

**Dear Ed,**

It hurts a lot when I think of all the things you said  
So here I have a letter to take back my life instead  
You pushed me to the edge and it was not a pretty view  
I had to make a decision; I had to choose my life over you  
So here's to all the pain and all the torture you caused  
I'm done with you and taking back the life you paused

Out of the numbness that once completely encapsulated me  
Who knew nourishment could make you feel so alive and free?  
Crashing through the walls that have caged me in for so long  
I am finally feeling like maybe I do belong  
A burst of energy courses through me, and I hint at a smile  
I am listening to my body, which I haven't done in quite a while

I saw food as the enemy and I shamed my hunger  
Forgetting everything about who I was when I was younger  
I lived day by day, even hour by hour  
The voice inside made me shudder and cower  
It would creep up every second of the day  
Always present, always there, never going away  
"You are worthless, you are nothing, you don't deserve this" it said.  
It would not be satisfied or pleased until I was dead

Food was not a necessity but something I had to earn  
Punishment always came first, I quickly had to learn  
I would run many miles and then head to the gym  
This tireless life left no room for living on a whim

But now in recovery, I see a glimpse of who I was meant to be  
Not worthless, not nothing, but a woman who lives free  
I actually feel good, I am actually living in the moment  
You won't ruin that with your words and your torment

So you don't think I'm enough? I'm not worthy of food?  
Nourishment is a natural human right, I can now conclude  
You can't scare me, you can't contain me, get out of my head  
I am saying hello to life and a final goodbye to Ed

Sincerely,  
Me

