

**BREAKFAST, LUNCH,
DINNER, & A MIDNIGHT SNACK**

By Eva Waldron

Toast, Eggs, Sausage, & Pancakes

*Eat me. Drink me. Swallow me.
I crunch, run, and pop when
your teeth seek into my body.*

Yum. Yum. Yum.
My stomach cries for your atoms' fuel.
My knife and fork grasped in my hand,
I'm ready to devour the plate.

*Slice my arms and legs,
rip and chew with your sharp teeth.*

Don't look at me like that,
with your oozing yolk and
crisp edges.

*Eat me. Eat me.
I'm everything you've ever wanted.*

You don't have to beg me, you fools.
I apologize, this might hurt.
[SWALLOWS]

*Not a crumb of my soul left.
My goal is complete.
We've made it into
enemy territory.*

Too full,
too much,
too many,
calories.

*Try again later,
but for now, we occupy this space.*

Salad

Resist. Resist. Resist.
Not enough room.
The savory soldiers
have conquered my innards.

*But it's meal time.
You must follow the schedule.*

I'd rather not, but I feel I must.
My brain is screaming for something to chew.
At the very least, I'll choose the leafy option.

*Splendid choice!
My green leaves, red spheres,
cubed dairy, and lemon sauce
is more acceptable for a young girl.*

If that's what you suggest.
I hope this forkful of low-carbs
will appease my mind.

*Trust me it will!
Usually, I'm full after four bites.
How many have you shoveled
in your mouth and down your intestines?*

I've digested six.

Oh. Well, maybe aim for five next time.

I don't feel the most splendid,
my stomach has turned sour.
Do you know where
the restroom is?

*Around the corner my friend!
Discard those invaders into the ceramic bowl!
We're here to cleanse after the fallout.*

Chicken, Broccoli, & Carrots

Knock, knock.

Who's there?

*It's your evening nutrition,
and it's the hour for nourishment.*

Already?

*Yes, it's time for your protein,
fiber, and Vitamin A packed into
bite-sized cubes, little trees,
and jaundice fingers.*

You've already plated yourself.
How?

*I'm always ready and willing to support you.
Now open up, here comes the airplane.*

Wow, you're just what I needed!
A bite from you feels like a warm hug
after the caloric troopers I've sparred with today.

*It makes me happy to make you content.
And remember, just one serving— that's all you need.*

Thank you for reminding me,
but that little voice deep in my brain that
controls my fork to mouth function
demands I lick the plate clean.

Maybe one more bite will pacify it.

Possibly. Usually, I just tell the voice to
shut up, shut up, shut up.

Are you telling it to shut up right now?

I always am.

Apple Pie

The voice demands my body
to make my way to the kitchen
in the middle of the night.

MmMmMmMm.

The voice wants to claw its way out of my head
and out through my mouth and fingernails.

*Pick me! I'm over here,
in the back corner!*

I open the fridge to find
the source of the speaker.
I see an array of indulgent items.

*I'm the perfect midnight snack:
crumble crust, sweet filling,
and crunchy apples.*

Yes, you look delicious,
but a regular apple would do just fine.

*Is that your rational or the voice saying that?
Because the voice would pick me.*

I would have to agree.
I cut a triangular slice,
and another slice,
and another.

Are you satisfied yet?

Yes, and my stomach
feels heavy— I ate too much.
The fallen soldiers lay in mass graves.

*That's alright, you can never settle with just one slice.
Tomorrow is a new day to try again.*

Yes, I'll have to try again tomorrow.