

Food

Poetry — Liron Golan

Food is—
sound distorted underwater,
a taste I recognize, but twisted.
Dissonance. Disconnection. Sweet taste—rot
in my mouth. Pinch myself so I don't
gag. Force it down.

Dread is—
walking into the dining hall so hungry but
I can't eat because the thought of taste is
sickening.

My body
caves in and thins out,
walking through the halls feeling
less. Lying on the floor, my wrists held up
to the ceiling light, wondering if they were always so
thin.

Some days
I am so hungry but become full so fast.
My body adjusts to less, and it's easier to let it.
Another skipped meal, another lost pound, and
how much of me is
left?