

Junior Division, Poetry

Cassandra Clowe-Coish, St. John's

Birthday Party

My chocolaty stomach is in the work sink.

Brown, red, and yellow confetti thickly swirling down the drain.

My filmy fingers do the work of my insatiable mind.

Voraciously dragging up shame, and pushing the still-warm carnage down, down, down.

I smile with reservation, fearing they'll see the acid on my teeth.

Searing caustic like the vitriol behind my eyes;

The visceral vilification of myself,

Reeking bile from deep within,

Unmasked by spearmint and xylitol,

Cloying, indulgent, decadent, necrotic.

In the mirror, streamers hang from my eyes;

These red and crackling like sparklers against white sugar frosting,

Thick and buttery like mucous and vomit.

Sticks to your ribs sticking out,

And tastes better the second time,

Or feels better,

Or emptier, at the very least.

Petite fille gâtée, grosse fille gâchée,

Not fat; *chunky*,

As Mother put it.

But chunky doesn't go down the drain so easily.