

KATY RICHEY

## If I Told You I Think of You in the Supermarket

In the produce aisle, I thump my fingers  
on the melons, listen for hollow,  
inspect for stainless bodies—I find one, I pull  
& they all come. They are everywhere.

Each time I reach for one, I kick it  
& you roll further away & there I am  
on my knees again searching for you  
under the deli counter—I've been trying  
to put you back. I've been trying to wipe  
my mouth of you. If I told you I once ate  
an entire sheet cake, I'd be lying  
only because it wasn't just once.

Eat an entire cake once, that's a story. Do it  
every week for months, you're a monster.

Do it in the bathroom with the door closed  
even though you live alone, you are  
a mouthful of shame. I keep biting you.

I've tried to wire myself shut. I've held my face  
underwater, stuffed my entire fist down my throat,  
taken a wrench to each tooth—ripped them from their roots,  
but I keep biting despite the overflow, the retching,  
the brain freeze—keep swallowing you,  
choking you back & swallowing again.

You make me a beast. If I told you I am a beast,  
would you leave me? Leave me hungry.