

The Ghost That Haunts Me

I fall to my knees

Trying to breathe

Breathe through the nausea that has possessed me

I worship a bowl of porcelain

Starving myself until I can see my bones through my skin

Fingers held up in a prayer

Praying the calories I ingested would disappear

Tears stream down my face

I feel like a disgrace

A waste of resources, and worse: a waste of space

I rest my head on my palms

Pressing them into my eyes willing my stomach to calm

Raised trembling hands

Always ready to purge again and again

With crippling fear

I turn to the mirror

Willing the phantom in it to disappear

The phantom with tired eyes,

Permanent, painful, unsaid, unheard cries

I am afraid of the ghost

Even more so to realize that it is my body that is the host

Never skinny

Never free

Trapped in a cage that was forged by me,

By my mind,

By a torrent or never ending painful lies I supply