

Beyond the Looking Glass

By Dina Zeckhausen, Ph.D.

As a child I felt such hurt and shame
To survive I learned to play the game
Kept the secrets, learned to hide
Trapped inside.

Loathe the body I reflect
Shattered by the disconnect
Lie to myself that I am whole
Deny the hunger in my soul.

Decorate the outer shell.
And lock away the private hell.

Sculpted, carved, invincible.
Brittle, starved, invisible.
Fear every mirror I pass,
Can't see beyond the looking glass.

In a world that teaches that affection
Is reserved for those who reach
Perfection
It's Mother Nature we reject
Destroy the figure we reflect.

Glorify the false ideal
Just click and drag away what's real
Salvation from the surgeon's knife
A pill to quell the thirst for life.

Alter our genetic fate
The silent cry of body-hate.
Sculpted, carved, invincible.
Brittle, starved, invisible.
Fear every mirror I pass,
Help me see beyond the looking glass.

Safer to be admired than loved
But you said I was good enough.
My shame could not imagine why.
Your love for me felt like a lie.

Alone so long, I feared your touch
Believing I might need too much.
Thought I was just a pretty face
But you said I should take up space!

Though scared to love, I made the choice.
You listened, so I found my Voice.
Through your eyes I now can see
And love the far-from-perfect me.

In your heart, I'm finally home
'Cause I let myself be truly known.

I was
Sculpted, carved, invincible.
Brittle, starved, invisible.
Now I look into the mirror I pass,
And see beyond the looking glass.