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## Aphrodite's Audience // Lockdown Lockdown Lockdown

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# Aphrodite's Audience

Her plates look like minimalist paintings,  
and I am left wondering  
what kind of hunger is acceptable

She was born of Aphrodite's shell but denounces her origins  
Little bird,  
if you are not beautiful  
what does that make me?

At dinner, I think of stitched lips and pennied collarbones  
I eat silence for dessert  
and soak in the darkness of my dining room

My body is immortalized in my memories of her emaciation  
She cries into her yogurt while I butter toast  
The disgusting part of me

is envious

MOLLIE MCMULLAN

# Lockdown Lockdown Lockdown

They speak of the lives of children as if they're guaranteed

I think of babies born with crosshair birthmarks,  
cherubs suckling at the mouth of a gun (formula is so hard to find these days)  
being alive is enough of a fight

I speak of kevlar textbooks,  
parents who learned to scrub blood from school uniforms,  
*thoughts and prayers*

They think of mothers as expendable,  
a mere body,  
a husk bisected by birth,  
a skin that can be shed

(I think of the morticians, the profit)