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Pie

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1. When I was nine my body rebelled against me. Wiry hairs sprouted beneath my arms and blanketed my private area. I couldn't make it stop. My arms clung to my sides—best not to remove them and release the stench of my unkempt puberty. I smuggled my mother's razor to erase the betrayal. Instead of satisfaction I received festering red bumps that turned white in the middle. The razor burn healed, the ingrown hairs burst and the cycle repeated itself.
2. I was a cheerleader and a cafeteria worker, attaining rights of food other students weren't privy to—extra dessert. As a fifth grader loaded down with food issues, I was in danger. It was the mini cherry pies—I shoved four or five of them in my mouth while washing the fourth graders' trays. Garrett, my best friend and childhood crush helped alongside me. Our lunch period began and I continued to beg pies off the trays of our friends. I was ashamed of my insatiable appetite and the look from Garrett saying all of the things I had heard before. In our early twenties, Garrett killed himself. They found him hanging and wearing the ring after a public proposal denied.
3. My grandfather took note of the changes of my body. "Watch out," he would say "you'll be as big as Two-Ton Tessie who couldn't fit through the front door." He taunted from a place of fear. Was he afraid of me, or for my body? The slender figure of my childhood vanished beneath the rolls of my belly. My chest blossomed and bounced when I walked. My grandfather warned me of all of the evils attached to my body. "They'll rape ya' sissy, ya' gotta watch out." He was afraid of my body.
4. Purging was the second coping mechanism I learned, next to silence. The first purge stains my memory and calls out to me daily, "Shed your sin, cleanse your soul, eradicate your bounce—you don't need it anymore." Thick chunks of cherry slime coated my fingers, those pies! I scrubbed my hands and the foul odor of my sin away. After the ritual I skipped out to the blacktop to play a game of kickball. I was not going to be a Two-Ton Tessie.
5. The bell rang lunch recess. I remember sliding my hands along the blue-brick of the hallway. I stopped at the girls' restroom and like the sorriest of sinners I was on my knees—piss soaked through my jeans and fingers jammed down my throat, a pleading purge. There was no turning back at this point.