

A Brief History of Body Dysmorphia

I was nine when my reflection changed
standing hours in front of mirrors floor to ceiling
obsessed to catch a glimpse in any reflective surface
searching for any form other than the one looking back

My chest outpacing the rest of my body
the puckering buttons of my favorite daisy mottled dress
Father naming cankles on my legs
Friend poking the doughy roll of flesh on my back from my sports bra

Twelve when I replaced lunch with Wiggly's Winterfresh
Thirteen plucking hair from follicle on my brow
Fourteen running lap after lap till sneakers stained red from the high school track
Fifteen came expelling when hopelessness settled into my soul

The adolescent body built up of hormones and biology
what should be holy
is torn down and shaped by words
mutilated by the looking-glass

Notes from My iPhone 9/7/18 2:28AM

Under the still of night my mind drifts away
I get a little manic
That after dark panic
Sinking its teeth into the pink of my brain
Am I insane?
Sanity is merely a figment
The mind is filled with the pigment
Of life, yet sometimes those colors are only two
All I seem to see is grey and blue

The mind is tricky
The mind is a bitch
I try and I try to break out of this itch
An itch that cannot be scratched
It is attached
Since I was born
And torn
from the womb
The brokenness looms

Never realize I'm lonely
Long past midnight
My sanity, something is not right
A fickle feeling
One that is not fleeting
The absence is a weight
Starving for a hand to meet me at the gate
Pull me from this blubbering mess
Of murk and distress

And here comes the part
Where I don't know if I'm living
Every moment is tinged with misgiving
My body filled with buzzing flies
Tongue filled with lies
A daily construct of happiness required
These old bones have grown tired
I can barely stand on this solid ground
Do I even want to stick around?

Sentences I Wrote on My Bathroom Floor

The bathroom floor is where I do my best thinking.
Something about a floor seems so fitting for the manic mind.
A vessel for the soles of feet and the souls of damaged hearts.

I think families are a volatile thing.
The cliché blood is thicker than water is utter bullshit.
I've learned from this life you cannot rely on DNA alone.
Families, at least the one I was born into, are a forced construct.
Relationships thrust upon us at birth.
It takes decades to learn the nuances, the toxicities and loyalties that inexplicably bonds.

You cannot force the hand of others.
Family tree or not.
Free will is a beautiful thing one may exercise in this life.
It just really blows when your own blood exercises it upon you.
Rejection stings.
It blurs the eyes and numbs the body.

The only thing to do now is move forward.
Look towards the light seeping underneath the bathroom door, and follow it away.
Up and away from the regret, brittle promises and expectation.

Looking Back, It Seems so Stupid I Stayed

When the tears feel like falling
The knot in my stomach
A sick pit of slime
The prose of unanswered questions
The uncertainty that binds

Me to you.

I am desperate to break the chains
The ones that tether my soul
An unmoving line in sand
That I cannot waver
No matter the strength of my breath

I cannot erase you.

I want to scream in your face
Tear flesh from smug eyes
The visage I loath
In the depths of my bones
And yet I continue

To love you.

I mourn the past
The chance of normalcy
Just beyond the clench of my palms
A reverie that never will be
Nor come to pass

For us.