

## **Diamond**

I had to eat. I had to eat, I had to eat, my porridge bowl was full, but still I wanted more, a whole mouth's full, and so I would eat.

“Mother,” I had said out, when I was young, “Why are we at the amusement park?”

She smiled, turning to me, baring full teeth. “Because we’re here, dear.” She closed the visor and we head outdoors.

The first ride was the merry-go-round, and when that was no fun, up on the water slide we would go, I up above and her waiting below, still with her bared teeth.

Mother, I almost wanted to ask, why are you having so much fun?

But I never did. Back at home, and hiding under my covers, she would come in, and raise the blankets covering my feet.

“Tickle tickle!” She’d said, whispered out, and only under her breath.

In the mornings I liked to act like I’d forgotten all about it. Here I was, at my breakfast table, trying to eat my cereal.

At my fourties, I still had eating problems. I would eat too much of this, and I would eat too much of that. It wasn’t that my plate was too full, it was that it was never full, and on the grayest, solemn of days, I’d liked to exit and shout.

But, instead I did not. I stood on the sidewalk, before I went out and took a little walk.

I made little circles around the block. I was certain that I’d burn something off, if I continued on just like this, but I didn’t, and so the walk grew awkwardly long. Longer and longer

it went, and I would peer into trashcans and other people's backyard gardens, as though it would have told me something.

I made another turn.

The mornings I'd filled with eating cereal. Always the same cereal, Raisin Bran. Okay, now you might say, how on Earth is anybody addicted to eating Raisin Bran, but listen up. It wasn't so much as a matter of how, but a matter of why. Growing up I was almost certain that I'd be addicted to Raisin Bran.

The endless consume. The endless answer. Here, on my spoon, was another spoonful of Raisin Bran. Oh, how I had dearly lusted after this object, this dear and beloved Raisin Bran, and so I would eat it, every time.

Out, into my mouth, was another sugary spoonful.

"How were you going to find a girl with this?" A lonesome voice asked me in my mind. My mouth was still full with a spoonful. "I don't know," I'd said, responded back. No, no, I shovelled, and by the darkest, eave of the night, I came about to look at myself. Catching the reflection of myself, reflected back on the shiny black screen of my now locked tablet, I crumpled into, and cringed at myself.

No one, no girl, would date this fat fuck.

I put away the tablet and laid flat on my cold bedsheets. It was nice, that it was cold.

"I can't do anything," I said, then, suffocating.

In my nightmare, in my dreams, I was drowning. I held out a thin piece of paper, someone told me to have crumpled it, so I did, and now out on the paper I could hardly read it's words.

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Was what the paper would read, but it was shooting too far and fast through the universe, at lightspeed. And out, just as I reached out for it, was a hitchhiker, laughing at me. “Mighty place to take a hike, bud!” He’d said, before he zoomed off from me. I, was falling, and in that moment, I did not catch his name, or his face.

Things had started to get better for me.

I had gained back some healthy amount of weight. I had done it with some courage, though most nights I only had it in me to only eat yogurt. I held the spoon up to my lips, this was it oh yes of course, and so I’d swallow, gone were my future opportunities and my bygones, all the fears that had begun to haunt me, and in me I would begin to see the dissipate of smoke, a spoken word.

“Do you love me?”

A helvetica note on a cue card sized piece of paper, before it begun to be fluttered by in the wind.

A girl, a chosen girl, and I’d chose to far her with a smile.

A shared muffin between our hands.

Tomorrow the future bloomed, and tomorrow the fears would beckon, blacken,

until I'd only heard smoke. Fire, ashes, we all  
fall down.