

A letter to the girl who called me fat

March 27, 2017

To the girl who called me fat,

To the girl who said I was ugly
and no one would ever love me
because my calves were too wide
and my voice was too loud
and my ass was too flat.

To the girl who looked at movie stars
and then looked at me,

Who said the only way to be good enough
was to stick my fingers down my throat
three times a day
until I could hardly see.

To the girl who called me weak,

Who said that crying is a cry for attention,
and the only people who deserve attention
are the ones who don't ask for it,

Who said I'm just looking to get looked at whenever I feel anything,
Who said the best way to be cool
is to shut up and look like it,
and never talk about it,
and any time I ask for help is just another failure.

To the girl who says she loves me,
to the girl who makes me playlists
and buys me things when I feel sad,
to the girl who gets me drunk and buys me drugs,
to the girl who buys me healthy food and takes me on runs,
All the while saying,
Love yourself, love yourself,
Letting yourself get fat is hating yourself,
Here's a salad.

To the girl who shames me,

Who calls me useless when I don't have a job,
and useless when I have a job,
and useless when I take money from my parents,
and worthless when I spend it.

To the girl who thinks this poem is stupid and badly written.

To the girl who says I have to look like a goddess to feel like it,
Who won't take Yes for an answer,
To the girl who cut my arms,
and cut my stomach,
and cut my legs,
then told me even that wasn't enough.
That I'm not hot enough for the scars to be heartbreaking.
They just look pathetic.

To the girl who says the thing I need
is for everyone else to call me pretty,
for everyone to know how smart I am,
that nothing I'm doing is useful
unless they write about it in alumni magazines.

To the girl who abuses me
and hurts me
and shouts me down,
who looks for every hole in my resolve
and twists the knife until it's bigger,
who throws me into fantasies and tells me,
That's when I'll be good enough
Then and only then,
and never now,
And don't you even think of resting,
Don't you even think...

To the girl who says,
You can cry now honey.
It's okay.
You've lost enough weight.
But if you eat too much...

To the girl who says that even if she stopped,
Everyone else would take her place.

To the girl who says I can't be trusted on my own,
that if she stopped even for a second
I would see,
Oh how I would see...
I'd come crawling right back.
Because *I need her.*
Because I need her more than anything.

Because she loves me more than anyone else can.
She just wants me to be happy...
and skinny
and pretty
and desirable
and the smartest,
and that's being happy, you know.

Who says, *You don't know.*
That's why you need me, you stupid little girl.

To the girl I don't know how to be enough for,
but I can never run away from.

To the girl writing this:

Hi.
Let's talk it out.
I know you don't hate me, or you don't think you do.
You're just trying to do what you think is best for me.

But I've got it, okay?
I know what I need.

And I want you to stop hurting me.
Please.
Because I love you,
and I don't know what else to say.