

1990

Through Distorted Eyes

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Through Distorted Eyes

Thin, red digital numbers
read one-oh-three
Nope, too high
Scales don't lie, you know.

Five pounds take a vacation
feeling light and airy
But did it last? No.

Stupid friends
Parents and coach
know my secret

They watch me
force me to eat cake
and 1000-plus calories
a day

Not my style
up come the 1000 calories
and my parents aren't watching

This is good, but not perfect
Ten more pounds need
a vacation.

Friends stop worrying
parents stop watching
and I stop eating.

Water, fruit, more water
I think I floated out of my
bathroom today.

Exercise and passing out don't mix.

The doctors ship me off to a dungeon
I meet my vacationing enemies
through feeding tubes.

Dragging the clear feeding packet
across the cold floor
I move to the mirror,
mirrors don't lie, you know.

Lisa Jennifer Brown