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Anorexia, With Chorus

Marcela Sulak

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Sulak: Anorexia, With Chorus

ANOREXIA, WITH CHORUS

Marcela Sulak

When I lay my frame across
your flesh
(wherein lies the pain?)

your belly buoys me
through night
(hunger we are being).

*O red beet of winter, yogurt of despair
sleepy onion eyes of hope
glowing just below.*

(How fitfully
the rain
contextualizes sorrow.)

Timidly your sleeping folds
whisper secrets
of your household.

*O urgent avocado
docile mango on its side
little curls of shrimp.*

From your ropey scars and sagged
stretch marks
rhythmically are dangling

a girl's chaste breasts
a navel.
Consider the cheeks.

*Mixed vixens
vituperative twaddle of peas
and all the skins and leaves.*

Consider the apple
the roll
of hip bone

a preoccupation
a towel
a bar of soap.

*Consider the raggy cabbage
the silt of mushroom gills
the diasporic cauliflower.*

It is not given
to each of us
to be desired.