

KATY RICHEY

If I Told You I Think of You in the Supermarket

In the produce aisle, I thump my fingers
on the melons, listen for hollow,
inspect for stainless bodies—I find one, I pull
& they all come. They are everywhere.
Each time I reach for one, I kick it
& you roll further away & there I am
on my knees again searching for you
under the deli counter—I've been trying
to put you back. I've been trying to wipe
my mouth of you. If I told you I once ate
an entire sheet cake, I'd be lying
only because it wasn't just once.
Eat an entire cake once, that's a story. Do it
every week for months, you're a monster.
Do it in the bathroom with the door closed
even though you live alone, you are
a mouthful of shame. I keep biting you.
I've tried to wire myself shut. I've held my face
underwater, stuffed my entire fist down my throat,
taken a wrench to each tooth—ripped them from their roots,
but I keep biting despite the overflow, the retching,
the brain freeze—keep swallowing you,
choking you back & swallowing again.
You make me a beast. If I told you I am a beast,
would you leave me? Leave me hungry.