

BITING

MY



TONGUE

I used to be allergic to eggs. And the tetanus shot.  
Now I'm just allergic to myself and Kiwis and  
but I'm not sure and I eat them anyways with  
or maybe it's all in my head. Oh, and I also  
a very low-to-the-ground tightrope. But that  
means that my lower lumbar vertebra didn't close  
up my low back and then I got in a car crash  
mess. Oh! And then there was this time with  
then the chicken ~~taco~~ and red pop incident  
every time since six or seven years ago  
help my sister pick out a wedding dress and  
me and I ended up bent over and spitting  
there were the anaphylactic events—both  
show. In high school we realized something  
pen and taught everyone how to use it. In  
had to watch what I ate. This was when I  
I was allergic to! I was allergic to myself, in a way  
do too many things that could cause a reaction  
include but are not limited to: alcohol and  
avocados, eggplant, spinach, processed or smoked  
Wheat germ, beans, papaya, chocolate, citrus fruit  
Food allergies and the ability to eat them.

mus-diphtheria pertussis shot. But I'm not anymore  
d shrimp and mushrooms and probably almonds  
my fingers crossed. Because I'm cool or lazy  
hurt my back when I was in 8<sup>th</sup> grade. I fell off  
then we found spina bifida occulta which just  
se up until right before I was born and it fused  
sh and now my sacro-illiac joint is agoddamne  
th the too-big bite of steak at some wedding  
at the Mexican place in Grand Rapids. And shrimp  
o. And the time I came home from college to  
I ate some mushrooms that rebelled against  
in the red driveway at my parents' house. Then  
in theater rehearsals - no, one was after my las  
ng was wrong. In highschool, I got an Epi-  
highschool I started taking antihistamines and  
began taking daily medication. I didn't know what  
way. I had to manage what I ate, to make sure I didn't  
ion by triggering histamine production. Triggers  
ther fermented foods, dairy products, dried fruit  
d meats, shellfish, aged cheeses, bananas, tomato  
ts nuts (and specifically walnuts) (and cashews, and peanuts

# THANK YOU,

To my sister, Olivia, for all her advice, concern, love, and for being my best friend always.

To Jennifer Metsker for always being the most insightful and enthusiastic voice in this project and for telling me that my writing was worth including.

To my GSI Martha Daghljan, and professors Stephanie Rowden and Kelly Murdoch-Kitt for encouraging me and being patient with me, and for letting me turn this book in a few days late.\*

To Jamie Vander Broek for her abundant generosity and for making the Book Arts Studio accessible with online workshops during the pandemic. I don't think I would have made a book without these workshops.

To Spencer for always remaining calm, and for staying in love while losing our minds, during the end of the world. Elbows locked, baby.

This book felt very impossible several times but it's here and I am so grateful for your part in that.

\*sorry if that was supposed to be a secret

# BITING MY TONGUE

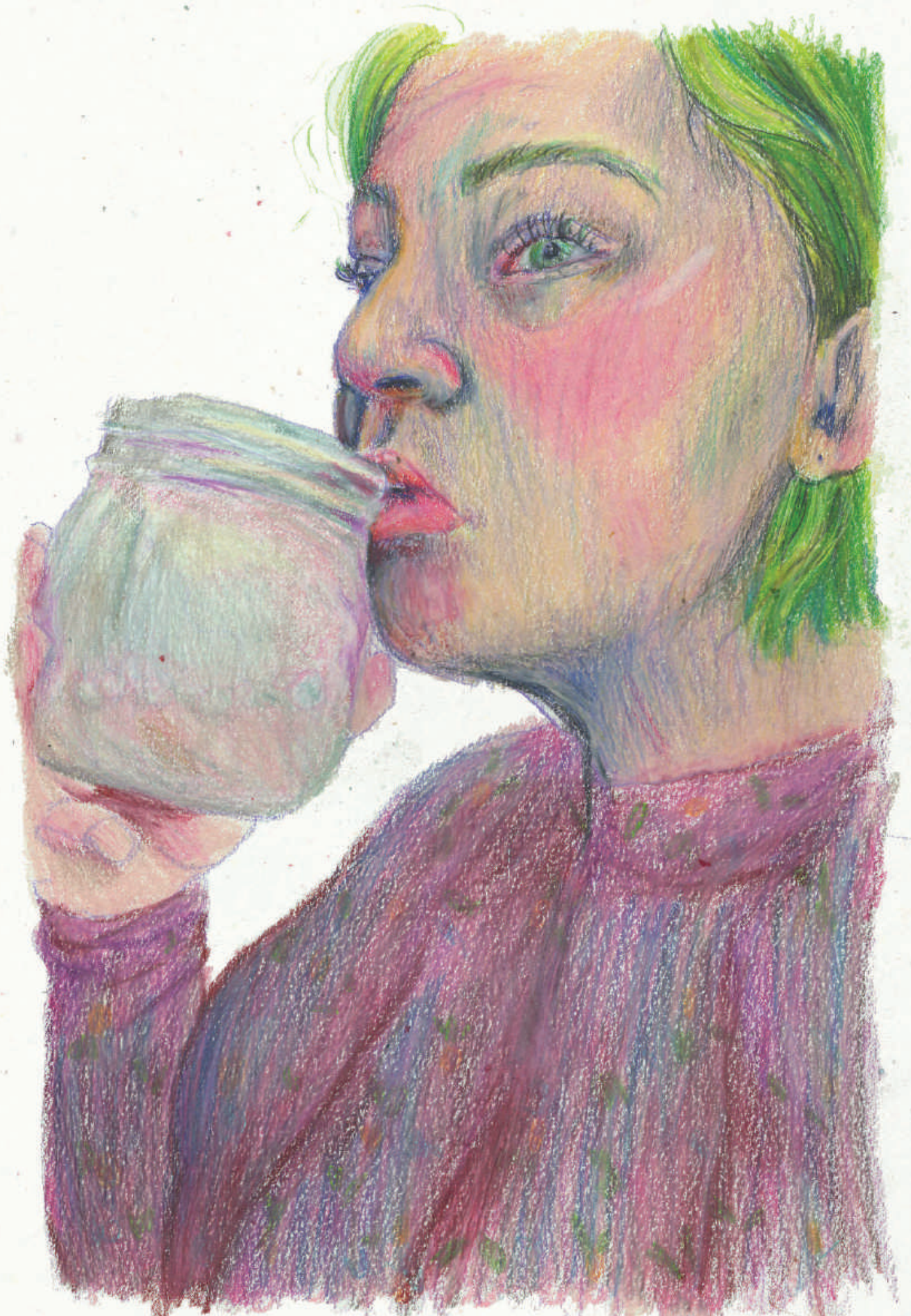
Ansleigh Joyce Hamilton

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written, illustrated, bound and printed in my living room during a global pandemic

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# A STATEMENT FROM THE ARTIST,

This book will end without either of us knowing what's wrong. This book is not a story, it is documentation, it is a journal, it is a patient questionnaire, it is proof despite invisibility, it is interactive, it is an uncertain diagnosis. Mostly this book is for me.

The telling is in parts because a life is not a cohesive whole. And because it is too much work to remember every little thing.

I hope you read this and feel seen, heard, present, loved, confronted, whatever it is you need at this moment. I hope you are never fighting alone.

Please, look in, explore, play, and we will both know what we know.

Im here  
again.

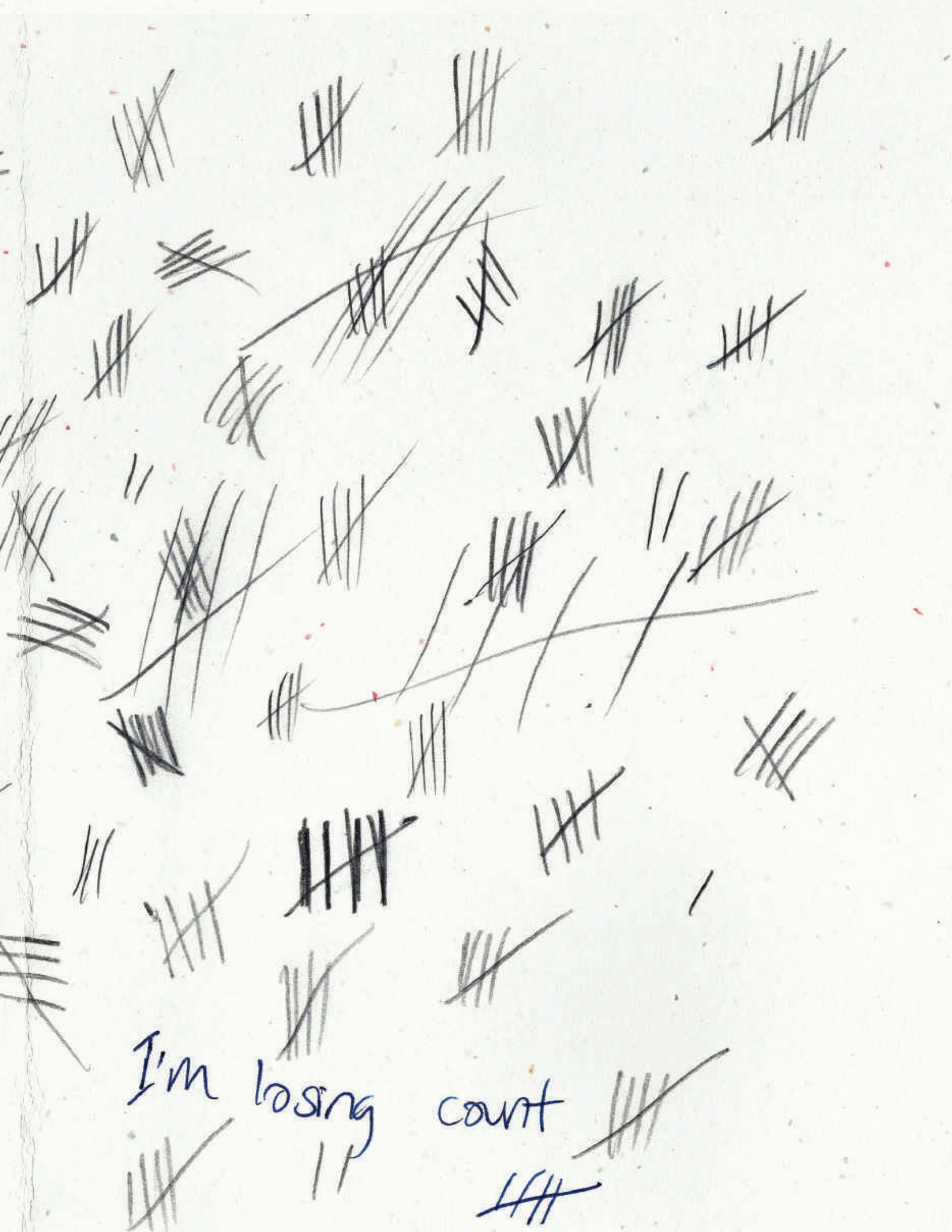
GOOD

morning.

It's another one.

Just the  
same.



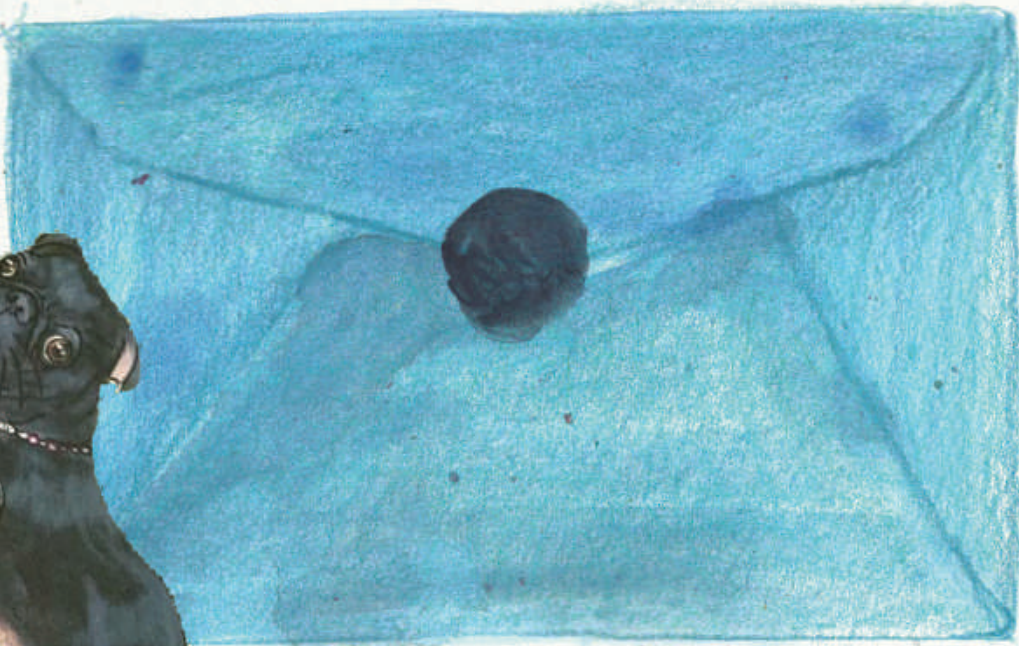


I'm losing count

ME →



Take us out (into the Living/Kitchen room)  
to play.



Oscar  
↓

















d  
e next  
J

and  
the next  
day

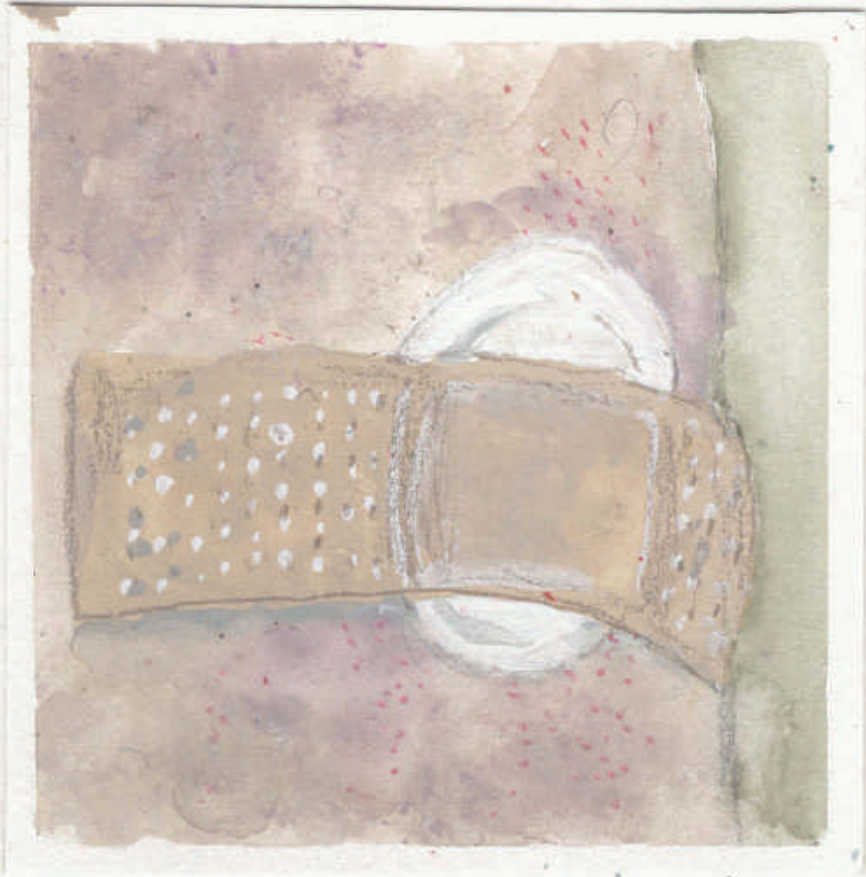
and  
the next  
day

and  
the next  
one, too.





watching.



waiting.



I'm so alone. Isolation is deeper than just the physical loss of space and the people I love seeing most. I can't see my doctors, my therapy visits are online, my procedures and appointments and treatment plans have all been postponed. I have been untreated for months. I've had so many days where I needed a hug and a hug could not be there. I've damaged my relationship with friends, family, roommates.

I feel like I'm going insane. The mental ramifications of it all are overwhelming. Olympic. I can sense my peers' distaste with me. They say I'm being extra careful, too careful, that I can't live like this forever. I sit home and watch my social media as the same friends who would say they "loved me" and that they "would do anything" and "loved so much" about me go out to parties and take trips and act so reckless and carefree. Getting at restaurants. Going to bars. Seeing a slew of different people each day. Taking vacations. The same people who claimed to care were actively keeping my life on pause. Making the world a dangerous place. They didn't care then, I doubt they do now. I am sure they never will. It doesn't matter how they feel about it all. I still do not know how I will move forward with these relationships. I'm not inclined to deal with that right now. The worst part is I don't get to tell them I'm upset. If I say anything, I will be the asshole. Maybe they will read this. Maybe they won't think it's about them.

These friends had already gotten sick of me before the pandemic had even started. I had a flare of terrible low back pain and back spasms that left me strung out on pain pills and muscle relaxers, lying in bed all day unable to walk or take stairs to the first floor of my home. I was able to get specialized physical therapy after two ER visits (where I was accused of being a drug-seeking pill popper which was very fun and not at all insulting) and after two months was able to walk and bend almost properly. Then the pandemic hit. I had already been indoors for months, unable to go to parties and events and hangouts. Any friends I saw had to come see me. My dad and boyfriend had to actually carry me down the stairs to get help.

I had cashed in all my favors. That happens a lot when you are sick.

I feel like I'm living in a different world- parallel to the one of those around me but not quite it- different rules, different stakes. If they get sick they will probably be fine. If I get sick, who knows what will happen. I can't live with taking on more long-term syndromes and disorders. I can't. The biggest difference between us is how we think. Somehow a global pandemic isn't that big a deal to them all. They just want to Re-Open. See people again. They think I don't want that. It isn't at all that I do not want to. I cannot.

So I don't visit with anyone when most everyone else I know is seeing people. I will not risk it. My whole life has become his cold, stuffy, indoor mental playground of hyperintelligence. Every trip is planned and assessed for risk. Two weeks. Numbers are too high this year so maybe we get quarters from the bank another time. Maybe we just pick up groceries or order them instead of going inside. Maybe we don't leave the apartment except to walk the dog. And I have been doing this for over a year. My world has been on pause since November of 2019. I'm not fine.

I am amazed that I'm still here, but I don't mean. I'm fine.

# Eosinophilic Esophagitis

eosinophilic esophagitis.

eosinophilic esophagitis is caused by the presence of eosinophils in the esophagus.

e-o-sin-o-fill-ick  
eh-sof-vh-jie-tis

- a chronic immune system disease in which a type of white blood cell, eosinophil, builds up in the lining of your esophagus.

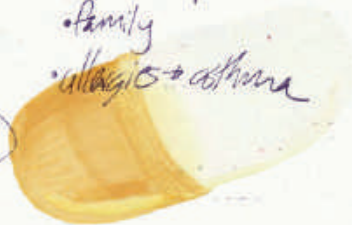
- discovered in the 90s

## Symptoms

- dysphagia (difficulty swallowing)
- impaction (food getting stuck in esophagus)
- Chest pain (centrally located and does not respond to antacid)
- backflow of undigested food (regurgitation)
- Abdominal Pain
- Difficulty eating
- Vomiting
- Failure to thrive

## Predispositions

- family
- allergic → asthma









I stabbed myself once a week for 18 months with no idea whether or not it would help at all.

Getting a shot is one thing- you can avert your eyes and wince and hold a hand if you're nervous.

A self-injection is so much worse. You have to prick yourself and your hands are clutching your own flesh and the other hand is holding the shot an inch away. You know it's going to hurt, and you have to be aware and in control and you have to force yourself to cause that pain.

After 18 months it didn't get easier and I cried almost every time. I never got to find out if it helped but the steep decline in the months thereafter led me to believe it was helping. Since it was an experimental drug, there is nothing I can do to get a hold of it. It isn't FDA approved for my specific condition and there is no proof that it helped so it was probably 18 months down the drain.



What if what people see in here doesn't fit what they think of me?

That I don't fit in.

That I'm just some tense freak.

That I'm too weird.

That I come across as sad-

or pitiful

a downer

too loud

not funny

not interesting

gross

smelly

I'm so afraid that someone will see

all the lowest and grossest and scariest goblin parts of me

and stop loving me

or seeing me

or allowing me credibility.

When I was younger my mom thought I had some awful rash and made me see a dermatologist.

I was so ashamed.

I was disgusting and covered in scabs and sores.

But it wasn't because of some absurd and sudden rash.

I couldn't seem to stop picking at myself.

They gave me a weird and stingy prescription acid lotion to put on the little red bumps I would pick at.

But the lotion made the open sores sting and

I didn't like using it and

No one ever brought it up again.

And I see now why addictions break up lovers

because when I started picking at my arms all sound was gone

And the world slowed down and it felt somehow relieving

A secret affair,

mining my pores and follicles

For things that are healing,

things that are growing,

things that are cells

doing what those cells were meant to do.

I have scars,

I have open sores,

I am disgusting.

And I knew it was destructive and

I'd hide it under long sleeves and turtlenecks and

try not to pick at my face.

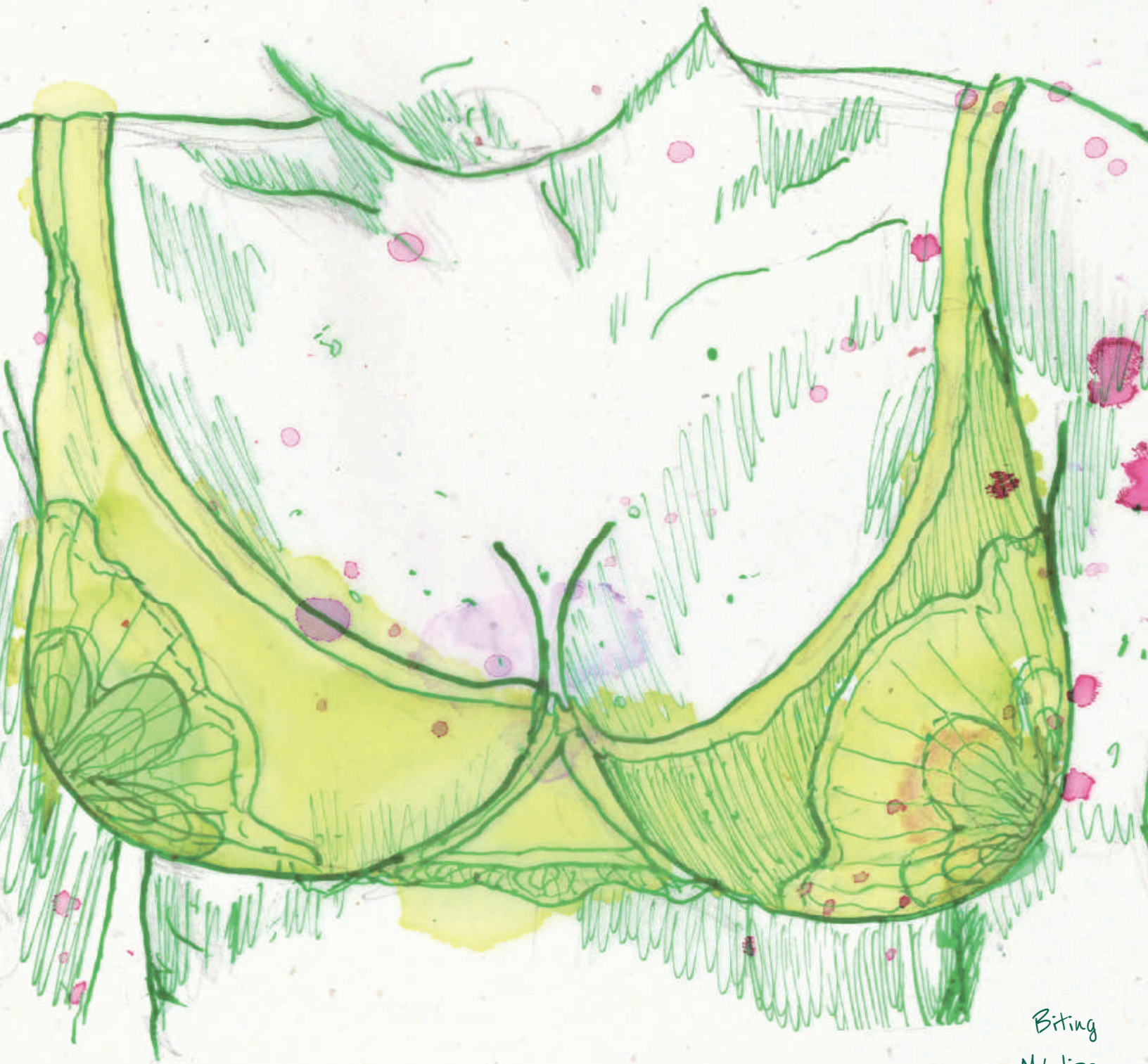
But then I'd pick my chest.

My legs.

And if it wasn't this it was

pulling out my eyebrows,





Biting  
My lips  
My cheeks  
The tip of my tongue,

My nails.

I've always bitten my nails ever since I can remember.  
I bite them until they are gone,  
Then I bite the cuticle too.





Sometimes I don't notice until I'm bleeding and someone tells me  
"Hey, you're bleeding!"  
Then afterward it hurts and I'm so ashamed.

But I couldn't stop.  
And I see now why addictions break up lovers  
because when I started biting on a good nail nothing could make me stop.  
It was like a kiss in the movies  
Nearly passionate  
No-  
a compulsion of nails and teeth!

Biting my nails was allowed in public.  
I could do it while people were looking.  
It wasn't good manners,  
No,  
But it was allowed.

And it's crazy- I mean psycho to be doing this.  
I have these hands that I love and that make beautiful art with me  
And here I am bludgeoning them.  
I have this body that is so brilliant it could heal  
as if nearly nothing were ever wrong  
if I just let it.

Now you know my secret.

HOW ARE YOU?

I tried to eat a sandwich today



and it didnt work.

I WANTED TO EAT A SANDWICH AND I COULDN'T AND I  
WANT TO TELL YOU WHY AND IT'S GOING TO TAKE A LOT  
OF DETAILS.

My family isn't good with food.

My dad's side is mostly all too big.

My mom's side is mostly all too skinny.

She would warn me to not eat when I'm just bored

And to make sure I was hungry

And eating for the "right reasons"

And "you have got your dad's genes so watch out"

I learned to silently justify my food.

Or make a show of it.

Or make it secret.

Watch who watched. Then my mom was allergic. Food can kill you. She would gag. My mouth was tingly. Food is scary. Then at my dad's cousin's fairytale wedding, I ate a piece of meat and it was probably too big to swallow. She told me or that I didn't chew it enough. She told me after it was over. I told her after it was over. I remember chewing. I remember it getting stuck. I could feel my muscles in my throat begging it to go down. I remember checking to see if I could breathe. I could. I could. Spit. I could. I could. Spit. Hot saliva pooling around my tongue, spilling out of my child-sized mouth.

I remember she said she was only mad at me because she was scared of choking.  
No plastic on the floor.

Is there plastic in my throat?!

I guess it was because of my brother, who always ate from the floor.

I guess it was because I didn't chew it enough so when I swallowed it got stuck.

I remember trying to put my little fingers down my little throat and I remember my grandpa finally found me and I had thrown it up and I was crying but also I

remember I was fine.

There was saliva on my tights.

There was bathroom-floor-tile grime and gray stalls on my tights.

It was a fairytale wedding I remember.

The next time it was red pop

In a faux adobe building on the west side

They serve the best little street tacos, Ansleigh,

And it was local

And it was Michigan

And so they had red pop on tap,

fresh and pink and foamy in a styrofoam white cup that squeaked when the straw moved.

And this was special.

We sat down. I had a shredded chicken taco or at least I tried to.

I remember the stuck feeling and it hurt and I felt shame before I even felt the pain. It was going to be so embarrassing. I was going to die from a shredded chicken taco. No you aren't going to die Ansleigh.

Calmly explain you need help.

DON'T MAKE A SCENE.

I'm panicking. She tells me to take a drink, wash it down. I try.

In my memory, I took a sip of red pop and it angered my throat like a beastly volcano about to erupt.

Red pop shoots out my nose, it bubbles out of my throat like a shaken soda.

It shoots up to the ceiling.

My clothes are pink.

My cheeks are red.

I'm crying.

I made a scene.

I didn't finish my meal.

I used about a hundred napkins.

I've never written this story down before.



# ARE YOU UNCOMFORTABLE YET?

I'm sorry I can't make this easier for you  
You just have to flip through and watch.

You can't do anything about it.

I know it can be uncomfortable

To sit and watch someone's pain

But please

Be wary to give me advice when I am not asking for it.

Please try not to ask me how I am if you do not wish to know.

Because I'm not going to lie anymore.

So please stop trying to help with

Homeopathy and

Crystal remedies

Or the sage wisdom to call my doctor

I know you want to help,

But you can't physically help me

And that weird diet you heard of through your uncle's cousin's friend  
is unlikely to be what cures the incurable

But if you want to do something,

Give me your patience, your understanding

Your willingness to find out what's going on with me when I have the energy  
to tell you.

Believe me when I say I can't and listen when I say I can

But if you really need to do something right now,

You can help me pull this food down my throat.



HOW ARE YOU?



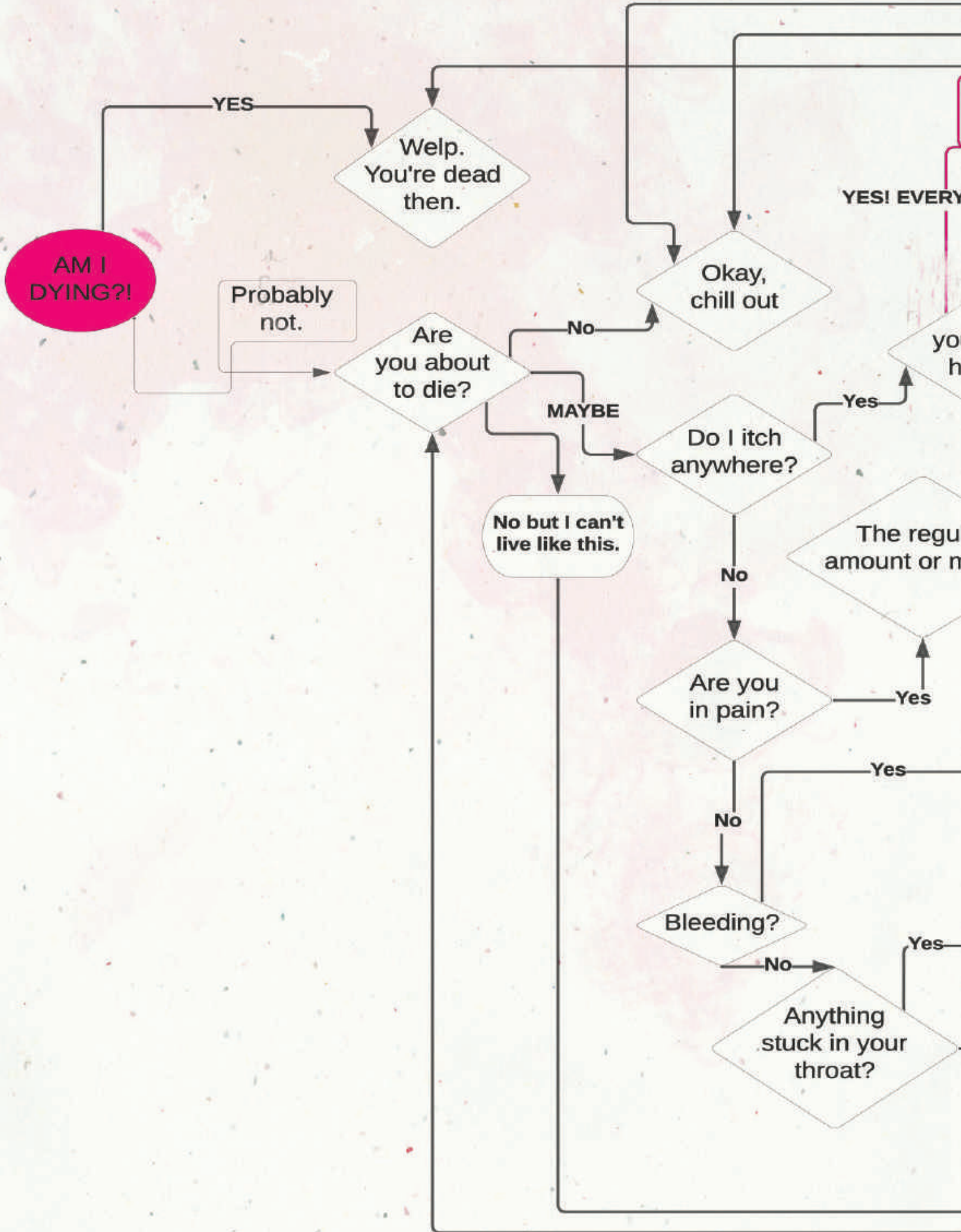
Oh just trying to balance feeling like I have to be an expert on my illness  
because no doctor will ever fully read my story or my chart for god's sake.  
While also having to trust doctors and hope they have my best interests in mind.  
But also I am not an expert.  
Not enough to treat it  
or minimize it  
or know how to tell when it is "bad enough" to get help.

But when the panic sets in I am an expert.  
But not enough to know whether this time it is just pain,  
and I can move through it until it passes,  
or if this time I am actually dying.

My hypervigilance is rewarded  
By the EpiPen saves  
By the you got here just in time's  
By the diagnosis after years of suffering silently because I was told I was  
fine

Hypervigilance is a curse.  
Having an anxiety disorder and,  
idiopathic anaphylaxis and,  
the feeling of things being stuck in my throat and,  
the risk that it might be fine or it might be stuck,  
is a fickle pickle to be in.

How do I know if I'm actually dying this time?  
God, it would be so embarrassing if I wasn't.  
God, it would be so stupid if I was.  
If I was dying and simply just too embarrassed to get help.



AM I DYING?!

Probably not.

Are you about to die?

Welp. You're dead then.

Okay, chill out

MAYBE

Do I itch anywhere?

No but I can't live like this.

The regular amount or more?

Are you in pain?

Bleeding?

Anything stuck in your throat?

YES! EVERYTHING

you h

Yes

Yes

Yes

YES

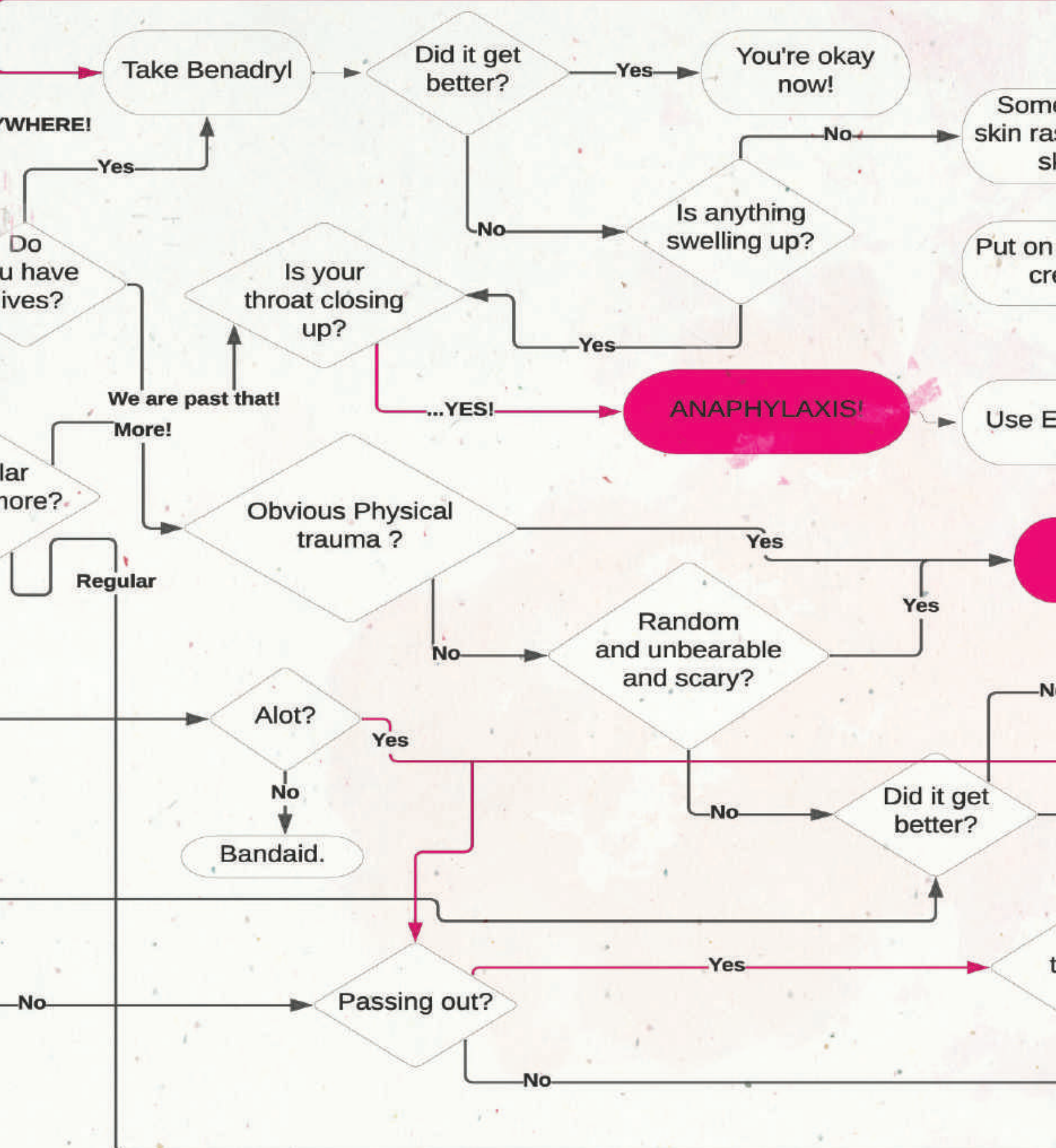
No

No

No

No

Yes



WHERE!

Do you have hives?

Take Benadryl

Did it get better?

You're okay now!

Some skin rash...

Put on cream

Is your throat closing up?

Is anything swelling up?

ANAPHYLAXIS!

Use Epi

We are past that!

More!

Obvious Physical trauma?

Yes

Random and unbearable and scary?

Yes

More?

Regular

Alot?

Yes

No

Bandaid.

Did it get better?

No

No

Passing out?

Yes

No

Some other  
n rash or dry  
skin.

t on lotion or  
cream

se EPIPEN!

CALL 911!

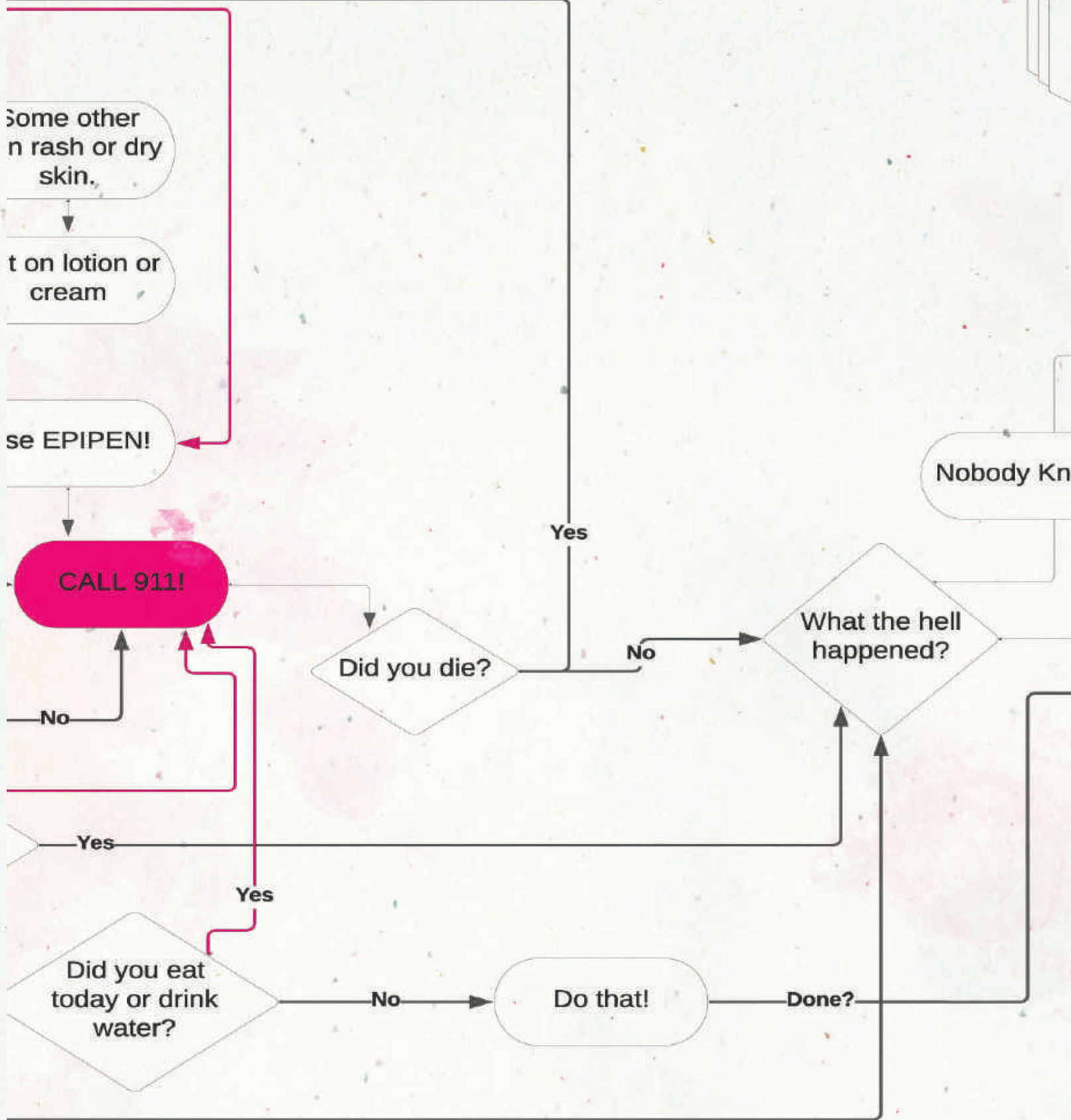
Did you die?

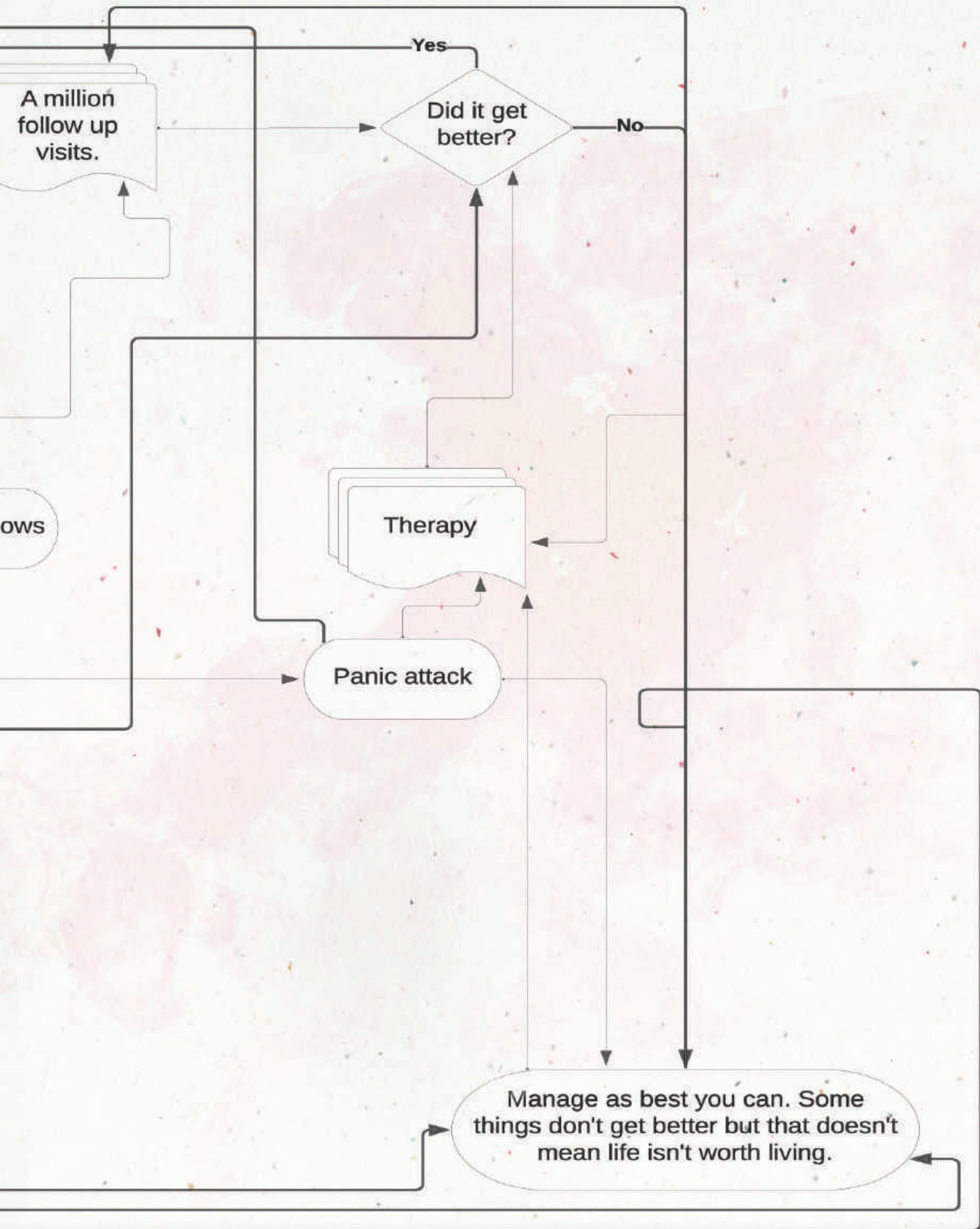
What the hell  
happened?

Nobody Kn

Did you eat  
today or drink  
water?

Do that!





# "YOU DON'T LOOK SICK."

It was my junior year of college and I remember being in a practice for an extracurricular I was involved with. We were doing warm-ups and everyone was goofing off and having a good time wiggling their body. I wasn't. When it came time to share what was going on with each of us, I bit my tongue as I often do. In my mind I told myself "You can't share that you're in pain this week. You shared that last week. Everyone will think you're a downer. Think of something new and trivial and move on".

And that's just what I tell myself. Everyone else says all sorts of things. Sometimes I feel like I'm making it all up but then I remember all the things I wish I'd responded to differently.

"You're not unhealthy, you are young and alive and you've got your health"

"Did you call your doctor?"

"Have you tried taking meds for it?"

"Wait, so it will never get better?"

"Everyone is tired, stop complaining."

"Why don't you just borrow money from your parents"

"I would have never known"

"You're too young to complain about your back this much."

"What are you going to do? Just stay inside forever?"

"You're just being extra careful..."

"It's always something with you, isn't it?"

"You don't look like you're in pain."

"Yeah, but every girl has bad cramps sometimes."

"I know it isn't 'safe enough for you to feel comfortable but the rest of us want to do it and are fine with it"

"You just need to eat more fruits and veggies"

"Welcome to being an adult, get used to it."

"I wish I couldn't eat."

"I feel like if I was allergic to that I'd get so skinny"

"Have you heard about these things- it's called an invisible illness- that's like

what you have, have you looked into that?"

"Have you tried going to keto? Paleo? Gluten-free?"

"It is probably hard to work creatively when you can barely function"

"Are you sure you can do it"

"It's not going to kill you, get over it"

"You don't look like you are going hungry"

"I figured you wouldn't want to come anyways"

"Did you stick to the treatment? It probably didn't work because you weren't following instructions properly"

Three of these things were said to me by a doctor, guess which ones. I don't have the energy to respond to all these or give you the context to explain why they were insensitive. I just need to leave them here and move on. I have the blessing of "passing" as a non-disabled person and the curse of having to explain myself over and over again hoping someone will believe what they cannot see. You can't see pain. You can't see mental health struggles. You can't see that every time I drink water I can feel it dribble and slosh down my throat in waves.



It hurts. It hurts. It always hurts.

I want to reach inside and unclench it all.

I want to tug out my insides and make them outsides.

I wish I could pop out my gritty gnawing bones and scrub them clean in the sink.

It's all mashed in here and I can't find where-

If I could just pull it all out and

untangle

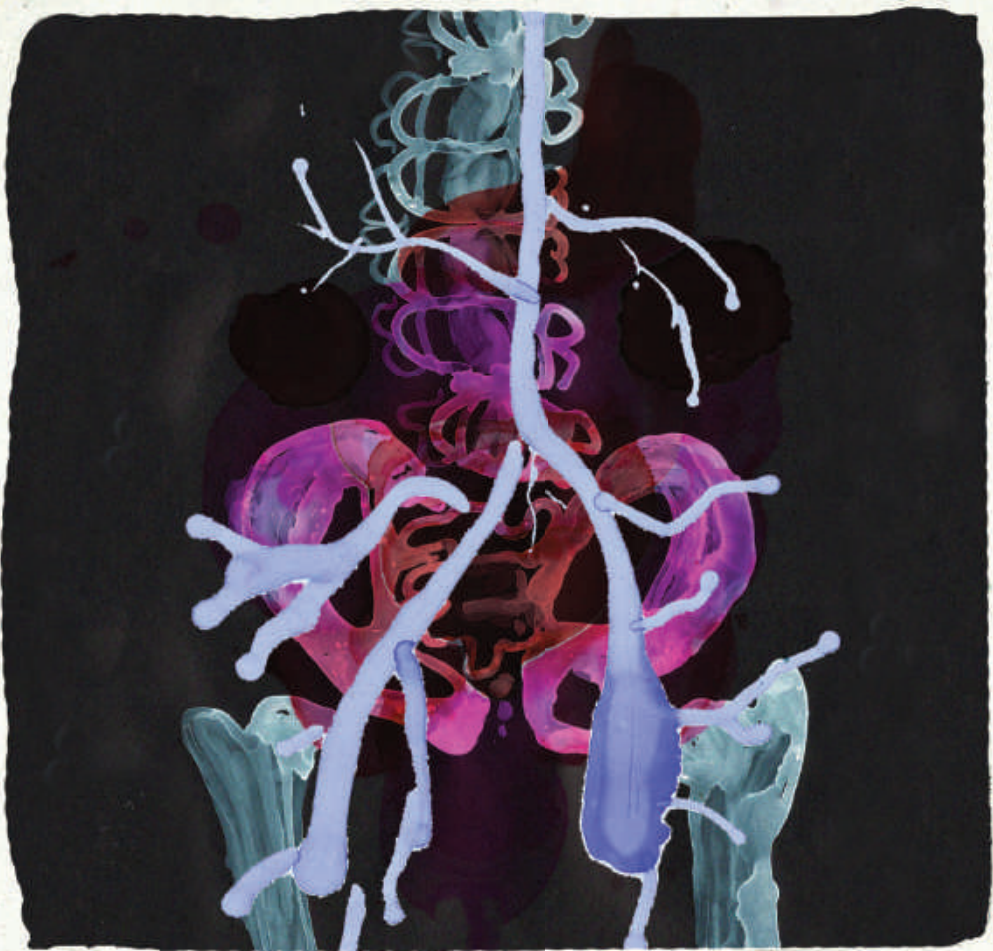
unhook

untether

This unidentifiable pain.







## WHAT CAUSED IT? WHERE IS IT COMING FROM?

I didn't want it to be anything but I wanted it to be something because it is something. It isn't nothing. I don't want to be diseased or fibroided or metriosed or inflamed or irritable boweled or any of it! But it is real and I'm in pain and if nobody names it then all the doctors and insurances and the whole wide world will keep telling me it's nothing. So what is it? Because it is something.

It is an understatement, at best, to say that managing a chronic illness without medical assistance (or honestly even with medical assistance) is difficult. Sad. Lonely. Painful. Often harmful. You get the idea. When appointments are scheduled out months in advance but your symptoms require treatment now, one must get... creative.

I have consulted 24-hour nurse helplines, I have texted my sister about a million times (also a nurse), I have scoured the internet (be careful with that one).

I have drank tea with marshmallow root and chamomile.

I have sucked on peppermint oil tummy mints to settle my stomach.

I have lived on a steady diet of chewable pepto bismol and pepto bismol goo; fiber gummies; protein shakes and juices and cookies and bars; and liquid calories anywhere I could find them.

But for lack of appetite, poor mood, pain, nausea, and anxiety, I have been reliant on weed.

Every Day I feel a little bit guilty. That deep and dreaded 'drugs are bad' feeling creeps into my self-image. Some days I feel as if maybe I am just some irresponsible and worthless stoner. I know

this is a relatively baseless accusation of myself. I feel better. Less scared. Less pain. I can eat. All good things but I can't shake this outdated and stigmatized identity. I don't even think this way about anyone else who uses marijuana.

We value sobriety but if I'm in this much pain all the time am I even sober? We worship these sober states. There is an ableist martyrdom to it, but I can't see how sitting and suffering helplessly is better than being a little bit high. Is suffering soberly really a better state to be in?

Maybe it is that I do not wish to be reliant on a substance to live comfortably-

though I use other substances-

Omeprazole for acid and digestion

Lymbatta for anxiety and depression

Zyrtec to keep my immune system's histamines from waging a random war in my body.

Wishing I wasn't reliant on substances is as futile as wishing away my diseases.

just sucking in that good  
leaf fume. to live.  
to consume.



I'm in a weird state of mind where I feel I must just move through each day.

Just survive it.

There is all this surrounding pressure to do more, be more, work harder.

But working harder when I needed rest is part of what got me in this mess.

I can rationalize when it is hard to eat and I have to step back down to mush or liquids.

It is much harder to discern when I need to take a step back on my work and stress load.

Fewer meetings.

Less thinking.

Less talking.

Just rest.

When it is hard to eat it is even harder to move, to create, to care.

But I'm a senior in college.

This is when I am supposed to be busting my ass and proving my work ethic.

It's the final stretch.

It feels like the straw that will break my back.

I will get my degree but at what cost?

I am accruing debt with student loan creditors, with my health and my sanity.

First, you burn out your mind.

Then if you continue your body will wear out on you.

Then you must rest because it's the only option,

and your mind rebuilds in a broken place

where all you get to look at is your ceiling

and everything is gray on your shuffle to the bathroom

and you learn to listen to the world happening without you.

I wish I could show you how hard I have been working-

The months of therapy but there is no grade for therapy.

The rigorous experimental drug trial.

The elimination diets.

The calls and visits and scheduling and insurance and talking to doctors.

The years of trying to find something that works

The hours I spent trying to feel good enough to come to whatever it is you invited me to.

The cookbook in my mind for what I can eat.

I promise I am not lazy.

I promise I am not trying to be a flake.

I promise I am not all that picky.

I promise I want to be on top of it all.

Now my decisions and choices seem to come less from rationality and time management

And instead, come from a weakened state of being ill.

I am suddenly unable to handle deadlines.



more please.



# WHAT CAN I EAT TODAY?

My time management is in shambles.

If I plan my time and energy as if I am fine,

I will surely get sicker and miss that deadline and let everyone down.

If I plan my time and energy as if I am ill,

I will surely have more time than I need and miss out on opportunities I could have taken on.

I am never right and I do not know the balance.

And once I have done it there will be more work to do.

Prove to some stranger that I should be the one to do their labor.

Prove to them I really want a job that I probably don't want.

I mean, I do want a job -any job- but working is hard on my body and mind.

I just want to rest but rest is really expensive.

And what happens when I do get the job and then I need to rest?

Will they fire me? Will they tolerate my antics of resting?





A Not Okay Day

A Bad Day  
Goop only  
Cream

A Really Bad Day  
ONLY  
Liquids  
Do not go eat in public  
will be a disaster. Keep  
drinking water ever if it  
or you feel full. Lots of sips  
today. Try peppermint tea or  
candy if you're nauseous.

An Okay-ish Day

OK two solid meals  
today and liquid wrap one out  
a. Optional: apple sauce, a  
lad and some Geritol, fruit's  
protein drink. Maybe thera-  
min.

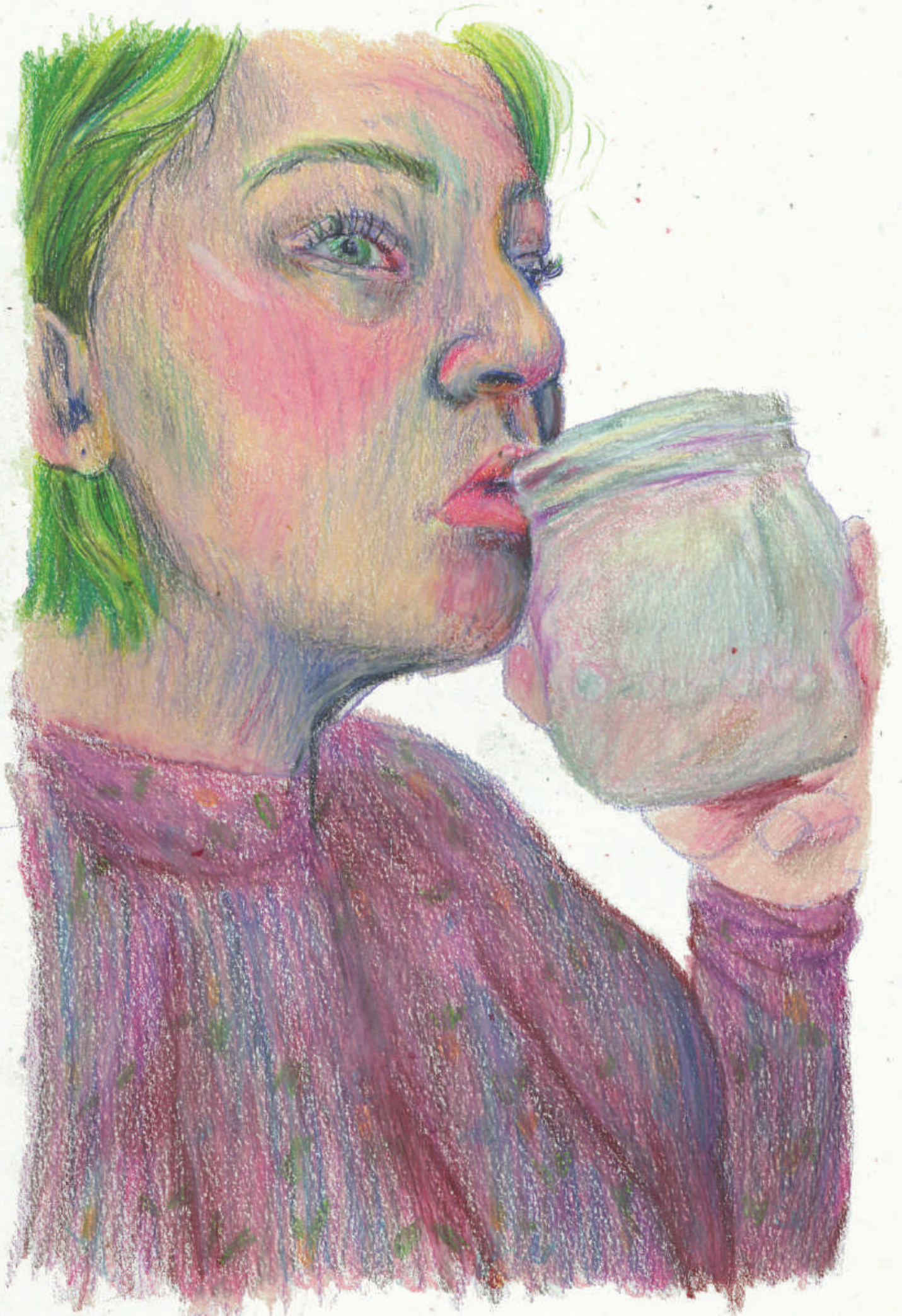


How ugly it is to be sick.

It isn't glamorous at all.

It's bodies.

It's veins and acids and injections and staring into toilet bowls until you fall asleep on the shower mat or up against the tub.



This lifestyle doesn't have an end.

If the illness goes on forever,

then the book goes on forever.

So read it again.

It is incurable

And so if the end of the book feels like the solution,  
then there will be no end.

It's Cyclical.

So read it again.

The same thing again.

Yes, seriously, this again.

"I already saw this! I already dealt with it!"

I know.

But go back and read it again.

Having to start over is the most chronic thing.

I know you don't want to but go back and swallow it again.

I know you don't want to but go back and think about it again.

Go back and read it again like you have to to survive.

actually help with muscle pain and cramping and  
anaphylaxis, only hives and itchy ears and a  
attack. Then I went to college and had  
through stages of recovery and and damage and  
wait, let me fix my penmanship - but I  
Though saying I "found out" is a bit misle  
years but I was putting it off and I wouldn't  
am very good at. Growth is too. But I could  
then so I stopped taking my meds and my  
at all and told me I was sick because  
because I was a silly little girl and I  
incorrectly and I should get another scope  
no and he told me to get it again and  
want to spend thousands on an unnecessary repeat  
from my parents and we weren't talking  
too but not really because it wasn't my fault  
I was untreated still so I got worse. That  
a lot and rode my bike to work every day ex  
a rock bottom that was much needed so that I  
helped me get insurance and I got right back to rep  
there was a pandemic and then I went off my meds  
without them I became a snarling dragon, breathing  
was very worried they all told me later. And I was worried  
I am charming. But my art

and body aches). Then there was no more  
constant looming fear of an anaphylactic  
spotty health insurance coverage and went  
discovery and of grief. And then I found out  
found out I had anxiety. And depression  
reading. It was more that I had suspected it for  
it let myself see it. Denial is something I  
it afford ~~to~~ to be sick right ~~then~~  
gastro doctor didn't read my file or chart  
everything I had tried wasn't going to help  
had probably just done the treatment  
even though I had just had one so I said  
I told him I couldn't afford it and I didn't  
procedure and he told me to borrow money  
much at the time and so I gave up on that  
because I was waiting to see a new Gastro  
summer I lived off of Ben & Jerry's and Sep  
for when I took the bus, I was in a detestable  
could know what bottom looked like. Then a friend's mom  
baiting myself. And then my tooth hurt again and then  
because I didn't like how they made me feel but  
fire at everyone. Biting. Bitter. So Angry. And even  
I'd never been so angry. And I have been in therapy  
is revolting. I am sick again and every nerve is my  
I've had more ideas but

