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# Anorexic

Eavan Boland

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# *Anorexic*

EAVAN BOLAND

Flesh is heretic.  
My body is a witch.  
I am burning it.

Yes I am torching  
her curves and paps and wiles.  
They scorch in my self-denials.

How she meshed my head  
in the half-truths  
of her fevers!

till I renounced  
milk and honey  
and the taste of lunch.

I vomited  
her hungers.  
Now the bitch is burning.

I am starved and curveless.  
I am skin and bone.  
She has learned her lesson.

Thin as a rib  
I turn in sleep.  
My dreams probe

a claustrophobia,  
a sensuous enclosure.  
How warm it was and wide

once by a warm drum,  
once by the song of his breath  
and in his sleeping side.

Only a little more,  
only a few more days  
sinless, foodless,

I will slip  
back into him again  
as if I had never been away.

Caged so  
I will grow  
angular and holy

past pain,  
keeping his heart  
such company

as will make me forget  
in a small space  
the fall

into forked dark,  
into python needs  
heaving to hips and breasts  
and lips and heat  
and sweat and fat and greed.