

*Do you know who you are?*

Do you know who you are?

Do you know how it feels to be loved?

Do you know how it feels to smile at a stranger?

Do you know how it feels to see something so beautiful it takes your breath away?

What if the person taking your breath away was *yourself*?

What if your thoughts fall over each other and clog your lungs until you feel like your throat is  
closing?

What if your mind decides that whatever you have eaten doesn't deserve to stay in your body?

Do you know who you are? Because the person you want to be would not do that to yourself

*Smile*

“Keep your head up!”

Of course I can!

“Sit up tall and proud, eyes forward, and smile”

Of course I can keep my head up, whenever I look down and see my stomach I feel like crying

Spine Straight, Shoulders Back, don't let anyone see the rolls on your stomach appear

Smile so no one expects that you think about starving yourself to feel pretty again

“Fold your hands neatly in your lap and cross your legs!”

No one wants to see you pick and poke at the body you hate so much

Keep your head up so the tears roll straight down your cheek

“So graceful! So beautiful!”

Who, me? Thank you!

Now *smile*.

*My Reward*

Don't tell them you're hungry.

To me, the words sound like a reward.

That aching feeling in my stomach talks to my body throughout the day:

“Keep going”

“I'm a reminder of what you used to be”

“I was there to comfort you when calories were your only friend”

“I was there for you when you couldn't decide if the cookie was worth it”

Throughout the day the ache turns into a whisper-- until you break.

Or succeed.

She goes away at the end of the day, a reward, but only if you didn't eat.

Don't tell them.

Give your thoughts to me.