

Oh, how in war you have been,
The chewed-off nails, the pulled frizzled hair,
The long dried delicate lining of your womb,
Who can only cry for the ruby blood it no longer holds the fuel to shed

1tbsp, peanut butter, 2 pears for lunch and 3 raisins for dinner
Oh, little girl if only you knew,
That you aren't an ant, you aren't a bag of bones
but a leader, a daughter, a friend and a human.

I take your thinned-out hair,
Brush it with rosemary-infused bamboo combs,
Detangling the curls you've long forgotten to brush
I wash your hair with cold bejewelled water,
Letting the crispness cut through your long sleeping cells,
And to run through your veins, and
cleanse the tears and demons
You've long tanked up.

I take you downstairs and cook you not one
But 2 eggs, with the warm sunned yolks bathed in a coat of ghee
And serve you 2 pieces of bread and a glass of milk
Which you forget to the calories of.

And take your delicate shaken hands, and hold them in mine,
As you savour the taste of each little bite.
For a moment there you were, as if 5 years younger
in your grandma's kitchen
Who smelled of lavenders and kindness.

5 years before you had learnt about the worth of each nibble,
Before food had rejected its blessing,
And enforced war against you and your spirit.
Before your body was no longer your home
And you had lost all safety in yourself and the world around you

Well, there we were you and I.
Against all odds,
Eating 2 eggs and 2 pieces of sourdough rye.
With every cell in our bodies thriving in gratitude
for health, and the safety you've given it.
And for giving up the war,
and letting your belly fill itself to
the fullness of
the Warmth and love
Of 2 eggs and 2 pieces of sourdough rye.