



1-1-2016

I Ate My Heart for Dinner

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Recommended Citation

Chilimidos, Anastasia (2016) "I Ate My Heart for Dinner," *Calliope*: Vol. 47 , Article 15.
Available at: <https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/calliope/vol47/iss1/15>

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I ATE MY HEART FOR DINNER

ANASTASIA CHILIMIDOS

I ate my heart for dinner
I sautéed it with white pepper and mushrooms
Some crushed garlic bits and some crushed guilt bits
And a glass of bright red wine

I had been doing it for so long, every day,
Nibbling and aching with yearning
Reaching for everything I could never attain,
Spending my days making wish lists and sighing at the world
Might as well make it literal

I drizzled my feelings-
Sticky sour scornful sauce
A dash of salty anger
Richly flavored lust and longing
- over the meal
(With sweet melancholy sadness on the side for dipping)
And cheery cherry pie for dessert

Next week
I think I'll just try chicken fried steak
These emotions are too rich for my stomach