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THE FEAST

Saina Pradhan

The table is set, it's time to celebrate-
Wine in goblets, cooked beans on silver trays,
Tea for the ones who don't drink on weekdays.
The table is set, the clock turns,
Guests arrive in gaudy carriages
with little purses & pearl necklaces.
Splayed out on the table is me
in all my naked glory.
A fork in my hair, a scoop of my eye,
Teeth removed, breasts stuffed to rise,
Toes & fingers in gravy.
"Her brain tastes divine with this bread!"
The table gets busier, the gossips fly by,
With the clinks of goblets, the hours pass by.
With every bite, the table gets lighter.
The guests get up to leave, filled to their necks.
With the room now empty,
all I see is the chandelier above me
with the one eye that nobody could eat.