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Stranger

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Stranger

Emma Wolf

I haven't weighed myself in weeks.
I'm healthy, and a number shouldn't define me.
Yet the gnawing voice inside urges me to step up.
Numbers flash, bouncing up and down until settling.
I step back and look at the stranger again, just to see
what decides to stare back and tell me to give up.
Standing silently, I pull at my skin
and contort my body in unnatural ways
frowning down upon this vessel of life
that has carried me through all I have been.
The fleeting moments of happiness I beg to stay,
but the only thoughts that stick are the ones that scrutinize.
A stranger in the mirror;
a different one appearing with each glance.
It just feels like a gamble.
I'm left grasping for a view that's clearer
but dissatisfied with the second chance
and the day begins in shambles.
My mind withers away at my self-worth relentlessly,
blurring my vision from the truth.
I turn to the mirror once more, and meet the stranger's gaze.
Muscle melts into fat and I am left feeling empty,
I sink down to the floor, but defeat won't consume
for I hold on to hope for better days.



Self Portrait

Mahsa Tayefi