

“the scale” by Aljona Casingal.

i am a victim of your undoing,
being forced to do nothing but
spit numbers and point my arrow.

your right foot stepped first,
then the entirety of your mass followed.
weigh, recalculate,
104 lbs.

you pulled your hair in discontent
and came back that very evening,
but to no avail.
104 lbs
you sunk into the corner of the bathroom
floor, knees bent, fists balled, and knuckles
white. you cried as if losing the tears
would lose the weight you so yearningly
wished to disappear.

with the intent to make you happy,
i scraped off a digit during the weigh in
the next morning.
102 lbs.

you were ecstatic, but only for a second,
until you wrapped your thumb and index
finger around your wrist and whispered,
“i can do better.”

i could have forgiven you, for it was
nothing new to check the scale every
now and then. but you abused my power.
i became feeble because you pulled numbers
from the back of my throat
after every breakfast,
every lunch,
every dinner.

you trimmed off a few inches indeed,
but not once did your eyes sparkle.
not even on the days
you lost two pounds instead of one.

you stopped eating breakfast,
skipped lunch,
and threw out your dinner.
but you still came back to me,
this time after every sit up,
every jumping jack,
every abdominal crunch.

i could not bare this incessant routine
and by the looks of it,
nor could you.
your skin became blotches
of yellow and purple
your nails were brittle, lips cracked.
your hair crumbled and heaps
Fell into the trash can placed next
to me.

i am a victim of your undoing
but am becoming a witness at
your crime scene,
because your limbs are withering
and you're flesh is pallid and translucent

one day it'll be pasted
on the local newspaper
in times new roman, scrawled
across the header in bold italics,
"controlling her weight,
until weight controlled her."