

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Grocery List

by Lauren Holstein

My ghost came back from the grocery store
with arms full
-a bottle of Malbec
-a frozen pizza
-ben and jerry's birthday cake ice cream

She lay in bed next to me
weeping
And I couldn't stand it

I wanted to kick her out
(But where would she go?)
I wanted to shut her up
(But she moans from her belly, not her mouth)
I wanted to kill her, quite frankly
(Too late)

Please don't make me watch Bridget Jones

After she ate her grocery list
(and everything on it - all frozen, by the way)
she tried to eat me

She kissed my fingertips
then bit down, so gently, so slowly, I could barely feel
them disappear

She gnawed at my earlobes
and cupped my breast
licked my neck

I felt like birthday cake ice cream
until there was not much of me left

Just my liver
and my womb

Right,

I said,

You're going to throw up

So much gluten and dairy and refined sugar and bits of me that are not able to be digested

like preservatives, only organic

or the plastic packaging

or some elemental oomph, cured or pickled

canned or jarred

And she did

All over the bed

And I said

I'll clean up your mess (again)