
FIFTEEN GOING ON ZERO

SARAH RAMSEY

It was the summer before high school started.

Bye Bye Miss American Awkward Pre Teen,

 Skin breakouts,

 Dances wearing khaki polo's,

 Eating alone at lunch,

Hello Ms Taylor Swift,

 Snagging that upperclassman,

 Wearing that kissable lip gloss,

 Easy, breezy, Covergirl.

Soccer tryouts are the first attack.

 Training all summer.

 Lifting, running, pushing.

 Push it to the limit.

Bye Bye fifteen pounds.

 You should never have been there.

 Curse you sucker.

 I look good.

On the fields.

 Damn Miss you look fine.

Off the fields.

 Random mom asks

 "What diet did you use, you look so skinny!"

I look good.

 I am confident...

 In my thunder-less thighs.

Maintain the number.

 Embrace my lack of space.

 Feel my body crunching in.

Lower the number.

Skip meals.

Weigh myself.

Lie about it.

Weigh myself.

Considering puking.

Weigh myself.

Feel good.

Weigh myself.

Feel bad.

Drink water. More water.

Concave and eat every little sugar filled morsel I can get in my sight.

Ice cream, check.

Hot fudge, check.

Home-baked cookies you made for my family a few days ago and refused to eat then, but I'll eat two at a time now, check.

Feel disgusted, check.

Unhappy, lies negative, pain, concern, hiding, for what?

For whom?

For when?

For why?

PLEASE stop.