

Recovery By Linda O. Moronfulu

Initially, the prospect of recovery felt improbable, impossible.
After all, I learned from a young age to see the world in a grey hue.
Being poisoned every time I sought nutrition felt natural!

In the rare moments where I thought that recovery to be tangible,
It was all for you. You who had witnessed the forest fire within me,
destructive and determined to burn down everything and stayed.
You, weary and frightened about the near finality, small talking with me
as I waited in A and E.
It was about family, the fear of yet someone else leaving me.
Until finally, eventually - and quite suddenly - it became about me.

It, at first, was not wanting to be ill.
I was always in the throes of an inner turmoil,
twenty and body breaking, every fibre of my soul aching.
I wanted to more than a slave to the tyrant, bulimia.

Soon enough though, I simply just wanted to be able to sing
without the itchy scratch of a cough and fuck,
I wanted to taste something, other than sharp, scared, and sour.
I prayed for the days where I could see beyond repugnant and repulsive,
gigantic and grotesque when I looked at myself in the mirror.

And now I am realising that there is just so much that I want to do!
Travel, learn how to swim, drawing and writing.
I want to revel in the light of love without finding it glaring.
To finally be able to build something strong and sustainable
and eventually, carry a baby in my body healthily...

Simply, and most importantly, my priority, is to be happy within myself.

Slowly, each day, I'm getting there.

Here

Here
We sit without a care.

Here
Our problems
Dissipate and disappear

Here
we are unhindered
happy and free
talking about whatever

Here

is so hard to part from
yet here can be anywhere
and everywhere
as long as you are there.

Little sister

I sing softly, slight
like a summer's breeze and she
falls asleep with ease

and I watch her
innocent, small, and love fills
my once broken soul