My body is my vessel  
But I treat it like a sin  
I punish, suffer, starve  
To ease the pain within  
  
Nothing seems to matter  
When my mirror’s face is fat  
I look at endless pictures;  
Girls pencil thin and flat  
  
I warp and twist my body  
Proud to see the bones  
They said to worship Ana  
Because without her I’m alone  
  
My choices cut me deeply  
Form holes inside my heart  
Taking joy in degradation   
As I tear myself apart  
  
I did not want to hurt them  
I did not want to rot  
All I wanted was perfection  
But this just hurts a lot.