

## Bones – Ode to Anorexia

Wrapped tight, but fragile, like a sprained ankle  
In a blanket I would love later but now smothered me  
I am pressed into a warm and squishy chest.

I am a tiny display of hard work and long waiting,  
Paraded, swathed, a girl on a parade float,  
Paraded for relatives, yet unable to wave.

My tiny ears learn to reach for the only comforting sound:  
Blood valves in that bosom;  
Drumbeats under the two fountains of fuel.

Over months, the magic drum is the only solace  
To the scared little bones of my blossoming body.  
The large-bones that carried me nine months no longer lift me.  
I am lying alone with my tiny whimpers.

While growing out of my blanket, I eat at it endlessly,  
And grab at everything that resembles that drumbeat.  
Anything that will rock me - add rhythm to my fragile frame.

My bones strengthen and my memory grows  
Farther from the pounding heart and the drum skin  
Sensation of skin-on-skin.

I grow tall. I discover dancing.  
I am swept back to the sounds and sensations  
Of the womb beat of her heart.

I find music. I crave booming beats.  
Yet no movement is close enough  
To the most pleasant slumber I knew – pressed chest to chest

Bones – I want to be that tiny swaddling cloth of bones again,  
So I restrict my flesh so that my bones show  
I eat like a dying bird and am praised for my discipline  
And determination.