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Seven Years

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seven years
Jordan
Smith

6:10 PM, 9/27/2021

tw: anorexia

do not have a scale//i cringe away from mirrors in my girlfriend's apartment//i cry in the bathroom after someone won't stop talking about calorie deficits & protein shakes masquerading as meals//i cry in the bathroom anyway//i play youtube videos on 2x speed when i shower so i can ignore my body//please ignore my body//i told myself i was done with anorexia poetry i am to the point, now, when i talk about it that people glance down//or at my chubby cheeks//& i want to protest//i want to show them the pictures of my bruised spine from sleeping & sit-ups// want to show them how you could count my ribs & vertebrae//want to tell them the measurement my waistline used to be//& oh, believe me, the number is unbelievable//i want to prove i was sick//i was sick//i used to be good at being sick//please stop looking at me now & disbelieving me//stop looking at me now

i swear to god i try to be proud of this body now//yes, blythe, body forgive me//but this is the second time i've had to upsize my jeans//when my new coworker asks 'what was your lowest weight' the day he met me, i go home & cry because i am now the size of two of that dying girl & no one cares anymore//i tell my therapist 'i don't feel good at recovery; i just feel bad at having an eating disorder.'//i cry, 'forgive me, forgive me, forgive me' & avoid my mirrors//& somehow live another day

& i dream of forgetting i have a body//picking up a donut in the morning without knowing the calories//drinking my dr. pepper without other people commenting to me about the sugar//i know. i promise, i know//they say you aren't recovered for seven years//i dream of seven years//i dream of going back & getting her help before she became me//i dream of stopping the next girl//i will not listen to you talk about your diet//you deserve to eat//you've always deserved to eat//me, & the next girl, & you//you deserve to eat

i work as a princess//when i started, i still had that impossible waistline//people cooed over my corseting//but now i absolutely flounce into parties//i sing & don't get dizzy//i chase kids around the yard//they look up at me & say 'i love you.'//they look up & say 'you're so pretty.'//i look down & say 'you, too,' & i mean it//they don't know i struggled to zip up my dress//& they don't know i'm avoiding a double chin//they smile with their whole BODY//& all they know is i can pick them up now//really, recovery is a lot of picking up//& we laugh & i'd give anything//to keep them from becoming me//but for now, we're twirling//hands on hips//no matter how wide