

*a Little Golden Book of* eating disorders  
by katie o'brien



fuck fuck fucking bloating bile rising in my throat  
i *just*, so much, and fucking dietary restrictions

what an apt description  
that is

for fuck's sake

adulthood is accepting your aloneness, Brenda says, and that means not needing other people to wade through all of your shit with you you can wade through shit on your own and stick to your guns when you decide to cut out toxic people and when you want her you don't need to press send don't press send don't press send that's what journals and the internet are for

want

want want

want want

fucking Jesus I have such a headache

hate hate hate hate hate hate hate hate

hate

hate

,

can't sleep. hate sleeping and  
hate myself, sometimes.

(fuck me)

i **need** the hell outta Dodge **right** fucking now

i never want to wear (*anything*)  
other than what i'm wearing today  
which happens to be the same as Monday  
which happens to be the same as Sunday

depression is such a fucking bitch

/

/





i have a binge hangover  
and i don't want to leave my house.

hmmmmmmmmmm



*anxxxxiety*

want to text you and tell you ...something?

going to tuck it away here for later

don't actually know what to do with that sentiment

can barely get through an argument without losing my breath my temper

can barely get through a meeting with my boss without breaking brrrr eak 'ing

can barely get through a snack without crying feeling nauseous

pro jecting

pro gress,  
possibly

pro crastinating pro jects  
pro jectile *vomit*





*acknowledgments*

this book is dedicated to weight watchers and nothing tastes as good as skinny feels:

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little golden font

born

image:

pat benatar, c. 1979

chrysalis records