

Splinters

relentless attacks on your appearance, you plead and beg them to stop, to accept you. Finally, you utter the phrase

"I love my body"

A pause, a second of reflection

"Well, no one here does."

the statement leaves their lips with ease. Burning spreads through your chest and as the pain splinters through your chest like shrapnel, blinded by confusion you leave.

They will never see you as beautiful, they may utter words of praise at your youth, tainted compliments fuelled by jealousy. They spit painful remarks at your weight, bemused by your confidence, they can't imagine the love and compassion you have for yourself ever being more than pretence.