

**JENNIFER BURD**

**Venus**

And then when I was fourteen  
I discovered hunger  
for the second time:

it didn't take  
me but I kept it  
like a secret

never before having  
imagined more than need's  
blunt response

I had a new question

leading me  
to a foreign country  
within myself

land of my own  
discovery and naming

the scraping-ache  
left when you choose  
against satisfaction

having an altogether different  
meaning but with all the

colorflavortexture

I rubbed my hunger  
like a worry-stone

held it and it didn't change  
like fear to anger

still hunger  
still my very own

blade  
I used to cut myself

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from the family snapshot  
the perfect adolescence

all summer long climbing  
the trellis of my to-do lists loving

the expansiveness  
growing inside me

the hidden abundance  
lunchtime refusals  
the game of it

long walk-run-bike afternoons

honing myself alone  
against the evening sky  
aching azure

sky with just a single star