

Intermittent Fasting
by Nathaly Segura

Hot maple syrup runs down fresh
flapjacks in a neighbor's trash bin.
Sweet cream butter and lingering
vanilla spoons my lips as the
excess tears apart when "it was
delicious" rolls off a dry tongue.
The clock taps my shoulder and
its hand points to opportunity.
I rush out and my pockets begin
to dampen when I turn the corner,
soon bleeding through older stains.
Trust the process, trust the process.
Teeth chatter, touch deprived since
milky way models began ruling the world.
Skittering past cotton candy clouds and rocky roads while my insides
slosh around in Poland Springs,
I'm driven by an expectation.
Neighbors support one another,
they've helped feed my obsession
more than I've fed myself.
Glints of slender finger prints reflect
off the trash bin's plastic cover,
Soon added with a stranger's touch
My hand guts these pockets for today's kcal cut.
Naked flapjack bits lay on my palm and their curvaceous thin parts only
remind me to stay strong.
Rich buttermilk scents fill my nose
as I kiss goodbye,
and watch as their pieces fall between cracks and nooks of cardboard and plastics.
I feel my body's gears shift into discomfort, tightening its grip from my ribs to spine.
The walk back home breaks me a bit
more each day, but as long as these cracks are empty,
I'd consider myself happy.