

I watched you lay your naked body down on the soil, in front of God, and ask her to take it from you. Take it because it was broken. Take it because you needed to rid your body of the darkness that had infiltrated it worse than the cancer did.

I watched you, with tired eyes and callused hands, grip onto the ground, stand before your demons and bleed out your poison.

I watched you carry yourself inside your belly for nine long months and endure a grueling labor to be reborn.

I watched you baptize your *own* body in the river.

Your terrors guided you. You walked beside your demons, held their hands, starred them dead in the eye. Grabbed hold of their throat. Tore out your own and threw it to the ground, vowing never to speak again with this pain as your voice box.

You dressed yourself in new skin. You released your heart from the prison that was his body.

On your own.

And I watched.

As my own mother

Was born before my very eyes.

-SOBRIETY

I have bound my chest
Screamed at my stomach
Cut my thighs
Pulled my hair

I have decayed my teeth
Plotted my exit
Bathed in scolding hot water

I have prayed for disappearance
Felt a desperation so strong
It blew out my eardrums

But I am still here
In this body
Asking for it to help
Help me learn to forgive it

Help me learn to forgive myself

-FEAR OF FOOD

I cannot clean you from my insides
I cannot delete, block, or ignore

What you have left
Intertwined in my intestines

I could slice open my belly
Pull out my organs

And sort through them
The way you do with a box of old photos

Searching for that one
That specific snapshot

Rummage through them
In a manic manner

As if no other photo matters
As if every other memory is inferior

I could do this in an attempt
To cut you from my organs

But something about the weight of you
Even in your departure

Feels good between my blood

-RECONFIGURE MY ANATOMY

Sometimes I want to be regular
I want to tone it back
Think smaller
Shrink my mind
Shrink my heart
I want to slim down my dreams
Take some inches off the sides
I want to disconnect a few wires in my heart
Make it beat a little softer

Sometimes I want to be regular

And then my fingers crawl their way to my temple
And rip that thought right out of my head

-CREMATE THOSE THOUGHTS

In those hidden moments
Where I cant stand to see my body
You strip me of my protection
And lay me bare in front of you
In front of myself
And while I wish violence on this body
You praise it
And bring it far past satisfaction

-MY LOVER & MY EATING DISORDER