M'Badjala Diaby: Therapy letter to my body

M'Badjala Diaby

poem	1 min

My dear bodily shell,

I’m sorry for all those years when I hated your every tiny bit. For how I judged you through the eyes of others. How I starved you and then weighed you down with overeating. It was unfair. I hated every bone sticking out like a skyscraper over bungalows. Now I admire their symmetry. I hated every pimple, mark and scar and so I inflicted on you as many as I could. I didn't care what it would look like, I already hated you, what did I have to lose? An awful lot, I know now.

My dear bodily shell, I hated you so much. And to be honest, I still don’t love you. I’m rather annoyed with you. But I’m determined to change that. I know what you’ve been telling me. It’s me who needs to change, not you.

With (prospective) love

Your owner