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.