



This deals with a challenge that I faced in the first couple years of college and handles the challenging concept of recovery and battling ones internal self.

Trigger Warning: Eating Disorders

But, what would it do to me
My stomach lets out a crying plea
My brain entangled with thoughts of food
These thoughts put a hitch in my mood

I wish I could just not think
About how many calories are in my drink
I wish I never gained that weight
Because now, I can't even think straight
The little voice in my head tells me that food will make me fat
But my stomach cries for me to get it food, and stat

Watching my waist shrink and the scale number drop
I constantly think about types of food I could swap
Low calorie this, no sugar that
I'll do whatever it takes to make my stomach flat

I've forgotten what normal food tastes like
For long ago, I told it "take a hike"

Feeling alone in this downward spiral
Only finding comfort in TikTok creators that went viral
They help me see I'm not alone
Other people have gone through it too, even if they're just on my phone

I push myself to still lift weights
And play my sport, and go on dates
Eating at a restaurant I always worry
What's the lowest calorie option and I have to hurry
If I take too long examining nutrition facts
Someone will catch on to my Eating Disorder acts

So I will hide it away, and keep it to myself
Looking at the recipe books on my shelf
Hoping one day I will recover
So I can cook what I want without my thought that always hover
Because eating only 800 calories a day
Makes my real personality trail away

I dream of the day I can eat a cookie or two
And not have to tell my thoughts to shoo

One day that'll happen and I can't wait

But for now, I still think about what's on my plate