

5b - Relinquish Your Power

Relinquish Your Power

I tear at skin that is already burned red.

I trap myself inside of my head to escape from terror,

But even then the screams continue to ridicule me.

I look in the mirror and see someone who is entirely made up of flaws.

I can't be that person.

I need to be perfect, so I must starve to fit the public's ideal.

I must cut out the marks that make me ugly.

It's what everyone wants,

Nobody wants imperfection.

Months pass on,

Yet I still grimace at my physique.

I'm supposed to be beautiful.

I thought I would be happy.

Shouldn't I be happy?

The voices still torture me when I'm at my peak,

And they kick me while I'm down regularly.

My ripped skin glares at me each day reminding me that I will forever be miserable.

I can't stand this feeling!

I've worked so hard to be so perfect for everyone.

Why am I still feeling this way?

How do I stop it?

"I can help you."

Who is that?

"I have your solution."

"I can make you perfect."

You can?

How?

A knife falls into my hands.

I'm confused.

"You know what you have to do."

"All of your flaws will be *gone*."

Seconds tick within my ears.

I could be perfect.

Although,

My family would be hurt.

They have always loved me.

I can't leave them.

"What do you want?"

I don't want this.

The knife clatters to the floor.

This won't make me perfect.

All of what I've been doing has made me feel worse about myself!

I can't do this anymore.

I need help.

Real help.