Maryann's Interview **Eating Disorder** Ward 6D



(Shades of what I could not say)

Green

My body has always been to me, a disappointment.

Purple

Magic Marker in hand, I draw around one hip, then the other. Wishing some monster or fairy godmother would gnaw where I draw, bite my hips

small. Grey

is the pill Prozac. made to cure my Red Red throat

My body has not always been Green, My throat has not always been Red Red.

It began with one color coming up to say I didn't deserve the strength it could give me.

Now colors strangle my insides every day in their rush to leave.

My pretty boyfriend says "Stop." Begs me to keep all the colors he feeds me for myself. Even the succulent pears my sweet girlfriend slices for me, my body rejects.

I'll bake them brownies, and cookies, Hoping they'll feel better.

I bake for the staff too. The kindly white doctor with the southern drawl licks the chocolate morsel from his moustache and asks, "Is it those magazines, talk shows, ads?"

"These colors are my own creation," I almost reply

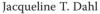
It's one of the few traits I have left. If I give this up, I will be too ordinary.

In the mirror I look at my dry hands, tepid lips, pale skin.

If these colors don't come back to me, I'll be just as gray as that Prozac pill.

Tell me about change, doctor.

It's just that rather like being small small.







Illustrations by Laura and Mallory

Ms. Dahl is a member of the Class of 2004 at the Pennsylvania State University College of Medicine. This poem won honorable mention in the 2000 William Carlos Williams Poetry Competition. She began writing poetry during her work with Wild Onions, the art and poetry journal of Penn State College of Medicine, and through the Department of Humanities' program in writing poetry with patients, families, medical personnel, and the community in Hershey, Pennsylvania. Her address is: 119 UME, Hershey, Pennsylvania 17033. E-mail: jxw303@psu.edu.

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