

DOROTHY BARRESI

Diet Frosting

Let us eat strudel
and speak of the unconscious
like Freud
listening to lean Vienna waltzes

(polkas too high in un-refined sugar)

We share our exact birthday
with sixteen-and-a-half million people.

Imagine

the heaven-smell of just-blown-out candles
issuing from all the smokestacks
of all the steel mills
rusting the length of the Monongahela River.

How shall I die?

No, I wish to rephrase: *if* I die, how might I go?

"I'm embarrassed to admit this,
but lately I've been factoring-in the calories I burn
by chewing the food I eat.

If I spy a neighbor naked
in her uncurtained bedroom,

I price out her weight against my own
and see how I must change.”

A dangerous cake:
not a file baked inside, but a starved, gorgeous starlet
wearing Versace.

It is early in the hour
of this new century.

Melpools of grief,
amnesties of the dreamed body.
And a raw apple clenched in the cooked jaws of a pig!—useless,

like gym memberships
for the guys sleeping in cardboard boxes.

I spend certain of my days
sickhearted.
Other days I make the most fabulous
sour cherry scones.

I saved you one once,
then ate it late with jam.