

# Fatal Development

*Elizabeth Terhorst*

I think you long  
for the days when  
I was still a part of you.

Developmentally,  
there's a period  
where the born baby  
still cannot distinguish  
itself from the mother.

How long does it take  
for the mother to  
distinguish itself  
from the baby?

What happened when you  
realized you couldn't see  
your face in my reflection?

I think you long  
for the days  
when I made you  
feel whole.

After birth, the uterus  
is a gaping wound,  
"dinner plate sized."

To fill the void,  
did you start putting me  
on your platter?

Thin, spaghetti hair.  
Candy apple cheeks.  
Olives for eyes.  
Did I taste good going down?

Marshmallowy fists.  
Plucked chicken thighs.  
Fleshy, full lips.  
Did I curb your craving?

I see your face  
in my reflection  
with my blood  
dripping down your throat.

Was it worth it?  
Do you feel whole again?

I don't think I've ever felt whole,  
but I'm afraid of building something  
I cannot help but bite into.