

Milk-White Bones

Eliza Surdzial

I might not be your one, but I promise
I'm not rotten. Could you stomach a foreign flavor?
Would it taste better watered-down? Perhaps dried-up
like the apple chips your mother would buy from Whole Foods

for your Little League games. My bones could be putty
for you, the hidden pearls beneath the surface. I can tear
and rip and dig them out for you
to be molded into nana's cookies,

bleached in icing, dressed in sugar glitter
like your prom date's dress— the cherry-blonde
cheerleader still framed atop your parents' fireplace,
my own fruit the ash below, an unfortunate side

effect to keep yourself warm. You color and
sketch your stars in white constellations
on my skin, and maybe one day the paint will seep
underneath and knead me inside out. I need me outside in

to save your hands the strain from finger food staining
to be easier to consume. I'd even pray to your god to not make
you sick, to taste enough, to be anything
to you.