

**Entry Title:** You don't matter to anorexia

**Name:** Anonymous

**Entry:**

Every evening I would stare into the windows surrounding my bedroom, to see a reflection that unsettled my mind for a rather long time. Elegant is all I ever wanted to be. In my mind a slim woman would always be exquisite. Call it obsession? I called it seeking for endless love and applause. I would sleep and never want to leave my sheets, trying to forget the frost that cloaked my skin. Eyelashes wilting like a carnation which hadn't ever been watered.

My mornings began with rolling over, dangling my hand over the edge of my bed to hold the box hidden beneath, filled with chocolate and sweets. I liked to look at it, it was my secret. The day passed and I began to prepare my meal of the day, starting at 5. Precisely cutting up green beans. 27 to be exact, coated in soy sauce and a dash of chilli. Ready to eat with a teaspoon that I was rather fond of. So fond that it was the only spoon I could use. A perpetual cycle that refused to end. Time and time again the circle repeated itself and the more addicted I became to seeing the dark that struck my eyes every morning, forcing me down to the floor. Eventually I ended up in a white bed facing a brick wall. Even then I didn't want to end my scheme.

Hospital was a lonesome place. I had a tube through my nose. There were monitors all over my chest, which were deafening in the night. I had to wake up before the crescent in the sky had fallen. For my blood to be taken from my veins. To dress like a duchess in a white gown, just to be wheelchair to a scale down the hall. Afterwards I would return and then my mind would tell me, "look in the mirror. Look. Don't turn away. I can make you elegant, like a swan perhaps. As long as you listen, do as I say, you will fall in love with yourself. Close to being perfect. You really are. More time. Less to eat. You will flourish once you are released from here. I promise."

There was a girl, only 12 that slept in the bed beside me. She too is here because her head will not allow her to take a bite without guilt hunting her from behind. Her eyes were hollow but soft, she was kind, quiet. She doesn't deserve this. A 12-year-old doesn't deserve this. No one deserves this. I watch her eat. Her hands shake, eyes closed before the spoon can reach her lips. Is this what people saw of me? I manipulated and deceived over and over and over. For what? To hear whispers that don't die. Nobody asks for this to be them. It's never a choice. It's a progression of time that eventuates in death or recovery. There the only two options.

I starved myself of who I was. Anorexia doesn't make anyone more beautiful. It isn't an emblem of self-control you should aspire to have. My heart was slowly dying for the idea of forever beauty. Anorexia will never let you wake to see truth. All it wants, is for you to be buried beneath its feet with worms crawling up your spine. I was ever so close to falling asleep and never waking up. I was so ill that I was hospitalized for Anorexia was the only thing that mattered to me, but I never once mattered to anorexia.