DIETER’S DICHOTOMY

By: Emily McLemore

Despite my distaste  
for dieting, I avidly abstain

from the foods

of which I am most fond

because frankly–

I want to look great naked.

But this deviant endeavor

exponentially compounds

my compulsivity, compels

me to constantly consider

culinary creations I idolize

and forsake. Feigning undaunted

devotion to healthy habits,

I revel in the delectable

details of deliciousness

I’ve catalogued with the care

of some fervent affair

too electrifying to extirpate

entirely. I adopt the indomitable

appetite of a nymphomaniac

striving for celibacy, voracious

and lusting after full-color photos

of fat-filled, full-flavored food

in a fever that categorizes

cookbooks as pornography,

this diet a masochistic medium

through which my greatest

gourmand fantasies can be realized

and so rarely indulged.