

Today's fad diet is called "intermittent fasting."

Or, one spicy crunchwrap supreme and two whole cheese quesadillas scarfed down.

To make myself sick.

In the shower, I let the water numb, then scald my skin. So I don't have to feel my body.

Haven't had sex in three weeks.

The man I was sleeping with texts less and less frequently, says I burn through people too quick.

Like energy, we are an event—not "a thing."

So few kisses to punctuate this static.

Even my poems all seem strung-out or too big.

Just one lip could consume me. One breath: *a way of happening, a mouth.*

I turn the water on so hot I could melt.

Like butter, a big waxy slab sculpted to resemble a woman.