

AA: Anorexics Anonymous

who are we? we are the girls who tie strings around their pinky fingers until they turn ghostly white. we are the girls who never forget, who always remember our daily regimens and meal plans, and never forgive our own mistakes. we are the girls who built themselves from the ground-up out of the sticks and stones you threw at us. and we are the girls who starve ourselves just to keep those stick-stone skeletons visible. we are the girls who hurt ourselves in order to punish those who love us and never even notice we're digging our own graves for an audience that won't notice until we're six feet under.

Anger Issues

i'm not the type of girl to hang myself for attention.

i'm the girl with thin slices riveting her skin- arms, legs, feet, and wrists.

i'm the girl who tried to sew thread needle-and thread through her wounds.

i'm the girl who kept doing it until somebody noticed; and when my mom hid all the razors in the house, i was the girl who rubbed course salt into the fleshy stripes until the stinging was unbearable.

i'm the girl who purposely keeps herself just barely alive out of spite for those who love her. and i'll keep on living this way until i'm grey and old and frail.

and

i'm the girl wants things done right, trusts no one, and always does things herself. the girl who, one day, when God comes for her old soul, you better believe she'll beat him to it.

Men Without Skin

i once read about a boy whose heart was born outside of his ribs. just a thin layer of flesh protected his entire life. he was formed as glass, human water, made of mirrors. *what if he had no skin?* how would societal perceptions of age and race change if that little boy walked around each day with his organs miraculously pulsating about his external body, raw life. would the pumping of his heart be looked down the same way public breastfeeding is? in this country, it is not only a crime but a sin to be naked, visible, vulnerable. i once read about a man without skin. he had no color nor race, no birthmarks, no scars. he was a man who proved that beauty is not skin deep because all that skin even does is contain our insides like glass vases better off broken, masks that identify us because they're what we hide behind.

Silence

she just laid there, motionlessly, as it happened. pervasive thoughts rubbing against the private tissues of her mind, swarming about her neck and hair like bees and draping her face in soft white honey. and she breathed. air moved in and out, in and out, in and out of her, as she breathed. but she *wouldn't* open her eyes. she *couldn't*. behind the thinness of her eyelids she saw only darkness, a pitch black nighttime construct of her own cerebrum, stars flickering about like miniature fireworks inside her brain as the daytime outside moved on without her. and she just existed there, floating in time, as it happened.

Listen Here, Girly

listen here, girly
you better stop sewing thread into your arms
like you some kind of puppet on a string because
in this world
life's too short to be other people.

listen here, girly
i want you to roll your sleeves up
like you a working woman
because the lord knows our legs can do more
than cradle a grown man's face.

listen here, girly
i want you to take that shirt off and set your breasts free
for the milk of God Eternal ain't just for the lips of boys but
the salvation of those who carry it
celebrate your flesh because you a feast
like oiled bread and sweet wine

listen here, girly
stop acting like you some kind of chil'
because you-
YOU a
god
damn
woman.