

An Elegy To My Rationality on Holiday
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What does bulimia explain about me
It's plastered below my name like I've been knighted
Why do I search for wisdom in that diagnosis
It doesn't tell me why my brain can't stand the idea of being full
Or why I spend half my days worrying about the calories from my last meal and the
fat content
of the next
I know my diagnosis is a guidebook for doctors to help
But I can't read it
All I want is to be able to look at the chicken scratch and understand
Because I tried to control something and it just ended up controlling me
It packed a bag for my rationality and sent her on holiday
But I can't seem to find her
So I search and search but my illness has sucked the life out of my searching
And with this I learn
A name is not all you need to vanquish a monster