

## *Arse Poetica*

by Julie Hart

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On the bus today I saw the future of my ass: full, wide and deep a cushion—no, a pouffe—squeezed into jeans but an Astarte for all that. True sitzfleisch. This is what happens when you become the home front, settle in a little too well on the couch, start to become one with it. Carry it with you wherever you go. The slump and the sag of it, the nagging implication that you're tired of dragging it. But that big beautiful butt on the bus—what a butt it was! The one I have now does me proud. The tilt of my ass: sass. The grade of my ass: pass. The future of my ass: grass.