Eat Me - Patience Agbabi

When I hit thirty, he bought me a cake,

three layers of icing, home-made

a candle for each stone in weight

The icing was white but the letters were pink,

they said, *EAT ME.* And I ate, did

what I was told. Didn’t even taste it.

Then he asked me to get up and walk

round the bed so he could watch my broad

belly wobble, hips judder like a juggernaut.

*‘The bigger the better’* he’d say, *I like*

*big girls, soft girls, girls I can burrow inside*

*with multiple chins, masses of cellulite.*

I was his Jacuzzi. But he was my cook,

my only pleasure was the rush of fast food,

his please, to watch me swell like forbidden fruit.

His breadfruit. His desert island after shipwreck.

Or a beached whale on a king-size bed

craving a wave. I was a tidal wave of flesh

too fat to leave, too fat to buy a pint of full-fat milk,

too fat to use fat as an emotional shield,

too fat to be called chubby, cuddly, big-built

The day I hit thirty-nine, I allowed him to stroke

my globe of a cheek. His flesh, my flesh flowed.

He said, *open wide,* poured olive oil down my throat.

*Soon you’ll be forty…* he whispered, and how

could I not roll over on top. I rolled and he drowned

in my flesh. I drowned his dying sentence out.

I left him there for six hours that felt like a week.

His mouth slightly open, his eyes bulging with greed.

There was nothing else left in the house to eat.