

## KAT CAMERON

### Fattened

Food is my enemy.  
Bad genes—

father fat  
asthmatic

mother thin  
weak infant limbs  
until weaned

from milk to Pablum.  
Allergies, celiac

the list of family ailments  
do-not-eat  
commandments. Colic

torqued my infancy  
long car rides  
to soothe the screams.

When I was ten  
Grandma denned  
in our basement.

Each sunrise  
she would climb  
to the kitchen

light a cigarette,  
and bake: cookies

cinnamon rolls, doughnuts  
the counter  
flaked with pastry bits.

I gained weight  
gut gluttoned.

She never ate  
what she baked

starvation  
her private  
martyrdom.

A pudgy  
adolescent, I ate  
what was put on my plate

learned to hate  
my body.

I still fight with food  
fattened  
by excess

each brief success  
unmade  
in the body's bitterness.