



Fat Magazine

ESTRELLA



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FICTION

Hoodie As A Boy

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Solomon Weigh never let anyone called him such.

Known to very few, 'Solomon' was a conjurer of his wrath, to anyone but his mother.

Mr Weigh' was mildly fine, tolerated;

Sir was better and Sir Weigh, a dream, so seldom offered to men below 30 or born below rank.

One had to be extraordinary. Which He was, mind you.

His recent success, sitting athwart modesty, wouldn't let you forget it.

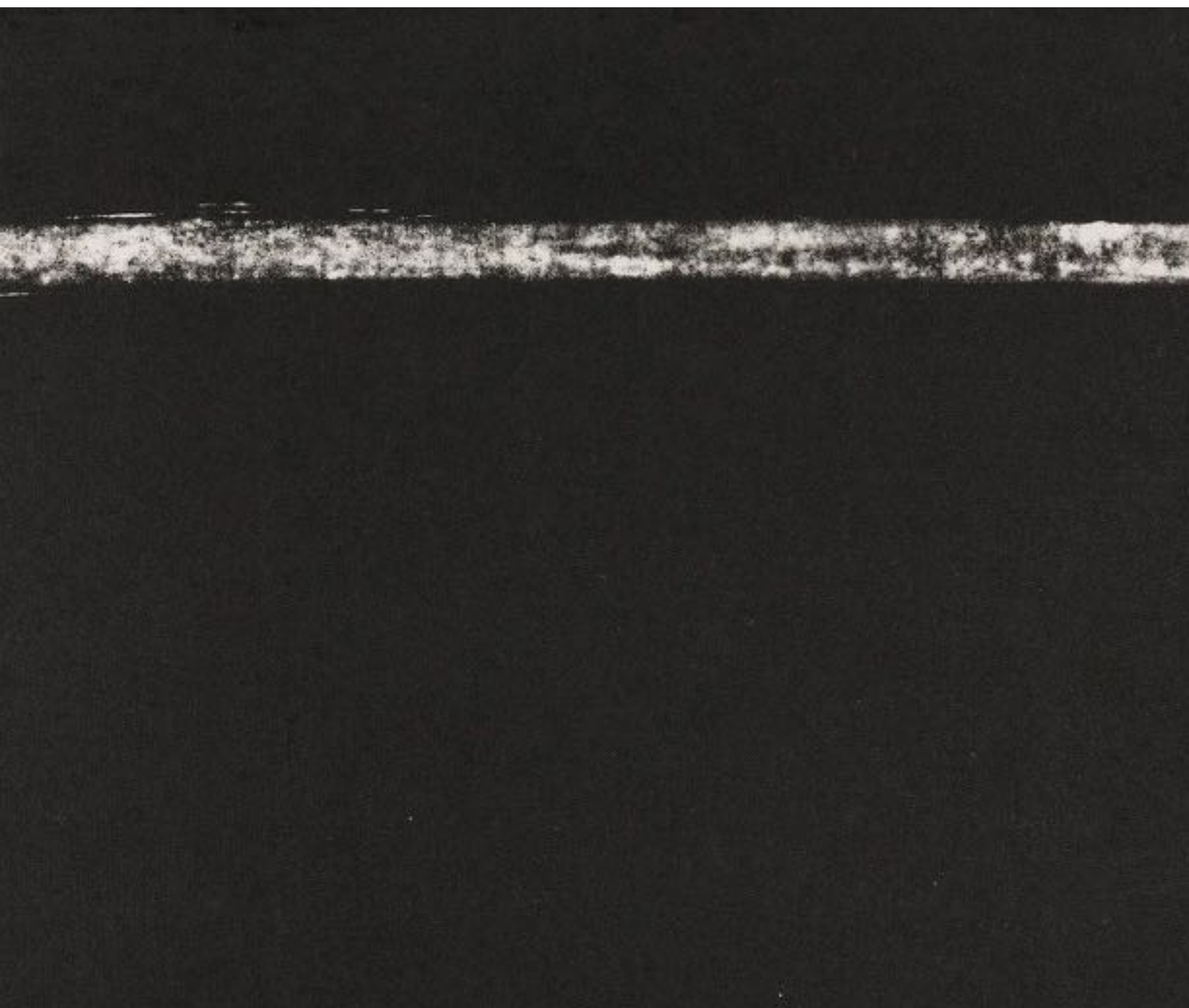
Life in the upper and rarified echelons perhaps not needed to be this unsaid, rigid.

Yet He applied the distance and restraint known of the old elite.

The one tailored for, and by Savile Row.

The one ruling over syncopated London before tech took over the City, beyond the metaphor.

Whose generational wealth fueled this arrogance, at once envied and loathed.



Shouldering up the lofty heights had demanded a lot.

Separation of social life and work, never to overlap.

Then abandoning the first.

Followed shave, ill-fitted suits and slaving a thousand hours

Loneliness but also a quiet prized then hated.

Utterly atomized, financing came.

The buy-out had happened, gone through,

And with it, the **asked SW post code**, the Lobb,

the money..

Stuff of dreams.

And, today, a kingly right to show up on the Strand ,

donning his favorite, and once-obsidian hoodie.

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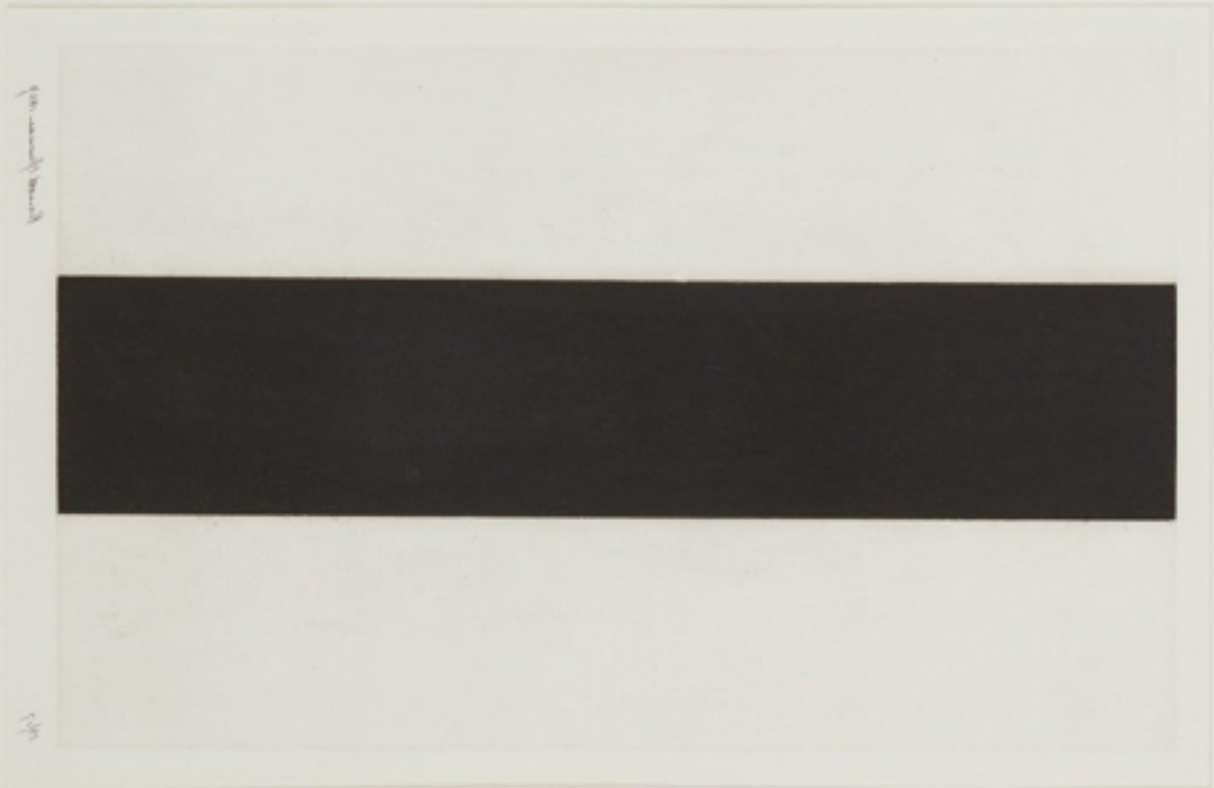
Those 600£ indeed were an exuberance then.

Not so simpler times, Cambridge on merit, LSE on aids,

Stretching youth until it no longer felt like it.

When the boy, overweight yet ironically frail, was either

Sol to 'colleagues' , or Solomon for jealous rivals.



As if the name in full, its long vowels, carried the extra flesh.

Something about these round o's, the pucker a mouth makes.

Then, the moon and fashion were just as foreign, as removed.

A choice.

Early on, Sol had seen how petty some, girls not to name them, turned
when discussing a bag, this price, one's dress.

The disease had soon spread to young men with complex haircuts.

Another thing a balding and parted Solomon didn't, didn't need, worry about.

A field is only as good as the people plowing it, that much was clear.



Almost naturally, his orbit had been devoid of romance, of satined lust.

They were so far from his means, be they bodily or economic,

he thought of himself above them, and of them as distractions.

Given the brains, if others could think like him, they would.

And they would see, clearly, dispassionately, how love stays an incomplete system.

Not some fantasied wholeness. As for lust: testosterone, programming, vixens.

Nothing more, nothing to fret over. Until the afflictions became all he could think of.

Although he resisted at first, the engineering student had quickly posed the problem,

Measured the distance, sized the hurdles between him and the outward Rachael.

Her blond curls twirled, seamlessly, along the the trying gusts on Holborn.

From her dove-white teeth emerged a sense prissiness tempered only by Self-deprecation.

Let's not forget the body, curves the opposite of severe or stern, latin almost, were it not

For the smooth and pale skin she let out, on occasions.

Immobile on her path Sol hadn't stared long, let alone below neck, tempting as it was.

It wasn't an impossible love lifted from books but impossible still.

Until changes were made.

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Along the 12th floor of the Myrtle building—clasping concrete, glass, and offering unobstructed views

Over Thames and Tate, He passed obedient scalps, handing him sheets he wouldn't take.

They wouldn't meet his gaze, drilling the carpet instead.

Nor would he, for opposite reasons, namely purpose.

Years on supplements, snake oil and grafting pubes had done nothing

Nothing but scorch the last strands of hair and shine his dome further.

The oversized hood, sewed to hold atop his skull, broadened his face, shawled it, gave it a mare.

he didn't trudge today, nor briskly shook hands.

He strode.

Bespoke trousers, weaving nylon and titanium, allowed for ample movements, large rectitude,

Precision over the velveteed floor.

But that was in the comfort of cotton he truly sank.

The garment heightened the shoulders yes but also guarded his body far better than nakedness.

Decades of craft, of worries searching for shape,

of looking beyond the streets had truly been synthesized by Alexander Wang.

The right dimensions, not boxy yet not slim, easy on the flanks, below waist, before the back pocket.

Sleeves large enough to wiggle, grazing the thumb.

The opaque black of menace, first found in minerals and rap videos,

now throned over runways, **baggy and skinny jeans alike, meshing cool and threats,**

the inner boroughs cladding, protecting the inner child.

His office door slid open on approach.

Eyes behind him, pulsing anxiety, thudded against the fabric, the calm confidence.

In addition to NASA-grade mathematics, he was gifted with formidable observation skills.

Whether they stemmed from loneliness didn't matter. Not when succeeding did, no.

Rachael was deemed, as though with a single voice, a cool girl.

From her grin and Dove-white teeth emerged a sense of prissiness,

Tempered with self-depreciation.

Let's not forget the body, curves the opposite of stern,

Latin almost, were it not for the smooth and beige skin she let out, on occasions.

From a careful distance, He observed the mechanics of her world,

Their plane seldom mixing but in passing. A door held, Bank Junction.

He would never risk the natural order, until this sting of envy,

When she returned cramped smiles to someone else.

Another representative of cool, nonchalance,

Infusing the way he and his coat of dark hair shifted towards her,

His leather jacket shining bright under the saddest sun.

Equations that once made Weigh smile, the elusive patents paled into absurd.

He had to solve this, the hitch. Every boy liked Rachael, It was true.

But they liked everyone.

That's where, that's *why* they'll fail, he thought. All there was to do was focus.

And borrow some cool from where it flowed: Selfridges.

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