

I'm no longer five

I'm no longer five

Ivy Raaijmakers

Writer: Ivy Raaijmakers

Coverdesign: Ivy Raaijmakers

ISBN: 9789403775647

© Ivy Raaijmakers

Scale	6
Dull out the mind	10
I love you more	12
Hands that hurt	13
It never changes	14
Forgiveness is a strange thing	16
Stranger	18
Burning home	19
Grief	20
Mirror mirror on the wall	21
Anxiety	22
Hunger	23
Fear has two meanings	24
Venn diagram	26
Father (noun), dad (feeling)	28
The last pill	30
I turned 20 on my 13th birthday	32
Eyes locked	36
Boys cry too	38
What was she wearing	42
December	44
Faith	46
Almost happy	47
Secret	48
Addiction	50
Long sleeves	54
Behind closed doors	56
Silence	60
Shame	61
Despair or hope	62
Stay	64
Peace	68

Scale

It sits there.

In the corner. Silent, still.

But I can feel it watching me.

The scale.

The mirror.

The empty plate.

The hunger that feels like power,

But tastes like fear.

I step on, every morning,

Bare feet on cold metal,

And I wait

For numbers, for truth, for validation.

I wait for it to tell me

That I've done enough, that I am enough.

But it never does.

It whispers lies in a language I know all too well:

"You need less."

"Smaller."

"Lighter."

And I believe it

Because if the numbers go down,

Maybe I'll feel weightless,

Maybe I'll disappear

Into the space I keep carving out of myself.

It's not just the scale, though.
It's the mirror,
That funhouse reflection
That shows me a body I don't recognize.
Too big, too much, too heavy.
I trace the lines of bones,
Wishing I could erase more,
Wishing I could see what others see,
But the mirror is a liar too.
It shows me my worst fear
And then dares me to fix it.

It's the empty plate,
That sits there mocking me,
Reminding me that control
Is the only thing I have left.
The ache in my stomach feels like victory,
But also like defeat
Because even though I've trained myself to need less,
The hunger is always there.
Always louder,
Always clawing at the edges of my thoughts.
But I wear it like armor.
Like maybe I can control it

And there's the world,
Pointing fingers and whispering about health,
About numbers, about calories, about perfection.
It tells me what to eat,
How to look,
Who to be
But I can't hear it anymore.