

## Thursday Night Dinner

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Let yourself wither away from  
Sunlight, deprived.  
Hide pale skin, hide pale bone, hate your  
Spindling arms, splintering fingers.  
Don't look in the mirror. You're not allowed to.  
But you're not spineless, and proud of that.  
Pinch your stomach, linger and turn,  
Your back to the bruises that cover vertebrae.  
Show them off. And pray, worship,  
Those sunken cheeks, ghostly.  
You're a cadaver, you love to walk like the dead do.  
When the pink runs to your cheeks, when you sweat,  
I'm reminded you're alive, still.  
Stillness.  
You can't even stand. Can't stand it, and I can't stop  
Looking into the mirror, my hands,  
Turn into your hands. I can feel your fingers around  
My wrist. Too round.  
Wrap, twist, turn, pinch.  
Death whispers in my ear, too, now.  
I uncover the mirrors. I sign the cross.  
I turn on the stove, chop the cloves,  
Set my table and sit down.  
I hear it keeps the vampires away.