

she wants to have no curves.

Breasts, hips, thighs—
their fullness is a burden to her.
Food is the only enemy
she can conquer.
She would be
master of her body,
if not of the world.

Hunger makes vivid the senses.
Colors attack
sounds impose
touch is painful
a smell cannot be borne.

This body is a trap.

Perhaps if there was
nothing but bone
she could escape through
the cracks.