

2016

# lost weight

Alyssa Froehling

*Augustana College, Rock Island Illinois*

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## lost weight

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