I live on
vinegar and water,
pale and interesting

but I was not beautiful.
My eyes too large for me.

I seemed
always to tilt forward,
like a secret, prey
like a moth.

Refusing to wear
the muslin wings for
La Papillon, the were so
heavy. I could not resist
the gas light moving through
chaîne to chaîne. I spun
until I was a flame.

Lani Scozzari 2003
AUDITION

_The doors of that city are ninety feet high_

-Diana O’Hehir

Twelve is the number
pinned to my waist.
I stand in fifth position
waiting,
like a dress
that’s been worn.

*Please repeat the first sixteen counts.*

We are the peonies
in winter, expected to grow.
Cut down severely,
spaded.

With tolerable fear, we move
the blood in our thighs.
A row of children, silent
in black and pink.

If they choose me I’ll die.

A heartless obsession,
*Tombe, pad de bourree, jete, jete, pique turn-assemble.*

*Number twelve: lovely, if you lose some weight.*

Once my body eats its fat, hunger will begin on the brain.

Lani Scozzari 2003
BULIMIA, MY NAZI

Your name rips the sky off my life.

I feed you my marrow, slanted, hot, shadowed by necessity. I arch for you when you ask.

My breasts, stretched out like a surface of tar, I always knew you.

Your grip carves the artic of my back. I’ve weathered the water’s edge for you.

I can dance with no pulse.

Lani Scozzari 2003