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One Day

Katie Wartell

Pretty, sweet bile escapes from the throat of an average-looking girl.

The extreme heckling from the voices in her head congratulates her for the commitment.

“We couldn’t be more pleased that you’ve decided to fully dedicate yourself. Now do it again and act like you want this lifestyle more than ever!”

A sleek smile on her swollen translucent lips develops as she sends the contents and remains of her lunch down to its watery grave.

A wobbly, yet graceful stride to the sink, she unwinds the tool belt of her complicated misery.

Her secret is harbored behind the routine that is beginning to define her.

The tepid water refuses to drain the sickly taste that has embedded itself along her gum-line.

Sapphire colored toothpaste that dances with diamond specks exhausts itself to rid the stench in her mouth.

“A stick of minted gum will do the trick,” she mumbles to herself as she fumbles for her prearranged emergency kit, as if she knew that something would hit a snag.

Smug, but an unsatisfied look washes across her eyes knowing that her routine will come again, in due time.

For the practice that threatens her life will define her and it will eventually become her.

“One day,” she whispers into the unreflective mirror that reveals no soul, but a thinning body.

“One day...”