



All I do these days is eat and eat and eat and eat.  
I gorge myself on more beauty made by any other hands than mine.  
The screen is my plate and it is always full.  
I cry and laugh and come back for seconds.  
The urge to create shrinks down my spine as my eyes grow tired.  
I go to bed with an empty page and a full stomach of content.

Every once in a while the hunger takes another shape.  
There is someone across the bar and they are real and my eyes want to stay there.  
I take my first hit of a cigarette from theirs and I wonder  
if I will begin to crave this particular vice.  
The nicotine doesn't linger but the memory does,  
of fingers briefly grazing and eye contact barely held.  
How humiliating. To be daydreaming about half an interaction,  
another fragmented moment for queer collection.

What if I was in love? What then?  
What if I kissed and touched and wrote poems that were never embarrassing and always  
true?  
I could be an artist if they made one of me.  
I would love to be delicious sometime soon. I would love for them to indulge in me.

Let me make something good! Just this once!  
Give me clay and paint and dirt and skin to hold onto.  
My chest is filling with words that beg to be sautéed fast and served fresh.  
I am painting paragraphs across the inside of my skull and leaving them there to dry.  
I am taking film photos from the same corner of my street and forgetting to develop the roll.  
I am peeling myself away from my phone by force.

Everyone I meet is living and doing and loving and all I am is hungry.  
I am thinking about writing again; somebody set the table.