

*sourdough*

i didn't want any of it —

it's actually impressive how

passive i was, going down.

i steadily gathered

all my supplies

and what i

thought i

should

be

craving,

and i just as

steadily shoveled it —

calmly.

i'm seasoned.

i've had so much practice —

i shoveled it in at the

pace i call home.

i feel sick,

but

distant.

like i know

i lost that battle

and i know i'll lose

another one

soon.

i feel sick.

i feel shafted

by the decisions

i made when i went on

autopilot —

my comfortable place —

i'm too full, now, to cry.

it's too late: i chose

safety and self

hate over

everything

i want for myself —

again. this place.

i'm swindled

by attempts

to swaddle

myself

back

to the depths

of what i know —

i'm caught straddling —

how can i be so full,

yet so hollow?

i feel

sick

and stuck

with myself. but

tonight, i have hope

for tomorrow.