

BULIMIC

I am become disorder,
hungry with a compulsion
deeper than appetite.
Full moon crazy, I morph at
the refrigerator, howling
at the leftovers.

All pretense of civilization
leaves me. I am
claws and teeth,
tearing open potato chip bags,
gorging on TV dinners,
calling out for pizza.

In my wake a trail of wrappers,
cans, and ice cream cartons. The
garbage bin bulges. I have
eaten myself empty.

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On my knees, a supplicant,
I appeal to the god of second
chances and regret.
I forsake my feasting, renounce
the ravenousness that brought me
to the bathroom floor again.

There is comfort in the rug beneath
me as I lift the seat and pour
my penitence into the bowl below.
*Forgive me for my absence of
willpower, I pray. Forgive me
for my weakness. I'm so sorry.
Please absolve me.*

Sweating, shaken, I rise from the
altar of my shame. I wash my hands
and then my face. My belly recedes.
I am full again.