

GLASS

By Emelia Haskey

You don't want to treat me like I'm made of glass
you say I'm a china doll
so fragile
want to comfort me, but not enough to lead me on
just enough to keep me breathing
you think I'm obsessed with you
I probably am
but you're probably vain
I am too
I'm always staring into mirrors
with horrified eyes
I am trying to separate
me from anorexia
the nymph breathing down my neck
shall I let you rescue me?

You know I've poisoned myself
but I have kissed death full on the mouth
and stolen his scythe
wielding weapons of mass destruction
I have massacred my body
yet I dragged myself up from the dirt
you think I should be simple
but my mind is a kaleidoscope
shifting, distorting.

If you think I am made of glass
let me show you my radiance
when the sun shines through me
and the lightning runs from me
remember I hold the key to your closet
where you keep your skeletons
the ones I once idolised
emaciated never looked so good
I will fight this malady

with or without your hesitant hand
I will become the electricity in the air
trade delicate for powerful
unrelenting madness has made me divine
almighty
goddess of my own creation
my psyche
and like Plath said
I will eat men like air.

