lost weight

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let’s call me bitter:
    cacao and a closure
of my baby teeth all in a row

    the back of my dress hinged on my neck
because i can’t take my skin off yet
despite handfuls of sandstorms

    and the nights i’ve cussed out sleep
after turning my eyelids inside out
    saying i don’t need it

let’s call me starving
tell me i’m rotten,
orange peel strings, the acid sitting on still
blades in a garbage disposal.
    i’m a granulated cirrus made up
of spit up seeds

    but i was meant to molt
not be covered in wasps,
    my corneas each an apple.

so let’s call me honest instead:
losing you is standing in the backyard
losing you is standing in the backyard and hearing a plane overhead

    and realizing i can’t make that much noise
no matter how hungry i am
    having to say i don’t need it

    it ends this way: choked up like a fork jammed in a wall socket