

**Image of Imagery**

The Obese Skeleton inserts her instant relief,  
Models her body, hall of mirrors deceive (so swiftly).  
A wardrobe designed by Death. Nothing fits right.  
Not like the magazines preach.

Convulsions over the sink, the weekly occurrence.  
Last feeding time trickles down the plughole.  
Tears blur visions of bone and marrow.  
Expectations shorten as her life falls into sorrow.  
Bones with eyes, the vision of others,  
Morbid body stares through.

Dinnertime a crime of being unaesthetic.  
Those potatoes look a lot like her,  
Full of imperfections.  
Sitting staring at the dead carcass,  
Over 500 calories.

Fumbles upstairs, not tempted by that plate.  
Gets so light headed,  
Sits. Eyes slowly flicker,  
Energy drained,

Soul spent,

Eyes finally fall under the spell,

And slowly,

Shut.