

Ode to a Guilty Pleasure

trudging up that hill on the corner of gough and union
desperately praying papa doesn't catch me
my feet are pacing, working up a sweet sweat
eyes glare, heads are shake
from the bay windows popping out of the homes, like a drawer popping out of a shelf
my goosebumps get goosebumps
thicker than the consistency of the drink
I am grin, from ear to ear, with haste

windows reflecting the women thinner than their own thigh gaps
walking past the numerous yoga stores they should be modeling for
carrying rolled up lilac yoga mats under their arms
they are slurping on 22 grams of fat

their dogs, in the other hand, tanner than the color of the caramel
barking as mummy would, at the glance of my beverage
slurping down my self esteem as I roll my eyes indignantly
at least it's kids sized!

I am an adult sneaking out for dessert
I haven't even had dinner yet
I feel the red craters swelling on my face
throbbing bumps pouring out with puss
by the millisecond
scars shining bright
mummy and papa were right

sipping on 22 grams of fat
sweet with a hint of unexpected salt
just like my beloved parents' reactions
when they find out what I've done
papa's eyes bulging out of his head
mummy's obnoxious shriek quivering against my eardrums
rue my senses
one second it's in my shivering hand
snatched the next
22 grams of shame remain
yet it hurts so good, so good

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