Anorexic

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, hoodless.

I will slip  
back into him again  
as if I have 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.