

05.30.2014

I watch my sobbing sister,
as she writes my obituary.
I search and search, no cause of death –
Anorexia's unbecoming... I see.
I wish I could hold that pen, write now,
And show her the truth – my misery.
“This young woman was a prisoner,
plagued by a friend turned enemy.
Putting her happiest face to the world;
smiles hid unstitching no one else could see.
She sat all day in her bedroom
begging the hunger to let her be.
Tired and alone, she gave in to the pain
after silence met her plea.”
As I stand there with her, I realize
I'm glad it wasn't left up to me.
But I've left this weight, this burden,
to hang over my family.

The dead don't feel emotions,
but this disorder killed more than me.

—*TC Albright*