

Martin Robertson

Against Anorexia: For Cathy

1

This demon that has come
between you and your plate
let her go home
to her own place. Let
her cruel spell fade,
peak away, as
she would have had
you do. Let the grass
green up again, buds
plump on the tree,
the quiet birds
pipe up. Be
the year's spring
yours. Fill
out again your young,
your beautiful
body's emptiness.
Clothe again
in your lovely flesh
this poor skeleton.

2

Between waking and sleep
things appear
sharp in the eye,
words speak in the ear
startlingly clear,
sometimes beautiful,
sometimes silly,
sometimes horrible,
all to be dismissed
when we're right awake.
Normally, that is.
Sick and weak,

we feel them take over
reality,
shameful, frightening,
telling us we
aren't who we are,
hate whom we love.
Nothing, truly,
to be ashamed of,
frightened by, even
surprised at.
North-north-west
we are all mad.

3

Don't fret
that the tired nag
stumbles, drags
rambling feet,
won't, can't
keep the pace you want.
Rein slack
on sunk neck,
let him amble home
in his own time;
dream, keep
the stall, sleep,
dream, eat.
Let the day-dream
have its day
till suddenly
clouds thin
under the sun
and he's raring
to gallop away.