

“Nothing Here to Love”

By Kelsey Donovan

You tell me to practice self-love,
But how am I to love a person like me?
I fear that if you see me through my eyes-
To see who I truly am-
You will leave.

Looking in the mirror,
Analyzing every part of my body--
Thighs too thick, stomach too round,
Stretch marks too noticeable, hair too messy--
Changing every aspect of myself
In a sad attempt to recognize the stranger
Staring back at me.

The ghost of myself walks through my days.
Step one, eat something.
What is the point? I have to be skinny.
Ideas of skeletons running through my mind-
That is what I need to be,
Skin and bones.
Step two, take medicine.
The medicine I need to survive,
Because even my brain wants to kill itself around
me.
Even my brain knows that I am not worthy of
self-love.
Step three, drift through the day,
Completing my tasks with no memory of doing so.
Step four, go to sleep.
Nothing can hurt me there,
For in my dreams, I am good enough.

You tell me to love myself,
But it is an impossible task.
Nothing about me is worthy of love--
The idea drilled into my mind, playing on repeat
every second.
Clinging to people like a barnacle on a whale,
Desperate to survive in the grueling waters of life.
Laying myself down so you don't have to step in
mud;
Pleading that you will notice, though why would
you?
Driving people away as if a hurricane is hitting,
And maybe it is.
Maybe I am the hurricane in everyone's lives.

Yet there you stand, demanding I love myself.
There is nothing here to love.
I am nobody.
I don't deserve to be loved,
For I am the hurricane
Destroying the lives of those around me.