

Breakfast was always there for me,
But I did not eat it.
Breakfast's warm yellow colors
Used to greet me every morning.
That warmth, I did not feel it.
Each item steadily walked off of my dish
Like defeated players of a team;
Their buttery and toasted stripes
Made breakfast my favorite meal of the day,
Yet off of my plate they slipped.

When did I stop caring
About that crispy crunch of bread
Or sizzle of drizzly egg?
The answer no longer exists
In the alarm clock of popping bacon.
Life forced down
My gluttonous sense of gratification.

Metabolism, please
Start fighting before noon.
Soon, breakfast will be my enemy.
Soon, my skin will itch to stick to my bones.
Will lunch make me feel less alone?