

Caked

I just ate my feelings. They were equal to a sizable portion of cheesecake. —DYANA BAGBY

What I saw in the cake was the silver reflection
the cold eye I hate the most about myself

calculating the cut and then adjusting for a selfish portion
that would slide down and disappear

like a collapsed star in my gut—
eventually pulling in everything, but not

at first, and not for a long time...
thousands of slices later, in fact.

All the while whatever was there that I saw
within myself, real or imagined, regenerated—

like something fresh from hell's oven.
I rode the pastry cart like one of the four horsemen.

Each new sweetness a misery, a pang,
a feeling I had forgotten, refused, denied;

until something escaped the gravity well within me,
something sparking, alive, and angry,

the little imp of self-improvement,
ready to phoenix me, right after I blazed down to ashes.