

It's Not Real Because It's in an Organ They Cannot See.

My kidneys aren't real, did you know that? All my sugars in my body get processed by this imaginary thing in my stomach cavity, of their own ambition to break down, to weep out of a different organ—not by kidneys anymore, not by bladder but by two: my eyes, sugar instead of salt.

Do you remember when I cried diamonds? Do you remember me, thinking it would be pain, thinking that I would cut my corneas but if I were to make value with my body, if I were to stop imagining the hurt, the hurt would be my imagining? Do you remember yourself, peeling

off my socks, gripping my Achilles' tendons, mansplaining your way through convincing me that my body image was actually a willpower issue, that I was folding my feet to fit silk-wrapped shoes, to force a fit to a different view of me? Your lies were made of silk as you bound them around my feet. Don't tell me it didn't happen.

Your memory does not weave written history. I remember: my big toe was in the way—that was what mattered to you—even though I, your carny freak show, was weeping *rough-cut diamonds*, even though I was worthy of appraisal. But for all they were to you they could have been grains of Sugar

In The Raw, sugar not yet processed, sugar without the ambition to be folded to fit your silk shoes. Sugar, I don't go to the gym. Sugar, your fucking abs look like cancer. Sugar, lick my tears and taste my pressure. Feel my heat—*plink!*—solid through your hair hanging over my stubborn

big toe. Ask me again if my body standards—if my Achilles' tendons—are a willpower issue. Ask me again if I'm processed, Sugar: Don't tell me I never woke up. Don't say that my diamonds aren't real, that if I put all my fears in my big toe—and cut off my big toe—it might be easier to function.