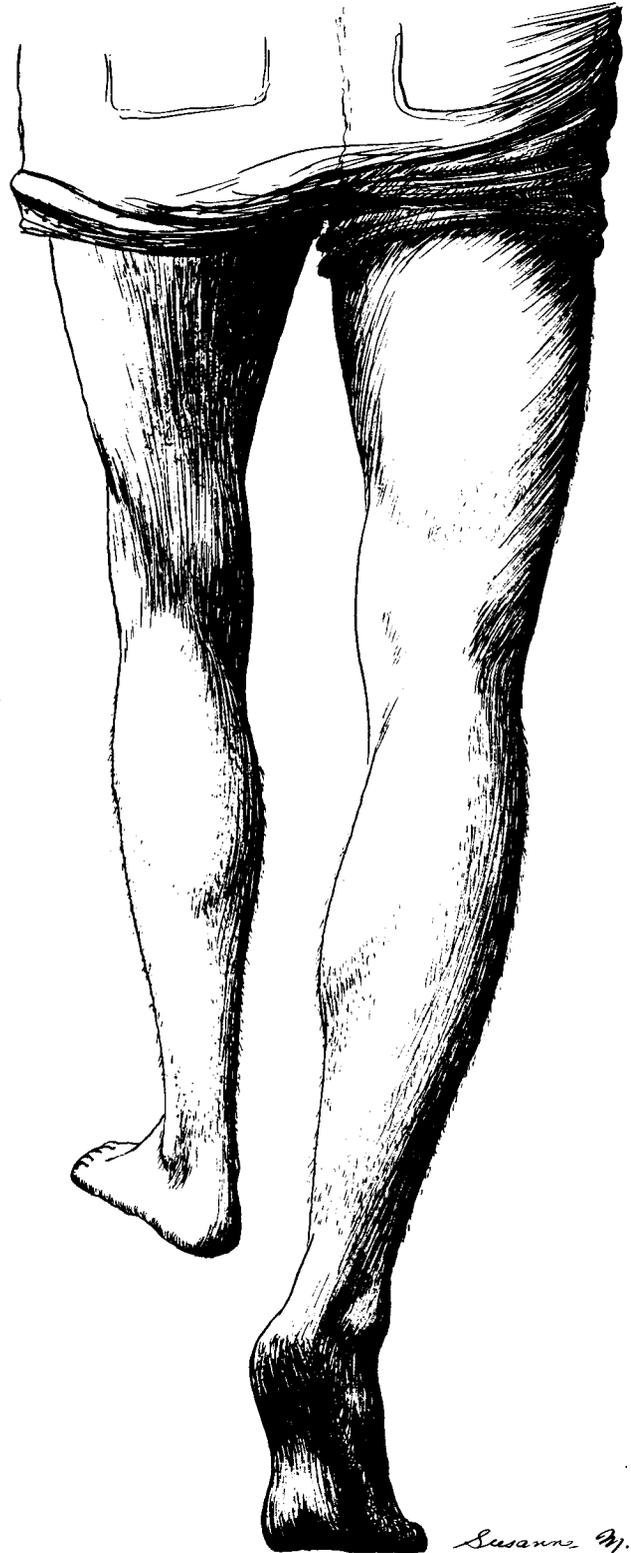
My legs
look like
gooseberries:
tiny prickly bristles
sticking out
against
the air.

I know
what you think
when you
see me
coming down
on Bloor Street:
one of these
women's libbers
who don't want
to make themselves
look nice,
because they are
afraid of men.



What men, anyhow?
All men, some men?
Maybe it is
that I don't care
for your standards
of beauty
that nature
de-natured
does not look
beautiful
to me.

My legs
look like
legs:
muscular,
healthy
and covered
with a remnant
of animal
fur.



Suzanne M.

by Margrit Eichler

