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I Was Never Actually That Hungry

Susan Romance
SUNY Geneseo

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I Was Never Actually That Hungry

You enter my bedroom
to find that every surface
is covered

in bite marks, indents from where
my teeth had scraped away
at the impenetrable objects.

The mattress was half eaten,
metal springs and cotton
marshmallow fluff pouring out

like blood and guts on the floor. The desk
was all odd angles: only one
corner remained intact. Looking

around, you take notice of the
marks growing on the closet,
the chair, the curtains, the

pillows and throw blanket, the light
switches and door knobs, all showing
signs of my teeth's touch. The

pens were sucked dry of their
ink, you marveled at how the
shards of the broken mirror

sat on the floor, glittering blueberries
that escaped the carnage,
bitemark free. You

asked me why
I seemed so hungry, and I
could only shrug in reply,

mouth still chewing
yesterday's dinner, the wet
paper of my homework.