

Waves

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Please note, this work includes content related to negative self-image and self-harm.

Why can't it just go away?
Why can't I get better
These waves I see
In the mirror
In a bathing suit
In a shirt
These waves ultimately banned me
Trying to exceed expectations
As I claw them away
Ripping,
Shredding,
Tearing,
Internally bleeding
I cut them off
Flatten my reproductive system
And show a portrait of its external beauty
Placed into a frame. Beauty
But is it really true?
True like the natural life,
Naturally born like the whirlwinds
Swaying leaves into the night
But no
This form is artificially cosmetic
Fueling voids within
Stretching
Sewing,
Dieting
Depleting the purposes,
Shaping the "true" you,
But is it really?
Or a part fixed by others
To please others
That is the unresolved question
The answer lingers,
Drifting through the waves