

Feed the Models

By Jane Gennaro

I want to love models.
I want to feed them
and take care of them
and make them better

I want to gather them up
in all their scary gauntness
with no cushion of protection
and put them in a cage
and fatten them up.

I want to slide home made lasagna
with clumps of Italian sausage
and chopped chuck through the bars
until the models grow hips
and thighs as plump as their lips
until their boobs pop like made up eyes.

And when the models reach normal body weight
the bars of the cage will break!
Because they were only made of twigs
and the models will step out and
be able to walk like normal people
and not have to propel themselves
by moving their shoulders front
first this one, then that one,
just to make it down the runway and never smile.

And I'll take the models home with me
and we'll have a pajama party
but I won't make the models stand still
so I can pin their PJs. Oh no!
I won't pin the model's PJs so they fall "just so"
In fact, I'll let the models choose their very own clothes
even try on some of mine from my closet
which come in much larger sizes than the models have ever worn before!

And if my clothes make the models laugh
I won't tell the models to look serious instead
I won't tilt the models chins or heads or tell the models
to slouch or plop and pretend "You're strung out on heroin"
And if they are, I definitely won't take pictures for little girls to see and copy.

But if the models want to dance, I'll put on CDs!
And if the models want to sing, I'll play my karioke tapes
And if the models want to act, I won't let them.

And if the models want to look through magazines
and see pictures of themselves and say to each other
"That Prada is you or "That Wang is you"
I won't stop them. Even if the models want me to.
I won't tell them who they are or how to be.
I might say "Hey! Mr. Roger's Neighborhood is on!
And turn on the TV so Mr. Rogers can tell them
they are special for who they are.

And when the models get bored and sleepy
and their eyes start to close against their eyelid's wills
I won't sneak around softly and put cucumbers and damp tea bags on them
because it doesn't work anyway

And in the morning when the models wake up
because their cellphones are ringing
and they have to go back to work
and let people dress them and make them up
and twist or spritz or tease or braid or pluck
or tint or henna or highlight or frost or grease
or oil or wax or spray or trim or clip or feather
or blunt cut their hair

and stick and pin and paste them back up
on the billboards and pages and screens
slapped silly across magazines

I'll say

"Good bye Models.

Have a nice day."

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