

## EPIDEMIC

By Alessandra Lynch

Thin women are trooping over hills, through  
fields & rivers. They splinter as they stride, narrow  
between trees & sparkling. Their eyes harder

than glass, than bone. Women trooping, brushing  
against railings & mirrors, you would think their elbows  
could cut through iron & glass, but iron & glass are

smarting their calves & thighs & necks & lips.  
Even the rain is on parade— delicately tinkling  
& cutting the women ever-so-lightly as they troop & thin

en masse over bits of glass & diamonds & caulk, bearing  
gleaming compacts & glass jars of chalk. A glimmering  
glass set—. How brightly the women thin in the gloss—

poised, swallowed by dumb reflective  
surfaces with a sheen that stuns—.  
(O Shining Epidemic!)

When the sun  
drops low & the women lie safely  
abed, their skin covered by glittering gauze,

their hard eyes focus solely  
on themselves as things that need  
thinning, weapons that will harm.