

# The Frigidaire

# Queen

Two shoes, fat thighs and a  
freezer door for a face

This is my self  
portrait in profile

Magnets bearing phone numbers of real  
estate agents, holding up expired pizza  
coupons in turn

faded and dog-eared and me just 9  
Odd skeleton, those formative years  
My features in yellow plastic on vinyl

There is no light in the freezer  
I steal by touch and the cold burns  
my fingertips skin tongue numb  
Made dumb by the promise of ice cream  
again

When I speak, I steel  
my body against what it knows to be true:  
3000 lovers    big tits    mobility and  
an income  
my very own fucking Frigidaire  
won't keep me from hunger and  
the urge to take  
what will never be mine

Yes, I am ashamed of it  
but even today, I would rather  
you see my naked hunger    stuck  
like florid plastic on vinyl  
than watch me eat

by Candida Albicans Royale

