

Watching Diablo Cody's *Jennifer's Body* (in My Body) - by Alicia Turner

Jennifer,
“*though the trees, I will find you,*”
go both ways.

I'd sacrifice myself.
I don't have to, *but I want to.*

Because I, too, am thoughtless and cruel
when I'm hungry
for flesh on flesh. Am Goddess when I've eaten.
All tongue in the wound. Devil's Kettle burning,
boiling over.

We're needy when we're “Needy,”
but we're not less
because we need more.

Jennifer,
we're slow, fast-moving things —
we're here and we're not here,

the water that disappears into the rock
and reenters the river.

We know that spilling some blood life
 between the lines
just feels
so w a s t e f u l
so i n v a s i v e —

because fear tastes best when it's parodied as feast,

and they're hungry
but
we're starving.

I just think we should show our teeth.

I just think we should be
complicit in the chaos of
 rearranging parts
 that don't fit.