

Demonic Play Time

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Water fills me to the brim,
my stomach, a balloon bursting with air.
I run like a dog chasing a bird
as my imaginary friend screams, "faster!"
Dr. Scary says my imaginary friend,
The one who talks inside my head,
Is just my inner voice.
But I know the truth:
she saves me from the normies,
she will bring salvation to my obese body.

My friend tells me how to consume my calories,
and I follow because I must.
My fingers will be as thin as a shoelace,
my thighs as slim as the side of a door.
These arms will be chicken legs,
this stomach, concave as half of a skinned out coconut.

She tells me to leave the kitchen,
I tell her I am a unicorn growing its wings.
I tell her that her demented existence doesn't control me.
I take a bite.
Persistent chanting resounds in my head,
"put that forsaken bread away."
I conform like a child reluctantly submits to a babysitter,
a small part of me longs to disobey her unruly demands.

I fall asleep, my belly snarling.
I wake up and weight is the first thing I can think of,
an itch demanding my attention,
one pound down means as much as a dead fly on the road.
"More, that's not enough," she demands,
and I tremble as a fabricated icy cold body hugs me from behind.
I wish in vain for the warmth of an Arizona day,
realizing with horror that it's already there.

My cold body begins the day with the miraculous warmth of tea,
but before it can be enjoyed the voice starts again.
"Make your frozen body sweat" she says,

as I start my jumping jacks like a zombie trying to learn how to dance.
I collapse, a misused, shattered toy on the floor.
“Food!” I rasp,
the strange gargle of something that was once human.
Protest resounds in my brain,
“but these workouts will make all those pounds shed away.”
I resist the pain as I crawl to my yellow bedroom,
the holy grail,
my beloved scale,
and my sanity rests on the floor.
Point one pounds heavier it reads,
as panic floods through me, a flash flood in this desert that I am.

I’m summoned to the dreaded kitchen,
Their face, grave.
“I’ve already ate,” I sob,
I lie like a child that has something to hide.
A shake of a head confirms my worst nightmares,
plans elude me.
Just one required bite turns into fifty army men filling their bellies.
I run to the bathroom,
but my fingers are broken,
my toothbrush isn’t long enough,
and nothing comes out.
I rush to find my brain,
but Dorothy’s friend, Scarecrow, has taken it.
My body quivers as I stumble to the scale
and my demon comes out to play.