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POEMS FROM EDP

by

Bridget Heuvel

A Creative Writing Project
Submitted to the Faculty of Graduate Studies
Through the Department of English and Creative Writing
in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for
the Degree of Master of Arts
at the University of Windsor

Windsor, Ontario, Canada

2022

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POEMS FROM EDP

by

Bridget Heuvel

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April 20th 2022

DECLARATION OF ORIGINALITY

I hereby certify that I am the sole author of this thesis and that no part of this thesis has been published or submitted for publication.

I certify that, to the best of my knowledge, my thesis does not infringe upon anyone's copyright nor violate any proprietary rights and that any ideas, techniques, quotations, or any other material from the work of other people included in my thesis, published or otherwise, are fully acknowledged in accordance with the standard referencing practices. Furthermore, to the extent that I have included copyrighted material that surpasses the bounds of fair dealing within the meaning of the Canada Copyright Act, I certify that I have obtained a written permission from the copyright owner(s) to include such material(s) in my thesis and have included copies of such copyright clearances to my appendix.

I declare that this is a true copy of my thesis, including any final revisions, as approved by my thesis committee and the Graduate Studies office, and that this thesis has not been submitted for a higher degree to any other University or Institution.

ABSTRACT

My MA thesis, *Poems From EDP* presents a poetic memoir and accompanying essay that examines my 4 months spent in an eating disorder inpatient care program from January 21st 2019 to May 20th 2019. I utilize a series of experimental poetic forms to interweave the documentation I encountered within inpatient care and the erased individual beyond the documented patient. These poems mix conceptual, concrete, lyrical and prosaic poetry to create a subjective representation of inpatient care, one that acknowledges both a patient point of view and an institutional point of view. Mixing conceptual poetry with lyrical and prose poetry creates a more accurate representation of inpatient care where both the patient and the institution that treats them is highlighted. The mixing of forms of poetry creates an opportunity to reflect on how mental health is treated, where a one size fits all treatment plan is put in place despite the distinct differences between patients and their mental illnesses. *Poems From EDP* balances the human side of inpatient care playing with humour trauma and memory alongside the institutional where the patient is reflected solely through the documentation left behind after they exit the program.

DEDICATION

If you need this,

it is for you.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

There are a number of people to thank for this work:

Dr. Susan Holbrook for both her literary and emotional support throughout writing this project.

Dr. Nicole Markotić and Dr. Louis Cabri for supporting my creative writing throughout my MA.

My family for supporting me throughout the very emotional process of writing about a time period in my life as painful as it was necessary.

All my co-patients from EDP who inspired me to write this story. There is much change that needs to occur in how we treat mental illness. I hope for the people reaching for recovery today and in the future that our system can be adapted to treat not the illness but the individuals behind it.

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Community meeting

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Meal checks in cafeteria

Schedule

Big picture

Bannagrams

What do you meme → Adjust game instructions (Like bannagrams)

Trauma group (Confidential)

After **Confidential**

Music therapy

Without my ED *without my ED*

Cat magazine

getting close

getting sicker

Leaving

Horticulture

Art therapy

the incident in Art therapy

our own paint nite.

Women Laugh differently when it's just Women

DEAR MAN

Choose
one

Trigger Warning:

potentially triggering subjects

Tigger warned piglet to stay away from the heffalump:

sexual, physical, and emotional abuse.

Trigonometry warns engineers when they've done something wrong:

disordered eating

Temperature fluctuations warm up climate crisis:

mental health inpatient care treatment

Teigans wanted for hot single mom:

thoughts of suicide and self harm

Warning lights trigger human landslide:

arguments with nurses

Welcome sign falls on intolerable visitors:

disassociation

Wonder woman trips on warning sign and falls into pita painting:

feelings of low self worth

Tiger eats wounded penguin that escaped from zoo enclosure:

moments of high anxiety

Wednesday mortally wounds Thursday for standing in front of him:

friendship and hope

Tower wobbles sending cheerleaders flying:

way too much crocheting

Tweeter's wifi shuts down ending fatalistic live stream:

paperwork, so much paperwork

Waffle ticket gets lost and decides to become pancake instead:

the occasional dance party

Worry wart thinking shuts down universal computer controlling society:

piano man sing alongs

Triple topped ice cream rolls off cone and becomes ice cream tree:

gender reveal cupcakes

Wisdom topples and society becomes anarchy:

one patient driven coup

Total wipeout ends in societal catastrophe:

recovery

Proceed with caution.

Hello Bridget,

Your admission date is for Mon Jan 21 @ 10am. Please come to the Admitting office.
Here is a copy of the admission booklet. Any questions call the number above.

Take care,
Admitting

Can bring: 2 bags? More for EDP?
Must have clothes, hygiene products, hobbies?
Books
No drugs, razors, knives etc.
Fuck I hope there's wifi.
Facetime not allowed on ward for privacy.

I'm scared
4



Do I have a choice?

Ha! semi is \$25200 and you think I would choose private.

Yay! Another ID Number to add to my thousand others.

Thank you for using my name.

5 months later and we finally have financial information.

Re: H-149540 Bridget Heuvel
Please review the following financial information. If you agree to pay as stated, please complete the bottom portion of this form, and fax it back to the Admitting Department. The confidential fax number is Confidential.

Daily Accommodation Rates (please indicate your preferred accommodation):

Semi Private Accommodation self-pay portion is \$210/day

\$330.00\day Mother's Insurance will pay \$120/day, (four months after submitting a claim I've given up on my father's insurance paying a cent.)

Private Accommodation self-pay portion is \$280/day

\$400.00\day Mother's Insurance will pay \$120/day,

How is this without health care covered?

Payment on day of admission is \$6,300.00 (semi-private) and three (3) post-dated payments for \$6,300.00, or \$8,400.00 (private) with three (3) post-dated payments for \$8,400.00.

Payment must be made on day of admission for the first 30 days. Should the client be here less than 120 days, a refund will follow, based on the daily rate. Any further stay beyond the 120 days will require further monies.

Yes, yes healthcare costs, we know.

By signing below the client is indicating that they are aware that the rate-of-accommodation will increase effective April 1, 2019. If the client's payment is affected by this increase, the client agrees to pay the difference.

Increase? WTF?

Please indicate how the above costs will be paid. If payment is by credit card and the payer will not be present at time of admission, please complete the second page of this form.

I'm not making my parents foot a higher bill just for my comfort.

I think I'll stay longer?

We'll pay by cheque at intake four separate cheques are all ready.

Dad:
School info:
Student #: 134 296 587
Email: heuvel@gmail.com
Degree: English and Creative Writing



Father's insurance claim:
*contact dean for note claiming med leave.
*submit claim again, call 1-800-721-3838
*Contact inpatient care to confirm program is inpatient care.

Monday—

4pm:

Patient

tires of “fancy” food

looks up restaurants

clings to the idea of easy—please godammit

6pm:

orders a chorizo bowl

side eyeing mystery meat

eats 3 pieces of sausage,

15 spoonfuls of rice and veg

pushes bowl to the side.

7pm:

embraces bed sheets

curls toes up into chest

watches shitty hotel tv

a pause before sleep.

9pm:

flicks lights into darkness

edges between

shivering restlessness

and oblivion.

Tuesday—

4am:

eyes hard, crusted

teardrops breaking apart

morning stillness

not ready to wake.

7am:

raindrop cleansing,

drapes body

in sweatpants

and t-shirt

8am:

complimentary breakfast

a stirring of pop pop

and 1%

2 cups of tea to wash down food

she doesn't want.

10am:

Patient enters
the waiting space
brown haired girl
settles in front of her
merges together
A gasped space

the clenched hands of mothers'
anxiety erupting from
pursed lips and hushed silence
emptiness.

Unforgiving flesh wiggles, a sadness
transforming into double chins
and crunched eyelids

10:15am:

Dimes and dollars emerge from
a cheque,
a credit card number,
recovery-always-has-a-cost-and-we-are-the-fortunate

10:30am:

Nurse A wanders in—no scrubs
nor sigh or sign
to ID her placement in
this florescent home
but necklace and number
hanging round her neck.
She ushers bodies through florescent
hallways
the greenhouse, the elevator
ED-patients-are-not-allowed-to-take-the-stair
EDP
yellowed sheets, and curled paint
wave lethargically when patient arrives.

Welcome to EDP:

Where hallways ease
into rooms
beds arranged two by two
showers slightly flooded
windows cooling
the too hot furnace.
There is love here,
in the hard water
brittling hair
the dry air
cracking skin.
A locked
courtyard door (too cold to enter)
torments
cold against chest and head,
a deception
and
between the cobblestones
there is love here.
Hearts frame the
common room door.
Hallways melding,
the doors of friends
opened and revealing.
Secrets and gossip
spilling outward
and there is love here.

Upon exit,
these hallways
tunnel away
The taunts of men
walking by the
program,
the mockery of women
shifting hatred
into our bodies.
We are sluts
we are whores
we are asking for it
we starve for men
we are perfectionists
we did this to ourselves
we are not really sick

we just want to get fucked
we...
stand alone and together
shift hatred
distil self loathing until
we can measure against
accusations, assault
fear, here—
we are supposed to be safe,
but outside EDP
into the greater world of
our mental health facility
we are nothing but bodies, again.

Rounds Sheet: February 27th 2019

Current Privilege Level: 2^b

Life threatening or therapy interfering behaviours:

Dancing

Digging nails into palm

Please rate the following urges on a scale of 0-5

Overall ED urges this week: 3

Overall self harm urges this week: 3

Overall substance use this week: 0

Please identify 2-3 skills and describe how and when you practiced them this past week:

Mindfulness during meals/ wise mind—used observe during snacks

Alternate rebellion— at breakfast for perfectionist habits wore pjs to sat breakfast

Wise mind: breathe in wise out mind during groups/community meeting

Regarding activity and privilege level do you believe this should increase or stay the same:

They should increase I feel that I have learned what I can at level 2 and need the higher challenge level 3 offers me.

Additional requests:

DBT Diary Card

Name: *Bridget Huevel*

Week of: *Feb 20th-27th*

Situation, Thoughts and Feelings

Wednesday: Tired and Fucked up. I want to close my eyes and surrender into silent slumbers, edge golden towards darkness.

Thursday: I fell, I fell through the air and felt nothing, nothing but the pain in my head.

Friday: The stars have become shadows of a shadow

Saturday: Roses and red converse

Sunday: I totally remember how to breathe, I swear

Monday: I'm sorry I never said goodbye. If I can carve hatred into my ribs, then I can carve forgiveness with the pen.

Tuesday: "He whose face gives no light, shall never become a star." —suck on that nurse S.

Friendship:

Carnelian hearts knot together
intricate valves, crocheted
together, beating
the honk honk of laughter refraining
over spilt earl grey tea, spilling love into pillars of affection,
twisting sculptural tributes of adoration
messy pottery mugs proclaiming self love
a timid slurring towards recovery
gorgeous gorgeous girls
arm on arm on arm,
octopus hugs entangled, a circuit
of geese gossiping
raving rants and dissing nurses at 10pm
every room,
always love.

Artifacts:

My carnelian heart made a box a home, left and lost while moving. The fragmented letters I wrote to family and friends lie in boxes, or recycled lost in the shifting of bodies. Amazon and Chapters orders unread in ripped open envelopes addressed to 4D, books I have yet to find the time to read. The wool socks I was gifted when I left, worn out from two years of good use, but unworn for the past year, the handmade edges softened by warm feet nearing their tearing point. Baby hats next to daisy granny squares too itchy to be donated alongside the rest. Young Living essential oils grace drawers, sunny scents of oranges and juniper imbue cork storage boxes unused without a diffuser to release their scent. A digestion oil roller in a pocket of my desk overused, its fennel scent tinting the air. A rainbow umbrella somewhere unknown misplaced, taken, stored, expired in the move from Windsor to Peterborough a bitter memory of paying \$50 for an umbrella that costs \$20 on amazon. I have yet to buy a replacement. Winston, the grey Chapters elephant, on my bed softened by the repeated embrace of arms, nails, thumbs, fingers. The endless, file folders, lesson plans, rules, instructions, meal plans, schedules, brochures, are plied

and pleaded into place, the binder stuffed fully with trauma and hopes of promises that were never satisfied. Where will the memories fit? The wool socks fit sock drawer sized spaces, the baby hats take baby hat sized storage space, the oils fit inside grounding kits, even Winston has a space on the bed alongside Drake the dragon and the Hufflepuff Build-a-Bear I built when I was depressed. All these artful facts have a place outside of memory. The memories do not fit in storage, instead they carry questionable truths challenged by nurses, social workers, dissociative states, cornered moments listening to music I don't remember trying to get the fuck out without actually leaving, smells of places I don't recall, and cold days spent sitting by the patio door, locked in, voices I wouldn't recognize, faces I miss dearly but barely know, as though I only glanced at them, ceramic art that i don't remember painting, hands I haven't felt the embrace of, the curve of flesh unidentified, tea I've never tasted, stolen moments of calm between fear and unreality.

Refeeding:

Farts, fucked up shits, gas throb
constipation, fainting,
re-feeding syndrome,
fatigue, weakness days
spent in wheelchairs,
confusion, seizures,
heart failure,
high blood pressure,
breathlessness, coma,
death, electrolyte imbalances
until you re-teach your body to digest.

3 Week Meal Plan:

Week 1	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
Breakfast	Cereal Fruit Milk Cheese Tea	Toast PB Yoghurt Juice	Cereal Fruit Milk Cheese Tea	Bagel Cheese Yoghurt Fruit Tea	Toast PB Yoghurt Fruit Tea	Oatmeal Cheese Yoghurt Fruit Tea	Cereal Fruit Milk Cheese Tea
Snack	Fruit with pudding cup	Yoghurt with fruit	Fruit with pudding cup	Yoghurt with fruit	Granola bar	Fruit with pudding cup	Muffin with yoghurt
Lunch	Ham/ cheese sandwich Juice Salad Fruit	Shrimp Rice Broccoli Salad Fruit Juice	Ham/cheese sandwich Juice Salad Fruit	Egg burrito Salad Juice Fruit	Kofkas Salad Milk Fruit Juice	Ham/cheese sandwich Salad juice Cookie	Curry chicken Rice Cauliflower Milk Salad Cookie
Snack	Fruit roll up	Rice Krispie square	Fruit roll up	Nutrigrain bar	Rice Krispie square	Nutrigrain bar	Muffin
Dinner	Shrimp Rice Broccoli Salad Fruit Milk	Leftovers	Pan seared steak Shallots potatoes Milk Salad Yoghurt	Kofkas Swiss chard Alas Milk Cookies	Leftovers	Curry chicken Rice Salad Balsamic Parmesan cauliflower Milk Fruit	Veggie burritos Salad Milk Cookies
Snack	Cupeake	Strawberries dipped in chocolate	Cupeake	Animal crackers with fruit	Cookies with milk	Package of sour patch kids	Animal crackers with fruit

How it Really Went:

Week 1	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
Breakfast	Left — Waited anxious by back doors	Woke up to acid rushing up throat	Woke up anxious and nauseous Tea	cried	Chai tea and ice water? no?	Told it would pass Fruit Tea	Cereal Fruit Ate breakfast between heaves Tea
Snack	a granola bar — too little but...	called aunt	Hacked up acid Fruit	called doctor	Cried Granola bar	3 days later	pudding
Lunch	Ham/cheese sandwich got into car — Ate at park by river	panic packed bag	Tried oatmeal —	Collapsed — napped	Held bowl to face while driving	dehydrated	soup and crackers — all lost
Snack	cookies w milk	curled up on couch — cried	Lost it	Unable to stomach Nutrigrain bar	Told to take Ativan (I didn't)	sick — went back	ativan
Dinner	pizza — too tired after driving home for much more	ginger ale and soda crackers	Fruit?	Pasta? nope — no definitely not	Told to keep up with meds Pasta again?	Told to eat no matter what — Fuck	tears and fish sticks
Snack	Got to new apartment	Slept	Lost it	Unable to... Animal crackers with fruit	Told to drink fluids	pudding	pudding and a bath

Confidential:

Confidential was repeatedly **Confidential**
by her **Confidential**
she can't **Confidential**
without **Confidential**
and is **Confidential** each moment
she **Confidential**.

Confidential was **Confidential** in
her **Confidential** and **Confidential**
by her **Confidential**
After her **Confidential**
at **Confidential**
she went to a **Confidential** and
was **Confidential** in the
Confidential of their **Confidential**.
She can't **Confidential**
Confidential unless
she's in the **Confidential**.

Confidential watched her
Confidential get **Confidential**
while she was **Confidential**
as the **Confidential**.
She isn't **Confidential**
with her **Confidential**
anymore.

Confidential was **Confidential**
while on **Confidential**
during **Confidential**
at **Confidential**
they **Confidential**
for being **Confidential**.

I was **Confidential**, **Confidential**
and **Confidential**
for **Confidential**
from when I was **Confidential**
to when I **Confidential**
by my **Confidential**.
I loved him.

Welcome to the Bunch!

SET-UP

1. Place all 144 biases, fears, and losses face down in the centre of the table. Together we are the BUNCH.
2. Each patient draws their 'STARTING CONDITION' from the BUNCH.

HOW TO PLAY

Object: Be the first to prove you are recovered (even if it is detrimental to you health).

1. To start any player calls out "SPLIT!" This signals the beginning of the race. Arrange your biases and fears face up for all to see. Rearrange at anytime. Turn over a new tile recover your sense of modestly. Hide away again.
2. Whenever a player places their last secret on their grid that person calls out "PEEL!" to signal the striping of their self from their flesh. Every player must add another secret to the mix.
3. At any point in time during the game, you may call out "DUMP" signaling the removal of whatever shit is taking up your head. You must take three more secrets, but they need not be your own. This has no effect on other players.

WINNING!

When all the secrets have been depleted, the first person to reveal all their truths and call out BANANAS wins, and is declared TOP BANANA.

The other players may now examine the winners secrets, if there is a hint of deceit the other players call out ROTTEN BANANA and the game begins again.

Outdoor Break:

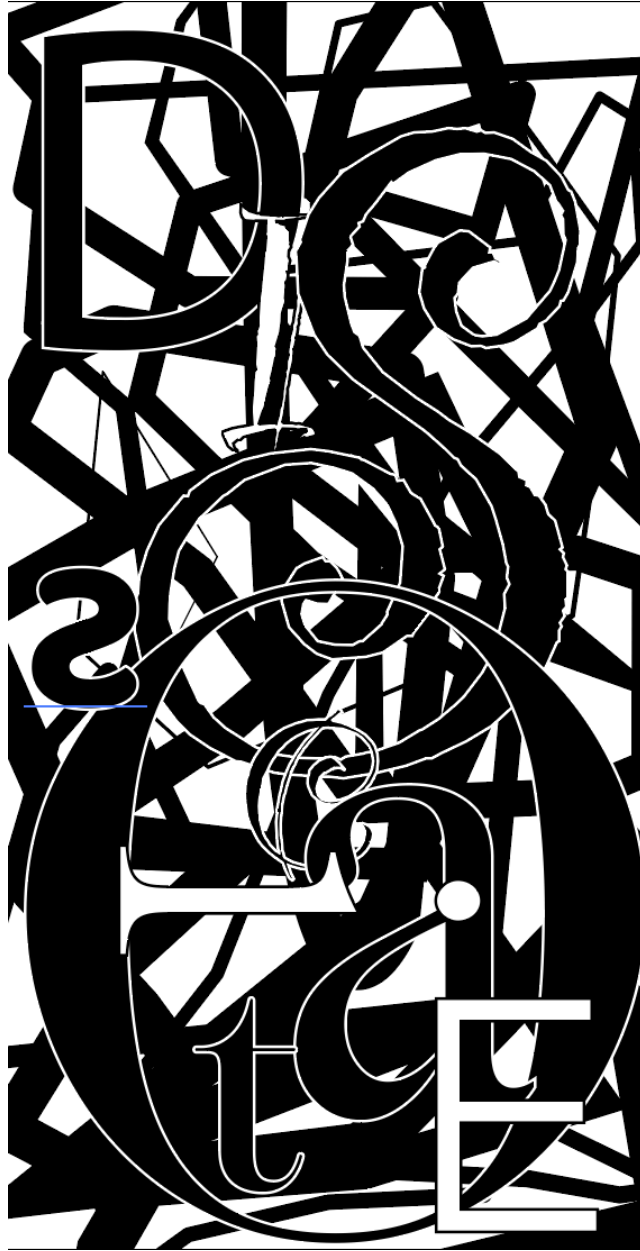
(walk, measured, collected, controlled) we are gallumping geese rushing the hill
Settle into snow upholstered furniture
the puff puff of warmth hitting tomato cheeks (fuck, I could use a joint right now)
the cold feels warm when it's only once a week.

And I need to feel—
a clang of ice
underneath feet
stinging numb cheeks
breath freezing in
iciness and darkness
the ache of frozen
crackling wind chimes
(a memory of ice,
a river orchestra of water chimes)
beyond

We circle and break apart
covent of recovery
kicking snowballs to each other
 (Rule breakers)
Settling into
Into the 15 minutes of
tranquil.

Interlude:

Once coming back from a pass dissociated, disoriented, distressed I ate a piece of chocolate in front of my prime nurse and a co-patient. She yelled at me for 5 minutes, threatening me with getting kicked out, informing me of the impact it could have on co-patients, telling me what a shitty thing I did. My dissociative state and her ire created a sink hole out of my mind, sucking me away. Left me—Icy, shivering, hands, numb, shaking, curled up, sobbing. My prime nurse walked, she needed a moment, and left vanishing into the nurses station where I could hear her laughter from my hiding place. I was scared, my body immobile, I wanted to get as fucking far away from there as possible, forced stillness into my body—held on. She returned after 15 minutes said she was sorry, she needed a moment, and when I asked her through my tears if I was getting kicked out, she laughed.



Wise Mind:

One Stone flake on the lake,
nudge, lift off earth crust
a wave of embraces
curls around soft edges.
Rise twice swiftly
ease downwards
waving at three fish
through the descent.
Catch currents
four sand stones
breaking
with each embrace.
The shearing of anxiety
with each break.

Walking down spiral stairs.
One rusty iron iris
curling into a bouquet.
Balance two toes on curved leaves.
Heels on earth worn rust,
an earthly damp haze
three
breathe
exhale
four, descend.

Breathing "wise" in and "mind" out.
Wise 1, 2, 3, 4
Mind 1, 2, 3, 4

Thought Record:
Noun-THôt rekærd

A thing constituting a piece of evidence about the past stuff focusing on an individuals thoughts and emotions. Something I still have no clue how to properly write.

Situation:

I have a week where I struggle a lot. Nursing emails team requesting time. Time doesn't happen that day and is not scheduled at all, despite issue never being addressed ~~except~~ with meds. I have to go ask for support despite it already being requested, that gives me little time and makes me rush through explaining myself. I submit thought records handed them back and told they're wrong and to ask for support from IDT or nursing. Nursing is emphasized and I feel like IDT staff has no time for me. This is apparent since when I ask for time there is not time till next week. * I understand I don't have a 1:1 that doesn't mean I should be deprioritized.

Emotions or

Physical

Sensations:

Panic
helpless
worthless
isolated
powerless
hurt
angry

Negative

self talk/
Automatic

Thoughts:

apparently
I'm not
worth
support
I'm worthless
I don't
deserve love
or care
I'm not
worth
people's time
I'm not a
priority
I'm not good
enough
I'm not
trying hard
enough
I'm a failure
I'm a fuck up

Evidence

That

Supports the

Thought:

The support I need at the time was not given or followed up on despite still needing it. When I've requested support in the past more often than not I'm ignored. Even when really sick / upset a nurse still acted like I was taking too much of her time. There was no follow up given. When I was handed back the thought records the emphasis was on asking a nurse suggesting IDTs were unavailable to me.

Evidence

that does

not Support

this

Thought:

some support was given at the time social work did fit me in briefly when I went directly to them

Alternative

Thought:

I'm trying.

Emotion or

Feeling:

Numb
tired
isolated

DEAR MAN—a strategy for communicating effectively

Describe:

You are here to help me and my co-patients cope in high stress situations. The I was dissociating and having a panic attack you left be alone because you “needed a moment.” When you left I heard you enter the nurse lounge and heard you burst out laughing.

Express:

I felt alone, abandoned, dissociative and scared. I needed you to help me ground in that moment and for reassurance that I would not be punished. Instead you scolded me and left me alone while in a dissociative state.

Assert:

I would like you to be present when you are supporting me. I needed you there to keep me present in that moment and you’re leaving made my dissociation and fear significantly worse. In the future I would appreciate you taking the time to help me cope in the moment and to go over coping strategies together for future moments where I’m alone.

Reinforce:

This would help me significantly in my recovery and make it easier for you to support me in the long run.

Mindfulness:

broken record—I would like your support in getting through moments of high distress

Appear confident: Shoulders back, keep a calm level voice keep repeating what you want out of the discussion. Don’t let her leave without resolving the issue. Don’t let her leave. Don’t let her leave. Do not apologize

Negotiate: I understand that you have more than me for a patient and that occasionally this job can be overwhelming. If we could go over coping strategies together and come up with a plan for next time that would be great as well.

Crappy Poem:

sigh language this was sign language but honestly sigh is much better
as though forming sentences in silence WTF?

our silence fills the silence, empty okay we've said empty and silence how many times now
these signs don't work I can see Dr. Markotic writing show don't tell, Bridget, show don't tell
they are empty copses this was canvases but I was gagging on the cliché
empty page hergggg, glergh, man that is so cliché it makes me nauseous
if this is silence there goes that word again

then too much Markotic would have murdered me by now (sheld be right to)

is said sigh...

too much is said you've said nothing in the past two lines so obviously there's not much to be said
in empty spaces FUCK what was wrong with my brain when I wrote this... ohh wait malnutrition.
only to-fill or fail?- it's pretty unclear which one is here but I have no fucking clue what my own
writing says so it shall remain a mystery if this was incomplete (likely because it was terrible) or
simply really badly ended.

and then I quote the cat and the moon by Yeats, as I do:

Do you dance Minnoloushe do you dance when two close kindred meet
and feel wholly inadequate in the face of greatness.

**Minnaloushe, do you
dance?**

Lift your elegant
black toes
strike the moon
hands lifted
into starlit arms.

Minnaloushe,
curl your tongue
curve your lips
round worn
blemishes.

Minnaloushe,
the eclipse
births you
childlike curvatures
suckling from
the drip of light
sunning the moon.

You drink her whole
Minnaloushe.
Run breaking
the embrace
only to return
the curling
of toes and whiskers
to a silent waltz.

Minnaloushe,
why do you
shun her?
Why break the embrace
swallow the
milky fragments
of a mother's love
erase her light
only to be erased?

Rounds Sheet: Wednesday March 6th 2019

Current Privilege Level: 3^b

Please identify any life threatening or therapy interfering behaviours:

Rate the following urges:

Overall ED urges this week: 1.5

Overall self harm urges this week: 2

Overall substance use urges this week: 0

Identify 2-3 skills and describe how and when you practiced them this week:

Turning of the mind/ radical acceptance during meals

Opposite action — Knitting and fidgeting instead of picking at nails

Regarding activity levels do you believe this should increase or stay the same:

I would like to move up to C next week as I feel it would help with restless leg syndrome and be similar to what Dr. Batman prescribed (15 min walks every night before bed) without putting strain on the nurses.

Additional requests or questions:

1:1 with music therapist

DBT Diary Card

Name: *Bridget Huevel*

Week of: *Feb 27th-March 5th*

Situation, Thoughts and Feelings

Wednesday: Boxes, boxes, I killed the cat it didn't come back.

Thursday: You cannot punish me I am the black hole of souls

Friday: The appendix, the ovaries, the uterus, the capillaries, the stomach, the tongue, just tell me what you what, you can fucking have it.

Saturday: Fuck it Fuck it Fuck it Fuck it Fuck it Fuck it Fuck it Fuck it Fuck it Fuck it Fuck it Fuck it Fuck it Fuck it Fuck it Fuck it Fuck it

Sunday: Here comes a candle to light you to bed, here comes a chopper to chop off your head.

Monday: Honey—in the honeycomb, beeswax sealing lips

Tuesday: Lady-Lady-Lady mother of all—

Situation:

Two roads
diverged in a
wood, and I
— I have
eaten the
plums that
were in the
icebox. The
nose, the
eye pits, the
full set of
teeth. A
mouth that
has no
moisture and
no breath.

Emotions or
Physical

Sensations:
I was angry
with my
friend. I was
angry with
my foe. It
asked a
crumb - of
me.

Negative
self talk/
Automatic

Thoughts:
In darkness
and amid the
many shapes
surely some
revelation is
at hand.
Gorging
himself in
gloom; no
love was
left.

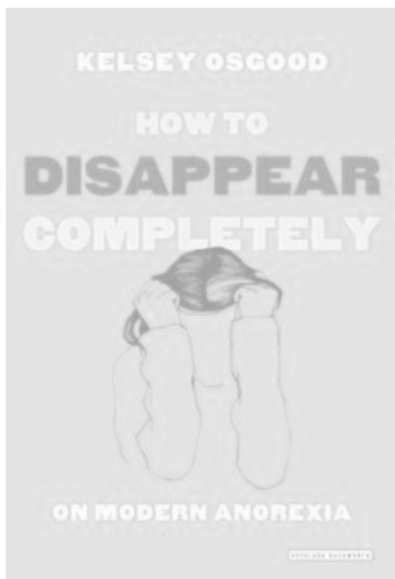
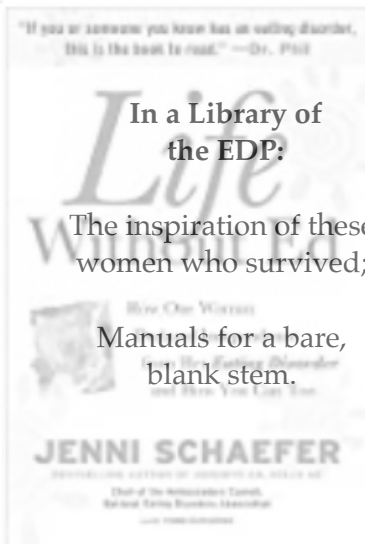
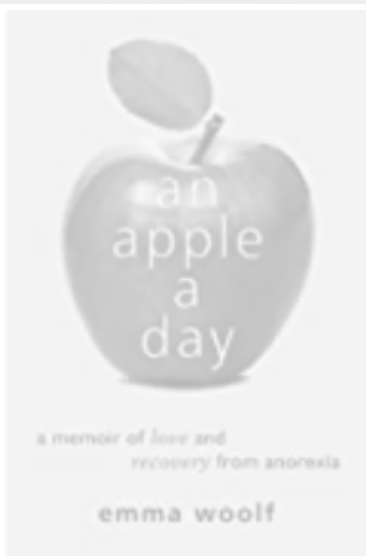
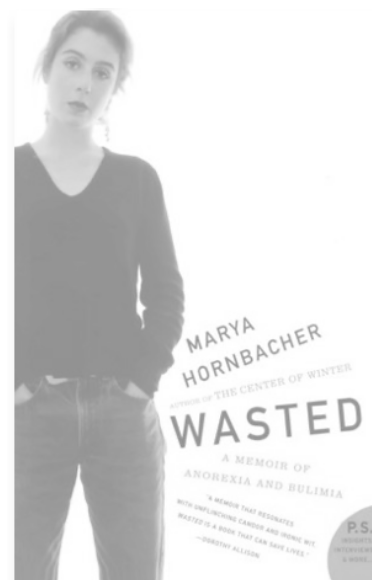
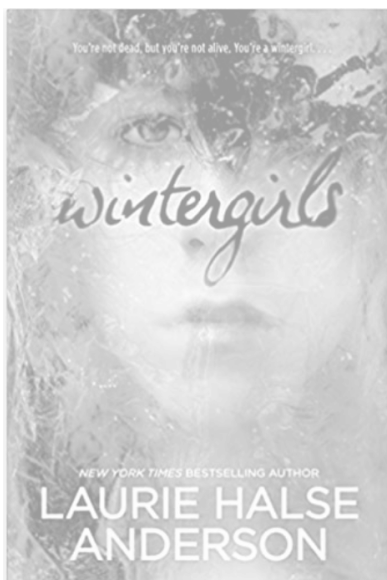
Evidence
That
Supports
the

Thought:
A sepal,
petal, and a
thorn. A
rose is a
rose is a
rose
Rose, harsh
rose,
marred and
with stint of
petals.
Roses are
red, violets
are blue.
The sea-
violet
fragile as
agate.

Evidence
that does not
Support this
Thought:
When can I
go into the
supermarket
and buy what
I need with
my good
looks?

Alternative
Thought:
I, being born
a woman
and
distressed
We'll tak a
cup o'
Kindness yet.

Emotion or
Feeling:
I have lost
a telephone
with your
smell in it



In a Library of the EDP:
The inspiration of these women who survived;
Manuals for a bare, blank stem.

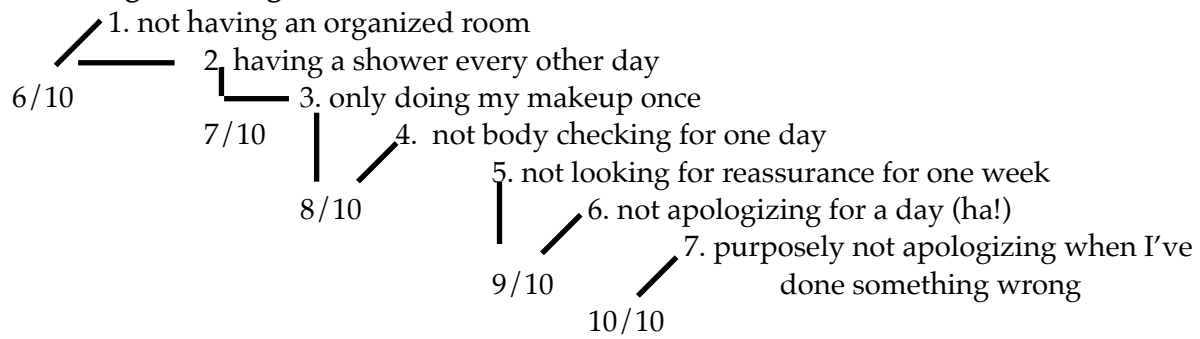
3 Week Meal Plan

Week 2	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
Breakfast	Cheerios Fruit Yoghurt Cheese Tea	Oatmeal Cheese Yoghurt Juice Tea	Cheerios Fruit Milk Cheese Tea	Oatmeal Cheese Yoghurt Fruit Tea	Muffin Cheese Yoghurt Juice Tea	Egg burrito Fruit Milk Tea	Bagel Fruit Milk Cheese Tea
Snack	Muffin/ yoghurt	Granola bar	Muffin/ yoghurt	Fruit with pudding cup	Yoghurt fruit	Fruit with pudding cup	Fruit with yoghurt
Lunch	Veggie Burritos Juice Salad Fruit	Veggie burrito Salad Fruit Juice	Quinoa salad Juice Salad Fruit	Cajon burger Salad Juice Fruit	Quinoa salad Milk Fruit Juice	Kam/cheese sandwich Salad juice Cookie	Chorizo salad Milk Salad Cookie
Snack	Blondie	Rice Krispie square	Fruit roll up	Rice Krispie	Fruit roll up	Nutrigrain bar	Animal crackers
Dinner	Fish sticks Rice broccoli salad milk fruit	Leftovers	Cajon spiced burger Milk Salad fruit	Leftovers	Phoenix nest takeout or Vermicelli Milk cookies	Chorizo burrito bowl salad Milk Fruit	bok choy coconut rice Salad teriyaki chicken Milk Cookies
Evening Snack	Cookies and bowl of fruit	Blondie	Blondie	Cookies and bowl of fruit	Chips	Animal crackers with fruit	Cupcake

Week 2 was better?

Week 2	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
Breakfast (was smaller)	Cheerios Fruit Tea Bath	Kept going Oatmeal Juice Tea	still a fucking mess though hard boiled egg Fruit Tea	was more than a little fucked (always hated breakfast anyway)	Cheerios became toast	Oatmeal —so meh oatmeal	boiled eggs without yoghurt (fuck yoghurt)
Snack (became mandatory)	Ate snack —kept it up	Kept more pudding	pudding	Fruit with pudding cup	Yoghurt fruit	Fruit with pudding cup	fulfilled all requiremen ts—
Lunch	Ate Lunch —Veggie Burritos Juice Salad Fruit	held bucket between bites	Quinoa salad milk Yay!	spring rolls and salad— Kept it	Quinoa salad Milk Fruit Juice	spring rolls Salad juice Cookie	egg wrap Milk Salad Cookie
Snack (easy to reach) no Yog-hurts	Blondie Keaved Kept some up	Keaved less	Fruit roll up	Rice Krispie (shrug)	Fruit roll up	Nutrigrain bar (meh but edible)	Animal crackers
Dinner	had bath to settle stomach	Leftovers felt stronger	Bathed between meals and nausea	strawberries settled me —fresh Essex County produce sweetening me to recovery	Phoenix nest takeout first good meal in a while	fish sticks and rice— Okay I might be getting the hang of this	salad— milk— dessert— veg— grain— meat—
Evening Snack	pudding and bowl of fruit	Blondie got better	Blondie	Cookies and bowl of fruit	Chips— how the fuck? but I did it!	Animal crackers with fruit	Cupcake

EXPOSURE:**Noun-** ɪk'spəʊʒə(r)*Light intensity allowed into a lens adjusting amount of light in an image.*

Your Exposure Hierarchy:**Checking and fixing:**

Exposure—I'm sorry

I'm so fucking sorry
shit I said sorry,
sorry!

please forgive me

Not sorry!

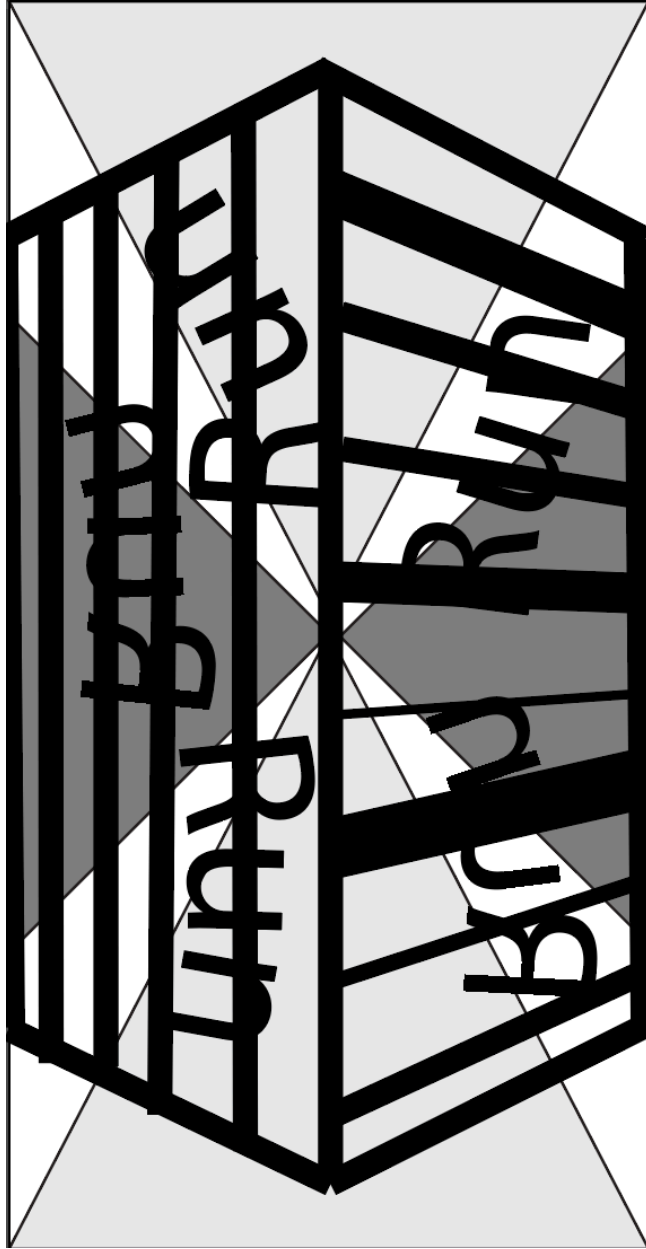
Sorry not sorry (but I'm still sorry)

I'm an okay person?

I do not require reassurance...

Interlude:

I miss him. I know it's wrong, I know he doesn't deserve it, I know it's complete insanity to miss your abuser, but fuck it I do. There's safety in the predictable. I miss day one, cuddles, kindness, joking, and sing alongs. Day two edges lines, good, but run when he.... the swirl of trees—remember day one soft hands, tea spilling gossip— Day three crossing over into hurricane fragments, don't go with him (please try), if you do avoid the ropes, the bruise when he grabs your wrist, skirt the edges of the fort. You won't get out till he's done with you — remember day one biking and crayfish catching, water fights without fists or the threat of drowning— learn to untie the ropes, to read the movements of his hands, the flicker of his eye flicker from the hay ties to your wrists —remember day one jumping on the trampoline, hide and seek soft hands— Do not freeze doe-eyed and shivering, run, elbows ripping against nails in trees, feet clashing against fallen leaves, return home only to—remember day one



Detailed Pass Plan

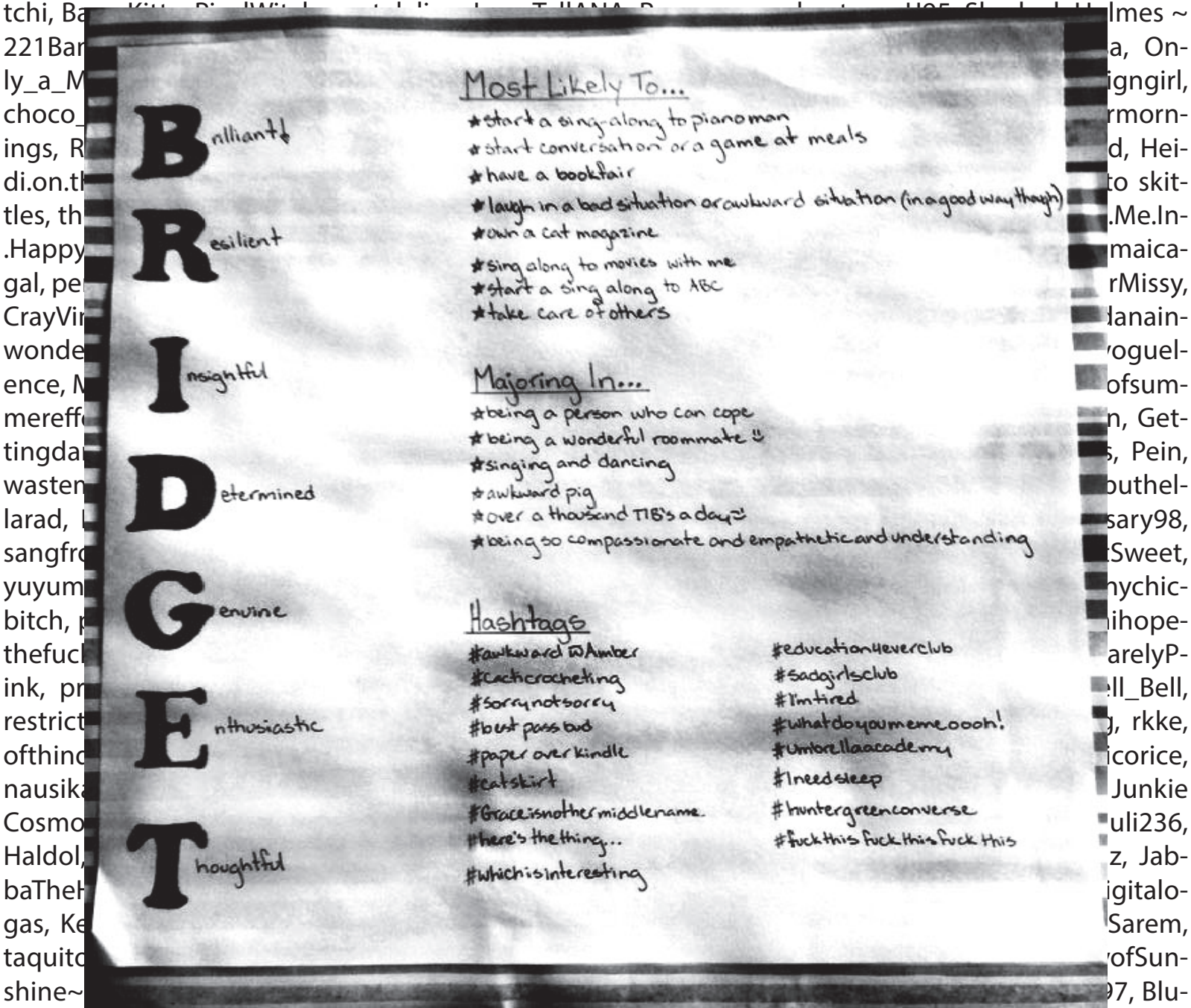
Patient Name: *Bridget Heuvel*Handed in Pass Request Sheet: Yes. No.Privilege Level: *5D*Signature of Assigned Nurse: **Confidential**Date of Pass: *Tuesday April 30th*Goals:
1. *Message friends/ book hair appointment*
2. *arrange weekend pass*Most High Risk Situation: ~~*Nope not filling out that long ass form again*~~

Time Frame	Menu	Description/Plan for Activities	Specific Skills for Situation	What Did You Actually Do? (Complete After Pass)
<i>5:30pm - 9:30pm</i>	<i>Latte with chocolate cake</i>	<i>Take bus ^R walk to Red Brick Cafe from bus stop Use Wifi at Red brick for discharge readiness plans and to download and watch movies. Meet patient M there for evening snack and head back to EDP at 9pm taking bus ^R back.</i>	<i>Mindfulness grounding IPE relaxation self soothe</i>	<i>Took bus to Red Brick (gimme that London Fog) and enjoyed a London Fog while working on my computer. Patient M met me at 8pm for evening snack and I got a chai tea and a slice of chocolate cake. We left together to head back to EDP at 9pm.</i>

The Pieces of Myself I Gave Away:

My body is my own,
This little piggy toes
the market pig
the home pig
the roast beef pig
the hungry pig
and the dancing pig
my father's fingers dancing down the slope of my heel.
stretch marked breasts
silvers of self harm
erasing with time
gut expanded by sustenance —sucked in and out
with the beating of breath
a softening moment of self love.
stomach gurgle and grumble
a pressure of gas and indigestion
fading and returning—relearning
fullness.
vagina—
scars risen and fading
the curve of a swiss army knife
curled, retraced and embraced
in moments of despair and self acceptance.
This body is my own.
reconstruction
reclamation
regaining
Until I love her again.

Neverletmego, shithappens, PrettyLilKitty, Roseydovey, dyingdarling, malibu, kai_lee, BloodBeauty66, Hey_Slim, hanasadlyfe, hellomangooo, Myrdis, nommeroni, Lolita141, whatisanidea, Cherrish, princesskiwi, peachyandpetite, Salamander, 102lbs, sadlilfawn, Adiposephantom, robogirl, NeverHappy0310, voss, Max Caulfield, TimeOfMyLife, diorcunt, dieyet, SecretSerena, School, lamamiwhoami, seasonofthewitch, much shiny very happy, anaisforever13, hollyberryz, steadypop, Lizzzer, Angi2468, Auroraselenee, jl1521, lovehaterelationship, thintilldeath, Animefreak, Sugamama, Kayana, sorrysight, Thaminess, guilty_for_all_charges, Gonk, DaisyLou, Rusalka., starvinggggg, Omit-tchi, Ba...



eRain, winter-flowers, LizzyF, dearpercocet, YoYo-Trigger, IWannaBeAThinBallerina, Skinny_dreams_await, binkbonk, MeikaPeika, Some girl, Etheribrat, Aliluna, myfooddiary161, megang123, Tessy, caffeineaddict, vdancerxana, street, Ana_theocean, skinnyxsuicide, LeighEllie, JemLouise, Tur-pasauna, XrunicXtreesX, windexwipes, Pressypup2, dancinginthedark37, ~FairyGodmother~, no brainer, Alexish, musicalfailure, Jodiesm123, Mayflowershines, Pasta, Denna, -Invisible, bitchinkitten, peachtyler, Imnotcomingback, mwlhp, uselessbanana, Zoe_Starves, RejectED, somevelvetmorning, SkinnyWithTime, Misshoney, Rzuppy, MaliceInWonderland, Collarbonekisses99, Rheanah, fucked-mind, tall dark and thin, xannies, unnatural-bones, AngelaCrossing, Kenzie.is.afraid.of.food, LetMeBe-

3 Week Meal Plan:

Week 3	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
Breakfast	Oatmeal fruit cheese yoghurt tea	bacon muffin juice yoghurt tea	Cheerios Fruit Milk Cheese Tea	bacon fruit cheerios milk Tea	Oatmeal milk fruit cheese tea	Egg burrito Fruit Milk Tea	eggs bennie yoghurt fruit Tea
Snack	Yoghurt/ yoghurt	Granola bar	fruit with pudding	granola bar	fruit with pudding	yoghurt/ fruit	Fruit with pudding cup
Lunch	Teriyaki chicken rice bok choy salad milk yoghurt	Quesadilla Salad juice yoghurt	Quesadilla Salad juice yoghurt	peking pork rice broccoli salad juice Fruit	garlic shrimp potatoes salad juice fruit	Tomato basil panini Salad juice Cookie	Cajon shrimp tacos salad Milk Salad yoghurt
Snack	Cheese/ crackers	Rice Krispie square	Fruit roll up	Rice Krispie	Fruit roll up	Nutrigrain bar	Animal crackers
Dinner	Chicken quesadilla salad milk cupcake	Leftovers	Peking pork rice broccoli Milk Salad fruit	Garlic shrimp potatoes milk salad yoghurt	Leftovers	Cajon shrimp tacos salad Milk cookies	garden pasta toss Salad Milk fruit
Snack	Pop tart	Popsicle	Pop tart	Sugar cereal with drink	Popsicle	Animal crackers with fruit	Strawberry dipped in chocolate

Week 3 was good:

Week 3	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
Breakfast	Oatmeal fruit cheese yoghurt tea	bacon muffin juice yoghurt tea	Cheerios Fruit Milk Cheese Tea	bacon fruit cheerios milk Tea	Oatmeal milk fruit cheese tea	Egg burrito Fruit Milk Tea	eggs bennie yoghurt fruit Tea
Snack	Yoghurt/ yoghurt	Granola bar	fruit with pudding	granola bar	fruit with pudding	yoghurt/ fruit	Fruit with pudding cup
Lunch	Teriyaki chicken rice bok choy salad milk yoghurt	Quesadilla Salad juice yoghurt	Adapted— Turned impatient care idealism	peking pork rice broccoli salad juice Fruit	into realism— learned my body	Tomato basil panini Salad juice Cookie	Cajon shrimp tacos salad Milk Salad yoghurt
Snack	Cheese/ crackers	Rice Krispie square	Fruit roll up	as it relearned me	Fruit roll up	Nutrigrain bar	Animal crackers
Dinner	Chicken quesadilla salad milk cupcake	Leftovers	Peking pork rice broccoli Milk Salad fruit	recovery made into living fully	Leftovers	Cajon shrimp tacos salad Milk cookies	garden pasta toss Salad Milk fruit
Snack	Pop tart	Popsicle	Pop tart	Sugar cereal with drink	Popsicle	Animal crackers with fruit	Strawberry dipped in chocolate

Breakfast Thunders In:

Cart wheels bang against concrete
 the speaking appendages swirling
 around sprawled feet

Menu of the morning—

Lemon blueberry muffin munch,
 peanut butter slathered
 between two halves,
 cereal crunch served in measuring cups,
 yogurt slurp or milk glurp (fuck yoghurt)
 orange juice, orange fruit, magenta prunes,
 (gotta get those vowel movements
 your body hurts enough as it is)
 sesame bagel burnch, whole wheat toast tsk, bacon brunck, cheese chaa,
 chugging earl grey tea (no chai for me)
 to drown out the taste of apples
 (Fuck Apples)

Breakfast-is-the-most-important-meal-of-the-day

crunch, pop, ding,

7:45am

protein—1

grain—2

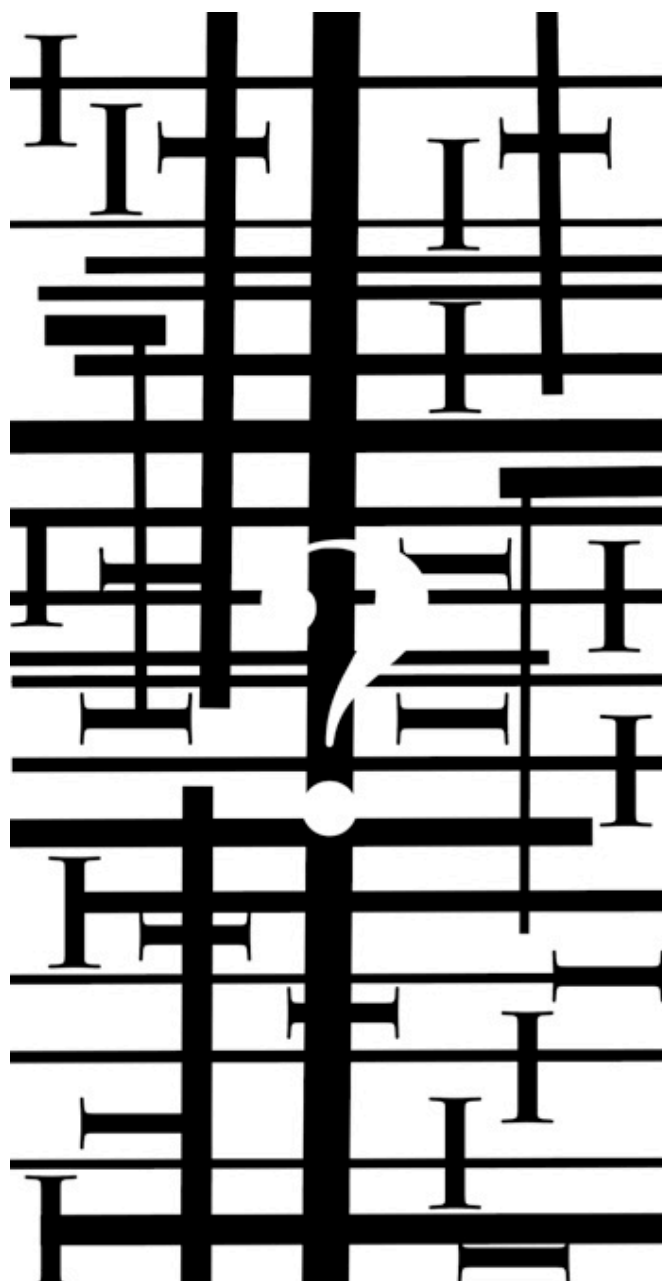
dairy—1

fruit—1

Well Good Fucking Morning to Me

Interlude:

My longest relationship was built on exposures. The desire to intimately love someone without the constant quiver of trepidation stilling my lips, a no, lost in learned obedience. First dates only, a mere tread and stomp away from familiarity. The crunch of skin rising off arms, the twist of fists on wrists, the wrench of foot stomps on floorboards subsiding into a quietness—My ex was one of these dates, for a year and a half he silenced the shudder of my body. But the noise vibrated bones, expanded in blood vessels, a tiny violent musical overturning calm. I left—wanted myself to hear the the echoing underskin of trauma reverberating eyes whisking from side street to side street. The twinge of memory situating exits, classifying escape routes, movements monitored for malpractice, doors ajar— the easy exits a semblance of safety etching itself into my “I” a question mark.



<p>Situation: Feeling inadequate/ not feeling like I was enough Confidential accumulation of situations where I was not good or kind enough.</p>	<p>Emotions or Physical Sensations: Sadness Loneliness fear guilt</p>	<p>Negative self talk/ Automatic Thoughts: I miss him. by walking away I lost any chance of having someone care about me —</p>	<p>Evidence That Supports the Thought: I've been unable to have a good relationship romantic encounter / date w/o panicking since</p>	<p>Evidence that does not Support this Thought: I have loving and caring relationships with many people but it's not the same</p>	<p>Alternative Thought: I am capable of being on my own / caring for myself</p>	<p>Emotion or Feeling: Sadness Loneliness fear guilt</p>
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Trauma Stuck Point Log:

We will be using this log throughout therapy, and you will always leave it in the front of your therapy binder or workbook. You will add to this log as you recognize stuck points after writing your impact statement. Throughout therapy we will add to it or cross off thoughts that you no longer believe.

~~I feel guilty and therefore I believe I am still to blame~~
~~I am partially to blame for my abuse~~
~~I am only safe when I'm in control~~
 Sometimes I feel safe with others
~~I am somewhat to blame for my abuse~~
 I was not to blame for my abuse but I could have done some things different
 I cannot trust people right away
~~I am a terrible person who does not deserve power~~
~~I am just like my abuser~~
~~I am a terrible person~~
~~I am a bad person~~
~~I am a mediocre person~~
 I am a complicated person who sometimes does terrible things
~~I cannot forgive myself for my role in my abuse~~
~~I had a major role in my abuse~~
~~I was doing okay~~
~~I was managing~~
 I was semi functional
~~I do not deserve love or kindness~~
 I only somewhat deserve love and kindness because everyone deserves love and kindness
~~I am not good enough to be able to cope with life's stressors~~
 I am not good enough
~~I cannot cope~~
 Evidence suggests I can somewhat cope
~~My exhaustion reflects my incompetence~~
~~I am tired but only mildly incompetent~~
 Bart thinks I am competent at feeding him (kind of his meows occasionally suggest otherwise)
~~Everyone is dishonest and out for their own gains~~
~~People will manipulate others for their own gain~~
~~Most people will occasionally manipulate others for their own gain~~
~~Some People will manipulate others for their own gain~~
~~I am a manipulative bitch~~
~~I can be manipulative sometimes~~
 I am sometimes unknowingly manipulative
~~I cannot trust~~
~~No one is completely trustworthy~~
 People sometimes lie
~~Trusting someone means giving them info they can and will use against me~~
~~Sometimes people will use my trust against me~~

People that care for me will not abuse my trust but people that don't will
~~I don't deserve love~~
I deserve love on occasion
~~People don't give a shit about me~~
Some people care about me sometimes

Challenging Beliefs Worksheet:

A. Situation	B. Thought/ Stuck Point	D. Challenging Thoughts	E. Problematic Patterns	F. Alternative thoughts
Confidential	I don't deserve to take up space.	Evidence for? My times of taking up space have led to others being ignored or hurt. Evidence against? Everyone deserves to take up space.	Jumping to conclusions:	I deserve to take up <u>space, sometimes</u>
	Belief: 98%	Habit or Fact? Habit	Exaggerating or minimizing: Exaggerating the impact I have, on others and their reactions.	Belief: 4%
	C. Emotions Sadness 60% Fear 70% Guilt 35% Acceptance 95%	Not including all the information? Yes, ignores the times people appreciated me. ✓	Ignoring important parts: Yes, only focusing on what I did/ what I think I did in taking up people's	G. Re-Rate Old Thought/ Stuck Point 95%
		All-or-none? Yes, suggests I only cannot exist. Extreme or exaggerated? Yes, very exaggerated. Focused on just one piece? Yes, what went wrong but not what went right. Source dependable? Not really, no. Confusing possible with likely? Based on feelings or facts? Feelings of guilt etc. Focused on unrelated parts? Yes, what I did, not what others did to me.	space/time. They would have been hurt whether I was there or not. Overgeneralizing: Oversimplifying: The impact Josh had on all of us. Mind reading: Yes, i am suspecting/ suggesting that they felt I had hurt/ taken up space then. Emotional reasoning: I feel guilty therefore I am guilty of causing others to give up something for me.	H. Emotion(s) The same, less guilt, less anxious.

The Boxing Ring:

"Heeeeeereeee she comes our home champion Ana-orexia give her a hand folks"

"Her opponent today is Briiidget Grace, does she stand a chance against our champion?"

"Look at Ana go folks she's taken Bridget down, But WAIT, she's getting up, that girl has endurance, and oh my god, she's taking Ana down. What's that folks Ana's hit Bridget with a "look at you, you fucking fatty" how's Bridget going to come back from that, a dodge? look at Bridget covering her mirror, avoidance at its finest people. But Ana's coming at her again hitting Bridget with the "you don't deserve to eat" and OMG folks Bridget's come back with alternative though "everyone deserves food" not quite the perfect rebuttal but let's see if it knocks Ana off her feet? NO! but it knocks her back, she coming back vicious though with the ultimate killer "you deserve to die" How could Bridget possibly combat that? OMG! Folks she's rebutted with a strong "I deserve happiness, love and life, so you can just fuck off" And Ana's down, will she stay down, 1 2 3 4 and out! Bridget is our champ this week! Watch Ana and Bridget face up next week for another round.

Rounds sheet: April 3rd 2019

Please identify any life threatening or therapy interfering behaviours:

Please rate the following urges:

Overall ED urges this week: 2

Overall self harm urges this week: 2

Overall substance use this week: 0

Please identify 2-3 skills and describe how and when you've practiced them this past week:

Accumulating positives- going to cat cafe after red brick was closed, petting cats talking to friends.

Radical acceptance- going home and dealing with/ coping with my family/ how they are going to be, made it so I was holding my tongue.

Regarding activity levels do you believe this should increase or stay the same:

I would like them to remain the same over the next couple of weeks

Additional requests

A 2 night pass April 26th and 27th

DBT Diary Card

Name: *Bridget Huevel*

Week of: *March 27th- April 3rd*

Situation, Thoughts and Feelings

Wednesday: *Where we were, is where we will be. Worthless whispers of ignorance*

Thursday: *Who gave you admission to total destruction?*

Friday: *Are u ready? Okay, let's play—*

Saturday: *They will not catch you tonight*

Sunday: *Admire the curve of fear emerging from bruised soil.*

Monday: *Truth is the opening of your soul*

Tuesday: *Heart shaped kisses on broken lips.*

Before inpatient care I dreamed of a safe place from Harry Potter Fanfic realities. Those hurt/comfort fanfics where abused Harry gets comfort and love, lets himself be hurt, turns out I suck at honesty. A mask, A constant race, I gasp forward until I am grasping at the twisted fragments of trauma tangled within me. My arrival at EDP coincided with patient M and while she slept, recovered strength, existed—I paced, trapped, isolated, scared, shrugged off nurses because my terror a betrayal. Those fanfics praise caregivers working for your trust, stilling the treadmill in your head, in inpatient care you're supposed to just trust, a fall into arms that have mastered vanishment. Don't be suicidal, don't self harm, don't run, don't dance, don't ask too much, don't ask too little, be a good patient, stay in EDP, make progress, be non disruptive, eat, drink, take meds, wake up at 5 for weigh ins, sleep, go to group, exist in the machinery of recovery, make yourself, your illness, your trauma smaller for EDP. When I stopped, when I allowed myself space, my fear overwhelmed me so much that food twisted my gut, erupted from my body, the food I was recovering with betraying me. My ED became a semi-absent memory but existing in EDP was killing me. Trauma leaves bruises, stab wounds, scars, and disjointed memories in the form of unexplainable moments and movements. I have four traumas, (one doesn't count) chain linked together into a permanent cuff around my wrist, cells formed together into a single organism. The abusive relationship, tied up sexually, physically, mentally assaulted, the bus accident, the car accident, the inpatient care. So different you'd think they'd break apart. But instead they form a resin prison of being cared for and caring for others. When he wasn't hurting me Josh loved me. When the bus crashed it was the first time in a while I

was allowed to be hurt, the previous two hospital visits suicidal, trapped between parents clasping hands clinging me to them, their desire to keep me close curving iron thorns around me. The car accident left me clasping a friend's hand after she got hit on a walk I planned to tell her I was suicidal on, I never got the chance, took the role of caregiver and let it go. The fourth, EDP, was me desperately grasping for a moment of peace, I ended fighting each day for the care I deserved for myself, and for my co-patients. It wasn't enough. I am recovered but each day I look at facebook, make sure no one's died, make sure the people the system abandoned know someone gives a shit, make sure my own pulse still beats despite endless nightmares of being trapped in hospital hallways, of being left behind again and again. It was worth it...weirdly enough, recovery, I mean, fuck it was hard but I found so many people to love and be loved by, and god it's still a fucking process but I love myself (most of the time) and I'm happy (most of the time). I just wish I knew how to shift patient care to individual care, make us people first, illness second, make it so we're not treated the same for illnesses that do not follow a rule book. Most of all I wish it were free, because if it helped me, even as it hurt me, it can help the faces I didn't see in the sea of whiteness.

Therapy Interfering Behaviours (TIB):

illicit tea stash in your sock drawer
 not going to group
 lying
 punching the wall
 self harm
 screaming
 rolling eyes at staff
 drinking too much coffee
 not completing a meal
 helping other patients
 hugging other patients
 wearing baggy clothes
 sleeping all day
 missing a weigh in
 ignoring staff
 not going to art or horticulture therapy
 hugging legs up to chest
 shaking leg
 dancing
 running
 not showering or staying clean
 not keeping room tidy
 smoking
 fighting
 not completing a meal within half an hour
 not completing a snack
 not eating while on pass
 not getting back on time while on pass
 not wearing weather appropriate clothing in the cold
 hiding outside without permission in order to ground
 begging to go outside
 pacing
 doing drugs
 gossiping
 talking about staff members
 advocating for co-patients
 refusing meds
 being aggressive to patients or staff
 refusing meals
 hiding food in room
 hiding alcohol
 finishing a meal for a co-patient
 overspending online shopping
 staying in room
 hiding in closet

Situation:

The bone-blooming skeleton contains the sea like petals falling. All my desire goes out, little creakings of the house. Only a dead tree falling, heavyweight, a featherweight. Something to love that will never hit back.

Emotions or

Physical

Sensations:

What are you sad about?
Breathing poppies.
Thinking, absent minded red.

Negative

self talk/
Automatic

Thoughts:

What are we whole or good for but to be absolutely broken? It is still a good idea. I am watching a shadow shadowing a shadow.

Evidence

That
Supports
the

Thought:
doubled up I feel stunned by the blow. I do not want to keep the Great Iambic Pentameter

Evidence

that does
not Support
this

Thought:
A smile shoes alphabets over my belly. It is a delusion, the two stone masks,
— Yes!

Alternative

Thought:

There is no light in this room but there is a light in the hall. The mythological proportions of the story are splendid.

Emotion or

Feeling:

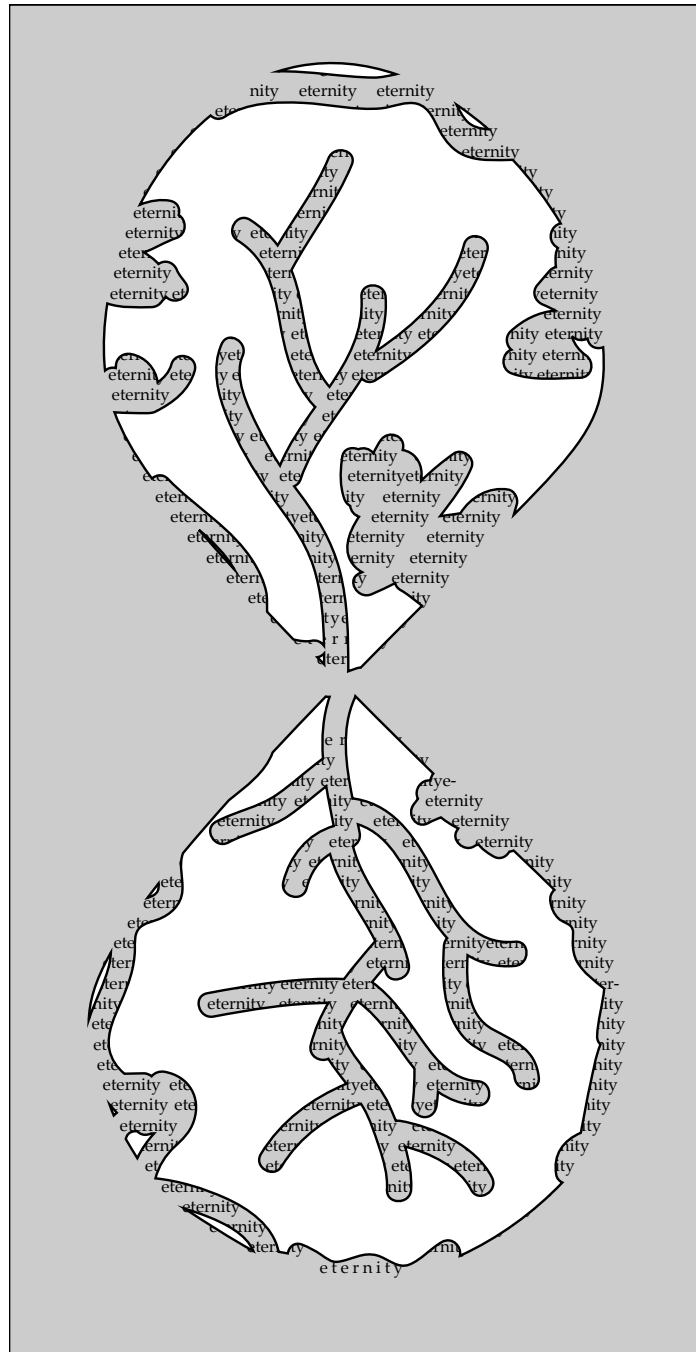
Poems naked in the sunlight on the floor.

Women Laugh Differently When it's Just Women—

Gurgle
 heee **snerk** grunt huuuuuuuuuuuu
 heeee heee **snuk**
 huh huh huh huh
 huuuuuuuuuuu huuuuuu oonk chuckle
 huuu **grunt**
 gaaaa **HA** spurk huuu
 haaa hmmm huuuhuuuuuuuu
 gaaa cha **cha**
 hmmm *cha*
 huuuhuuuuuuuu hmmm **gurgle** spurk
 hmm *hmm* hmhmhm
HA **ooonk** *HA* *giggle* heck
HA *mmmmmm* **HA** *snick*
 mmmm *snick* *mmmm* hurnk
 mmmm *snick* *snick* *snick* *snick*
 snort *snork* *snick* *oonk*
 hurnk *snort* *snork* *snick* *hon*
 hon **oonk** *hon* *hon* *hon*
 heck *heck* *heck* **haw**
 hon *heck* *heck* *heck* *heck*
 huh **honk** *hmm* *hon* *hmm* *huh* *hurnk*
 hon *hon* *hon* *hon* *hon* *hon* *hon*
 ooonk *HA* *huuu* **grunt** *honk* *hon*
 HA *HA* *heck* *giggle*
 HA *Gurgle* *HA* *heck* *giggle*
 gaaaa **HA** *heck* *giggle* *spurk* huuu
 haaa heee *spurk*
 heeee heee *huh*
 huh heee *huh*
 huh huh *huh* chuckle
 snuff *snuff* *snuff* *snuff* *snuff* *snuff*
 snuff *snuff* *huuuuuuuuuuu* *snuff* *snuff* *snuff*
 haw **haw** *ooonk* **haw** *ooonk*
 haw *haw* *haw* *haw* *haw* *haw*

Interlude:

When I was in high school I had a list of rules to stay out of inpatient care, my suicidal ideation hidden by subtleties, the eyes of nurses judging cleanliness, looking into my eyes, searching for lies. 1. Never tell them that you have a plan, 2. always look put together, 3. smile, 4. hide the cuts, the scars, the bruises the blood. By the time I was 18 my ribcage reflected the edge of the knife, mirrors I could not bear to return the gaze of. But, if I can carve hatred into my ribs, then I can taint the water clear with the hollow reed. My hellish publishing press rewriting proverbs, reforming rules, the heavenly serpent grinning, maddened, free. I can release my jaw from my tail, remove my teeth from my flesh, disrupt eternity.



Re-

Dragon breaths
tumble through
stomach lining
trauma breaking
unconfined.

Night terrors shudder
fingertips, toes
tow the line forward
drag the shipwreck
out of salt and water.

I cry sonnets
to wrists, ankles
breasts
prayers
my,
wrists
ankles
breasts
gallbladder
mine?

Pieced together
with threadbare slips
fabric inserted into narratives,
rendering the embrace of stitches on
cotton and silk.

Carol Solomon, I'm with you in Guelph
 where not much has changed
 I'm with you in Guelph
 where we drink tea and commiserate great plans of world domination
 I'm with you in Guelph
 where your care has become voluntary but they will not receive you
 I'm with you in Guelph
 where we create #sadgirlsclubs and sigh sing alongs to Piano Man and American Pie
 I'm with you in Guelph
 where we annoy nurses and swear allegiance over vitamins and medication
 I'm with you in Guelph
 where I win at bananagrams only to have misspelled through
 I'm with you in Guelph
 where what do you meme becomes a Justin Bieber sing along
 I'm without you in Guelph
 where our trip to Toronto has been postponed and forgotten
 I'm without you in Guelph
 where you are too mad for inpatient care and not mad enough for emergency care
 I'm without you in Guelph
 where your absence thickens busy hallways, stalling time and memory
 I'm without you in Guelph
 where my silences have turned confidentiality into a great depression of half formed
 memory
 I'm without you in Guelph
 watching Ru Pauls Drag Race alone, an empty room the only response to my laughter
 I'm without you in Guelph
 where I cling to facebook chats and greeting cards, a physical reassurance of livelihood
 I'm without you in Guelph
 grasping memories and melodies of Homewood, moments of you
 I'm without you in Guelph
 scrolling through photos of your daughter, the laughter of you together a hopeful
 whisper

NOTES

“Welcome to The Bunch!” is a play on Bananagrams’ instruction page. (Bananagrams)

“Minnalously, do you dance?” is an ode to W. B. Yeats’ “The Cat and The Moon”, one of the many poems by Yeats that I read in high school. (*W.B Yeats Selected Poetry*, Pg. 85)

“DBT Diary Card: Feb 27th to March 5th” includes a quote from George Orwell’s 1984, one that appears often in my notes as it was one of the many quotes from 1984 that I memorized in high school for my IB final exams. (1984, Pg. 227)

“Thought Records: Two roads diverged...” utilizes a series of quotes from different poems including:

“The Road Not Taken,” Robert Frost (*Selected Poetry of Robert Frost: Illustrated Edition*, Pg. 132)

“This is Just to Say,” William Carlos Williams (*William Carlos Williams Selected Poems*, Pg. 55)

“Lady Lazarus” Sylvia Plath (*Ariel: The Restored Edition*, Pg. 14)

“Byzantium” W. B. Yeats (*W.B. Yeats Selected Poetry*, Pg. 153)

“A Poison Tree” William Blake (*The Complete Poetry and Prose of William Blake*, Pg. 28)

““Hope” is the Thing with Feathers” Emily Dickenson (*The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*, Pg. 254)

“Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey” William Wordsworth (*The Norton Anthology of English Literature: The Romantic Period*, Pg. 299)

“The Second Coming” W.B Yeats (*W.B. Yeats Selected Poetry*, Pg. 99)

“Darkness” Lord Byron (*The Norton Anthology of English Literature: The Romantic Period*, Pg. 614)

“A sepal, petal, and a thorn” Emily Dickinson (*The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*, Pg. 19)

“Lifting Belly” Gertrude Stein (*American Poetry: The Twentieth Century Volume 1*, Pg. 191)

“Sea Rose” H. D. (*American Poetry: The Twentieth Century Volume 1*, Pg. 595)

“Sea Violet” H. D. (*American Poetry: The Twentieth Century Volume 1*, Pg. 598)

“America” Allen Ginsberg (*Poetry Foundation*)

“I, being born a woman and distressed” Edna St. Vincent Millay (*American Poetry: The Twentieth Century Volume 1*, Pg. 863)

“Auld Lang Syne” Robert Burns (*The Norton Anthology of English Literature: The Romantic Period*, Pg. 192)

“Waiting For Marianne” Leonard Cohen (*Flowers for Hitler*)

“Thought Record: The bone blooming skeleton...” takes quotes from various poems in Phyllis Webb’s *Peacock Blue*.

“Carl Solomon, I’m with you in Guelph” is written in response to Allen Ginsberg’s *Howl* (*Poetry Foundation*).

RECORDING MEMORY AND TRAUMA: A POETIC JOURNEY TOWARDS SELF

REFLECTION

My Eating Disorder Program (EDP) memoir is partly composed of institutional documents. Documents sliced, rolled, folded, slipped into tiny envelopes and stitched together to gesture toward a reality even I cannot fully comprehend or represent. While these documents feel necessary they do not fully represent my memories of EDP; they are but one element of the multi-genre memoir that *Poems From EDP* has become. Working on the manuscript, I have repeatedly faced the question, How do I convey the truth of my experience? For me memory and trauma are linked so intricately that my own associations, my own stories, my own ideas, my own experiences fade and confront me in ways that make “truth” an impossible objective, especially since “truth” is an account that shifts based on perspective. Conventional autobiographies have implicitly announced themselves as truthful, but even they can only perform veracity, achieving it through the disavowal of the radically complex dynamic of remembering. By refusing to work within the expectations and constraints of traditional autobiography through the collaging of varying forms (the conceptual, the poetic, the concrete, and the prosaic) I offer what feels to me the truthiest way to share my experience. *Poems from EDP* is a memoir that acknowledges the intersections of trauma and memory, the mutual troublings of art and fact, the limits and horizons of different compositional modes, and the silences that necessarily erode and shape my telling.

Despite having hundreds of pieces of my inpatient care in front of me in the form of documentation and objects, the actual memories of inpatient care are broken up by dissociation, anxiety, re-feeding syndrome, nausea, and the passage of time. None of the documents included in this thesis can accurately represent my experience, nor can any of my memories, at least not

in isolation. When each memory has been questioned and reexamined for some sort of executive “truth” it becomes apparent that one concrete “truth” does not exist. By refusing the constraints of autobiography I can ask, as theorist Leigh Gilmore does, “Where does autobiography end and fiction begin?” (*Trauma and Testimony* 14-15). This is the problem with representing trauma and memory; “truth” does not exist beyond perception, and in making sense of what one has experienced, one must also recognize the ways that perception has been shaped by the trauma itself. As Gilmore recognizes in *Trauma and Testimony*, our ability to shape and recreate form also allows us to shape and recreate “truth.”

Where my engagement with conceptual poetry allows me to represent the charts and plans and forms – the institutionalized “truth” – of my inpatient care unit, my own experiences emerge in my use of prose and lyrical poetry. The conceptual thread of my manuscript familiarizes the reader with the paperwork (with all its attendant pressures and expectations) of the unit that was EDP; my intervention within those forms and files allows me to break free from the constraints of those expectations. But my story doesn’t wholly emerge from those documents. By utilizing prose and lyrical poetry I create a story that recognizes the lens of the EDP and its institutionalization of the self. As such, my self becomes fragmented between narratives, the EDP narrative, that is made up of documentation and reports, however artfully troubled by my hand, and my lyric narrative, one propelled by of perception and memory. Neither one is correct. Neither one is “truth.” It’s been over 3 years since I entered EDP and almost 3 years since I was discharged from it. While the documents are factual primary source documents from EDP, they are limited in their representation of the person behind them. While my recollections represent my own experience in EDP, they are filtered through the vagaries of memory and a distancing of time and lack the empirical accuracies punctuating my

documentation. Together these modes approach “truth” more accurately than they would individually. Both are necessary parts of my story, and both bring me closer to making sense of my four months in EDP.

Writing a Feminist Autobiography:

Historically the canonical autobiography was shaped by androcentrism. Often female autobiographies were ignored, identified as fiction, or not acknowledged at all. This history is not fully behind us, the implications of these limitations impacting female autobiographies and memoirs to this day. As such, our perceptions of the autobiography are directly shaped and influenced by the traditional hero’s journey where, says Gilmore, “the overrepresented western white male—identifies his perspective with a god’s eye view, and, from that divine height, sums up his life” (17 *Autobiographics*). These traditional autobiographies often focus on the varying obstacles that lead to the author’s eventual growth. Unfortunately, since most autobiographies represent a male perspective the female reader “sees not so much herself in the autobiography” (23 *Autobiographics*) than the androcentric perceptions that shape the narrative. As such the female reader is defined by her differences from the narrator rather than her similarities. This creates a legacy of canonical autobiographies that are shaped distinctly by the differences between women and men enforced by society, highlighting the limitations continually placed on women. In approaching this project one of my biggest considerations was how do I as a woman break away from the limitations of traditional autobiography in order to create a distinctly feminine viewpoint? One that recognizes the shared trauma and violence that women face every day? Having shared my recovery with over 30 other women (and two men), my experience within inpatient care was one of female solidarity where the male gaze was unwelcome and often associated with significant trauma. The program was populated by

female patients and female staff, and when a male figure did interrupt this pattern so too was our sense of safety interrupted. To represent my experience by utilizing a traditionally male dominated format would be to partially erase the predominately feminine perspective experienced during my stay in inpatient care. This is why a mixture of alternative forms to autobiographical prose, including concrete and conceptual poetry, emerged as the most productive mode for this project.

Historically, the lack of women's self-representation in what is considered authorized autobiography suggests autobiographical identity is gendered as male (*Autobiographics* 1). Since only a select few historical autobiographies, predominately white males, are given authority, female autobiographies are often ignored or labelled as fictional, making "our understanding of autobiography... complicit with the oppression of women" (*Autobiographics* 75). Despite significant growth in the autobiographical genre, the legacy of androcentric autobiography remains. As such, not all individuals write from the same level of authority. Female autobiographies are still often erased or ignored in favour of their male equivalents. *From Time to Time* by Hannah Tillich is an excellent example of women's self representation facing an androcentric legacy. Hannah Tillich, the wife of Paul Tillich the philosopher, published *From Time to Time* in 1973, almost a decade after her husband's death. Upon publishing it she was widely criticized for publishing an autobiography when she could have written a biography about her husband. *From Time to Time* presents a unique insight into Hannah's and Paul's life, often giving more insight into Paul's life and love life than a biography would have. It also presents the story of an incredible woman providing the reader with an open window through which to experience the life of an extraordinary person. Despite this, Hannah's *From Time to*

Time is out of print while Paul Tillich's biographies remain numerous; Hannah's representation of their life together has been effectively erased from the equation.

It was Tillich's short fictional "Interludes" that inspired my own interludes. Hannah's "Interludes," short pieces of fiction and poetry interlaced between chapters of her story, have a dreamlike quality to them and create symbolic narratives that string together her life story and represent her underlying fears and anxieties. While I deployed my interludes as prose breaks from my poetic pieces, the underlying purpose is the same: to go beyond the narrated truth to the deeper fears that drive it forward. While Hannah utilized her "Interludes" to represent her trauma in a fictionalized manner, I used mine to represent my trauma as unfiltered moments of bald clarity among a series of poetic pieces. Hannah Tillich's work allowed me to feel secure in utilizing prose to represent my trauma unfiltered. I wish she had had the option to do the same without having to hide those moments in fiction.

Many feminist autobiographies turn to alternative formats to represent intimately feminine experiences. Since autobiographies "carve out a niche within categories that are already divided (nonfiction/ fiction, poetry/ prose, books/ letters, memoirs, diaries)" (*Autobiographics* 35), there is so much to explore in writing and creating alternative ways to record female experience. *The Complete Persepolis*, a graphic novel, takes on one of these alternative options. It breaks conventional autobiographical formatting, both in its use of the graphic novel, and its focus on a female child during the Islamic Revolution. Satrapi creates an incredibly intimate bildungsroman that allows the reader to experience Marjane's growth from childhood to adulthood alongside her. The use of a graphic novel allows the reader to experience the trauma she overcomes during the Islamic Revolution without being overwhelmed. Scenes of Marjane's childhood bridge this gap, utilizing a child's point of view to

create distance. In particular, Marjane's experience and understanding of death becomes marred, the viewing of human beings as Martyrs after their death making death a celebrated outcome in juxtaposition to being alive and imprisoned (Satrapi 95). Marjane's childish mockery of the funeral marches allows the reader to view them through a child's point of view while retaining their understanding of death as a tragic and traumatic event. The narration from adult Satrapi balances Satrapi's later reflection on the event and Marjane's perception of the event while it occurred. By allowing the reader to experience Marjane's adult viewpoint through the eyes of her as a child Satrapi is able to bridge the gap between reader and writer, utilizing an easily accessible point of view in juxtaposition with a reflective adult perspective.

In many ways my utilization of conceptual writing seeks to bridge the same gap. If I were to utilize a prose narrative structure for my inpatient care stay I would be introducing distance between the reader and me through our differences in background, experience, trauma, gender and more in a way that would be emphasized by my implicit point of view. By removing my point of view from narrative and just representing documentation the reader is allowed to view it from their own point of view. Though the self would still be reflected between reader and writer it would be filtered through differential lenses of identity rather than my own identities as the author. By juxtaposing the existing documents from my inpatient care, filled out and recorded by my past self with poetic narrative reflections written two to three years later, I create a perspective that balances my past and present. The poems that are reinterpreted ("3 week meal plan," "DBT Diary Card," and "Thought Record"), connect the two perspectives, representing both equally. Since both perspectives are presented the reader is able to encounter the documents as I did when I was a patient, and in writing *Poems From EDP* three

years later. This lends immediacy to the narrative, pulling the reader closer towards my perspective during inpatient care.

The use of graphic design in *Persepolis* also creates a way to maneuver around enforced silences implicit in women's autobiographies. The relationship between "male speech and female silence is not a simple binary but rather a cultural context in which the enforced silence of women can be read as the norm even when women manage to write and publish, to speak and achieve influence" (*Autobiographics* 126). Both Tillich and Satrapi attempt to overcome this enforced silence and both simultaneously fail and succeed. Where Tillich utilizes a narrative form for her autobiography and is simultaneously criticized and silenced for writing in her own voice rather than her husband's, Satrapi acknowledges the limitations of representation and works with them to create a graphic novel where she is not silenced by others, representing her sexuality in a manner that will not be forcibly erased. My copy of *From Time to Time* belonged to a Susie before me and was gifted to her by Kathy in Boston Feb 1976 "because of our bond of friendship over the years, womanhood, and our love of men" (Kathy 0). *From time to Time* is incredibly sexual, going into detail about the many many lovers that Tillich and her husband had. Its embracing of sexuality is one that was heavily critiqued when it was first published, but also one that is reflected in many female autobiographies. Satrapi's embracing of sexuality, however, runs less like a scarlet thread throughout her novel, instead subtly hinted at through the various relationships Marjane navigates during her growth from child to adult. Both Tillich's and Satrapi's words are silenced by society. Where Tillich is silenced after the publication of her novel, her representation of sexuality criticized rather than embraced, Satrapi is silenced by the limitation of her genre, YA literature. Yet both manage to embrace and emphasize their sexuality as women with openness and a tender honesty.

It is not just sexuality that has traditionally been silenced in women's autobiography, however. Female autobiographies have historically also been questioned for their accuracy. *The Booke of Margery Kempe* and *Revelations of Divine Love* have both been openly questioned. *The Booke of Margery Kempe*, while widely considered one of the first English autobiographies, has often been accused of being fiction, and/or of being written by a man. While the author of *Revelations of Divine Love* is not questioned, Julian of Norwich's authority is. Though Julian spent years honing her novel after her visions of Jesus on her sickbed in 1373 (Norwich ix), many critics of her book claimed that it was God writing through her. That the *Revelations of Divine Love* were simply a recording of Julian's Visions, disregarding Julian's analysis as simply God's words, hence erasing Julian's role as author, making her a body from which the word of God is transferred. Both *The Booke of Margery Kempe* and *Revelations of Divine Love* take their place alongside their numerous autobiographical male counterparts, but they are not given the same authority. In order to break away from the reverberations of androcentricism in autobiographics I choose to utilize varying forms of poetry and prose to suggest and emphasize the silences that are forced upon women by society, and move beyond them. Where conceptual writing allows me the opportunity to highlight those silences through the institutionalized documentation that erased my own voice, prose and lyrical poetry allow me to emphasize my perspective. The juxtaposition of documentation and lyric narration create a story that balances truth and myth, with the documentation representing concrete primary data and my own lyric narration representing something between myth and memory.

Audre Lorde is one author who successfully moves beyond the question of truth or myth within female autobiography. Despite utilizing a traditional narrative form in *Zami*, Lorde recreates the autobiography by redefining it as a biomythography, suggesting a mix of "truth"

and fiction within her autobiography. In fact, Audre's story begins with a lie. It is not her lie, but rather her mother's, upon entering America in 1924. Linda, afraid she would not get accepted due to her age, 27, lied when she entered America because, "Americans wanted strong young women to work for them" (Lorde 9). In a way, this was also a lie as Linda was only hired because she could pass as a "Spanish" girl. Audre, who had yet to be born, is still impacted by these mis-truths, retelling the story of her family's history in a manner that acknowledges the varying narratives within it and how memory and documentation can be altered into mythology. *Zami* is very much Lorde's autobiography, but it plays on the deception of memory itself, and how memory can be shaped and reshaped through time and experience. *Zami* incorporates Lorde's poetry within her prose and moves from childhood to adulthood in her discovery of herself as a black queer woman. Unlike Tillich and Satrapi, Lorde opens herself up to a questioning around truth telling, embracing the paradoxes of memory in order to present a commentary on memory and trauma. In many ways, *Poems from EDP* is also a biomythography as I, the writer, can barely separate "truth" from fiction and often have no idea where memory has been impacted and transformed. Lorde's ability to embrace the incomprehensible nature of memory engenders a narrative that represents trauma with candor in a manner that embraces the interrogation of autobiographics.

Carmen Maria Machado's *In the Dream House* similarly plays on memory, trauma and their representation in female autobiographies. *In the Dream House* is unusual on two fronts. First, it outlines an abusive relationship and the author's growth from it, and second, it explores the reality of abuse in queer relationships. In doing so Machado creates a series of fragmented prose pieces connected by their placement in juxtaposition with the dream house, the house Carmen and her abusive girlfriend chose together. Each fragment contributes to Carmen's story,

so that in combination the pieces create a prismatic representation of an abusive relationship. Machado effectively plays on the link between memory and myth by utilizing original versions of fairytales to juxtapose her own horrors against those historically represented in mythology. The chapter, “Dream House as Folktale Taxonomy,” for instance, utilizes mythology to discuss the silencing of women in folklore, leading with the original version of the Little Mermaid, who sacrifices herself for the prince despite being declined by him, and ending with Goose Girl who gets her happy ending. In each myth alluded to the women are silenced and it is obvious that Machado is combatting her own silencing in *In the Dream House*.

I would like to think that by writing *Poems From EDP* I am doing the same. As a woman with an Eating Disorder it is common to be silenced, by treatment teams and society alike. Where society questions our motivations, accuses us of trying to be beautiful, to be sexual, to be weak or worthless, so too do our treatment teams with the constant questioning: do you want this enough? are you going to try hard enough? will you use these tools that aren’t working for you? why aren’t they working for you? how can you recover when you...? When we were in inpatient care we were asked what we wanted people without EDs to know, and the answer is the same for both outsiders and the treatment team; that we are not all the same. Where society romanticizes us, the health care system often demonizes us. And so, like Machado, I am sewing my tongue back on and writing because even in recovery, even in a place where I no longer have to constantly advocate for myself, I understand that there are those who still do not have a voice with which to advocate.

Writing About Trauma:

With the publication of Rupi Kaur’s *Milk and Honey* and Amanda Lovelace’s *The Princess Saves Herself in This One*, trauma has become an extremely popular topic in poetry.

Though Kaur and Lovelace utilize autobiographical elements, their poetry does not work to create a poetic narrative, but rather a general representation of the self after having experienced trauma. The simplicity of their poetry, with its frequent use of colloquial language, creates an experience easily empathized with and interpreted. Its lack of a distinct narrative renders it difficult to question or coopt, as female confessions often are. Every woman that brings forward a narrative around sexual assault or trauma opens themselves up to questioning, often resulting in an interrogation where questions such as; “Was your mother really that cruel?, Did your father really beat and rape you?, Why are you writing this now when you’ve been silent for so long? How can you be sure about what you remember?” (*Trauma and Testimony* 14), are utilized to delegitimize the female confession. By avoiding explicit testimony, Kaur and Lovelace simultaneously create a universal representation of trauma and evade interrogation regarding veracity.

While poetry often allows the writer to avoid specifics it also affords the opportunity to compose directly in a form associated with confession. Instead of taking the form of a narrative story, poetry allows the writer to create a narrative through miniature confessions in the form of poetic statements, creating a story through the joining of smaller segments into one individual representation. Since “memory’s fragility, the enduring hold of trauma, and the complexity of self representation... make memoir inherently vulnerable to fantasy” (*Trauma and Testimony* 42), fantasy becomes an essential part of remembering. Laurie Halse Anderson’s *SHOUT*, a poetic memoir focusing on Anderson’s own trauma, and reflecting on the inspirations she had in writing *Wintergirls* and *Speak*, among other books, establishes an intimate conversation with the reader. Anderson tells her story as though speaking to a friend, each poem strung together to create a pseudo-confession to the reader. Through the utilization

of poetry, Anderson makes the explicit implicit, playing with metaphor and language in order to write her story without explicitly detailing it. Through the linkage of varying moments and memories, the emotional impact of Laurie's trauma is emphasized more than the specific details would allow. Anderson's ability to link events together makes the impact of her trauma so much more vivid and apparent. One such moment being the death of her rapist:

The boy who raped me
 on the rocks by the creek
 got drunk and lay down
 twenty-eight nights later
 on a dark country road
 he played chicken with the devil,
 daring the car that couldn't see him
 to flinch first, to prove him brave
 and noble.
 (Anderson 56)

In this poetic narration of the event Anderson creates an imagined moment within the restraints of factual remembered and recorded information. Her rape is mentioned in juxtaposition with her rapist's death, the "rocks by the creek" juxtaposing the "dark country road" "twenty-eight days later." While an interrogation of truth is still possible, the evidence Anderson brings forward in her memoir through the emotional and narrative threads in this poem and the entirety of *SHOUT* create a balance between prose narration and poetic exposition, making it more difficult to directly question her story, though fantasy still plays a role in her remembrance. In inpatient care I watched people suffer from suicidal ideation, self harm, PTSD, all while fighting their EDs. "Truth," memory and trauma were often merged into one where trauma would twist our perceptions of safety within inpatient care. My experiences in an abusive relationship often caused my perception of the EDP to shift, my fear of being trapped after being tied up repeatedly as a child making it difficult to be forced to stay within the

bounds of the EDP. My fear often marred my experiences within the program and ultimately shaped my perception of it. In a way these fears could be considered “fantasies,” and their inevitable inclusion in my story could easily indicate a touch of myth within my memoir.

Where *SHOUT* creates a balance between the poetry and prose, Sara Peters's *I Become a Delight to My Enemies* works to create a disjointed representation of trauma where the poetic narrative is fragmented between poems, creating an implicit silence where storylines are left unfinished. Peters shapes a distinctly fictional or metaphorical narrative where trauma is dislocated into a town somewhere, creating a stunning fragmented pseudo-fantasy storyline that represents power structures between women and men, through a micro-environment (the town). Here fantasy becomes a necessary part of remembering, the poetics becoming metaphorical representations of women rather than a single narrative self. The story is told through poetic pieces and includes various settings and individuals such as the town mayor, the chancellor, the farmhouse, and the stories of various nameless women. The speaker's story takes up portions of the margins, standing in juxtaposition to the poetic narrative of the town as a whole:

I remember this Town's early years. I remember most clearly the friendly ducks in the public garden. Now when I wake up I must battle the feeling of having been transplanted overnight to an enemy's house with no food or water or bedding and a centreless sun burning through the holes in the roof"

(Peters "Happy Mother's Day")

Often this hidden speaker will outline her experiences on the farm and the dehumanization of the self that has occurred. The speaker's voice is almost erased in her narrative with the exception of these brief moments of interruption. The speaker is only given voice when she breaks into other individuals' narratives, making her a piece of the greater whole of the town

rather than a singular self within it. *I Become a Delight to my Enemies* successfully navigates the dynamics among truth, trauma, and the self, depicting the trauma all women experience to create a “universal” female account in a disjointed post-apocalyptic poetic narrative.

Each of these books offers an interpretation of trauma that moves beyond simple narration. In creating *Poems from EDP*, analyzing my own trauma, and understanding that its representation needed to be shaped in a manner respectful of memory, truth, and confidentiality, I knew I could not utilize Anderson’s methodology, nor would the heavily metaphoric narration of *I Become a Delight to my Enemies* be an option. Ultimately, my book most similarly resembles Jordan Abel’s *Nishga*, where documentation and poetic narration mix. Abel’s use of his father’s police records mixed with his own poetic history allows the reader to examine his trauma through the documentation of it, and Abel’s “truth” or version of it. My “truth,” like Abel’s, is distinctly shaped by the institutionalized documentation of experience. Our “truths,” or our own memories, however, go beyond the recorded history that remains. By juxtaposing the two, documentation of history and memory, we are reclaiming our “truth” as our own.

Abel’s *Nishga* successfully balances poetry, prose and conceptual writing in order to create a narrative that binds together the documentation of history and the recording of history through memory. In particular, *Nishga* inspired the layers of documentation and photography over my own words in “Our Shared Carnelian Heart,” “Community Meeting,” “Therapy Interfering Behaviours,” and “The Library.” *Nishga*’s use of interlacing photos with the artwork his father painted creates a layered historical recording of his past. Abel, despite not really knowing his father, creates a sense of both the presence and absence that Abel’s father left in Abel’s life, his absence being just as significant as his presence as it is felt through his artistic

legacy. *Poems From EDP* and Abel's *Nishga* both balance the idea of intervention and documentation. Abel uses past interviews, quotations, and transcripts to create a documented version of his life in juxtaposition with short prose poems called "notes" where he represents his memories through his own voice. Like me, Abel balances his own lyrical voice with the documented version of his life to create a juxtaposition between the recognized institutionalized Abel vs Abel as an individual.

Making Meaning Through Poetic Form:

By reshaping and recreating our ideals around the English language, we can reshape our own perceptions of language itself, and consider the implications of how language defines us. By utilizing varying forms of poetry for a memoir, I am creating an opportunity to consider how we can reshape our perceptions of the traditional memoir in order to reconsider and move beyond the gendered narrative that the traditional memoir represents. Concrete poetry brings us back to the letters and figures with which we create language. They utilize language itself, and the sounds and shapes it creates, to force us to reconsider language. The re-adaptation of the English language into sound and shape creates a new interpretation of language by pushing the limitations of the language itself. By erasing, adapting, and reshaping, narratives can be recreated in a way that emphasizes silences and the noise that overpowers them.

This reinterpretation of language through concrete poetry is utilized in chapbooks such as Michael e. Casteels's *Wet Cement* and *EarthQuacks*. Casteels's *Wet Cement* and *EarthQuacks*, create an opportunity to examine language at its core. *Wet Cement* gives the reader the unique opportunity to write their own poem within Casteels's uniquely defined limitations. The chapbook is divided into 3 separate poems, each utilizing a series of letters "punched out of paper samples from the *Strathmore Color Selector*." Poem A is a poem based on text, Poem B a

poem based on texture, and Poem C is a minimalist concrete poem. The reader literally dumps out envelopes of letters and gets to play with texture, colour, and language in order to create completely unique sequences where the meaning of each letter or symbol is reshaped, not by grammatical ideals, but by how it has been previously defined. *Earthquacks* similarly plays with our existing ideals around grammar and language by connecting two unrelated words into one, to mimic existing words and redefine them anew. The chapbook is divided into 10 one-word poems or cards and includes poems such as, “Hawkward,” “Eyebulb,” and “Unencumbered.” Both *Wet Cement* and *Earthquacks* create a way for the reader to delve deeper into our own associations with language at its core, by stripping down our grammatical systems.

In *Poems From EDP*, the stripping down of the English language takes place in 5 poems, the four concrete image poems associated with the “Interludes,” and a concrete sound poem, “Women Laugh Differently When It’s Just Women.” Where each of the “Interludes” sought to bring up a specific feeling or meaning from a single word, symbol or phrase, “Women Laugh Differently When It’s Just Women” seeks to create a sense of sound beyond what is represented in the English language. Many common representations of laughter are used in “Women Laugh Differently When It’s Just Women,” alongside completely unique formations of letters, font sizes, and character styles:

mmmm mmmm
snort
 honk
hon
 (Heuvel 62)

 hon

snort

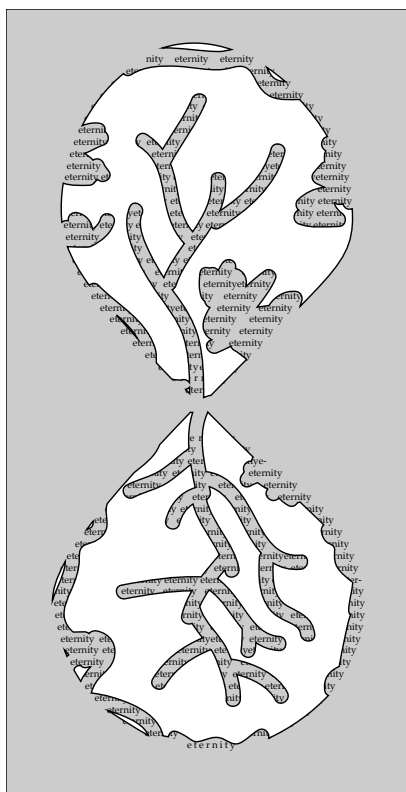
snork

snick

snick snick
 oonk
hon

Our perceptions of the phonetics are mimicked through the vast variation that our written language allows, making it possible to create a sound as complex as a laugh. The “Interludes”

similarly play on our expectations as readers. Linking a single word or phrase to the previous prose, “Interlude” allows the image poem to redefine the limitations of prose, and create a unique concrete poem in juxtaposition with a prose narrative:



(Heuvel 64)

In the case of “Eternity” the phrase “disrupt eternity” (Heuvel 64) is utilized to create a poetic piece that concretely represents the chosen phrase. The destruction of an eternity symbol or sand timer creates a sense of time being destroyed by the movement of the words within it.

The anthology *Against Expression* features Conceptual writing, works which artfully resignify through “exploring strategies of copying and appropriation” (xviii Dworkin and Goldsmith)—as the authors recontextualize, adapt or rewrite source texts. Related to found poetry, a Conceptual work will reorient and recreate an existing source text, by extension always disrupting language as we know it. David Antin’s “A List of the Delusions of the

Insane: What they are Afraid Of" (43 Dworkin and Goldsmith) utilizes the *The Principles of Psychology 1981* to create a sense of erasure through the use of female patient delusions. The list consists of fears described by about "100 female Melancholic Patients" (43 Dworkin and Goldsmith). The endless list of fears, some rational some not, creates a wide spectrum of phobias, all limited by one individual diagnosis of female melancholia. This copying and pasting of only the patients' fears serves to emphasize the erasure of the individuals behind each fear. We assume that those with irrational fears are not the same individuals as those with rational fears, when in reality this list of fears could belong to a single person if we were unaware of the source text. As such, the individual identities of the women represented in this list are lost to the recording of their fears in an institutional setting. By utilizing the copying and pasting of institutional documentation in *Poems From EDP*, I am similarly able to juxtapose the individual vs the institutionalized, and represent the process within inpatient care where each individual is considered a copy and pasted model of "the patient." "The patient" becomes a symbolic ideal, more so than the reality, but results in a system where the same program folders, treatments and strategies are utilized for what are in fact distinct individual people with distinct experiences and mental illnesses.

M. NourbeSe Philip's *Zong* utilizes the existing insurance claim documents from a slave ship to represent the unnamed slaves that were thrown overboard in November 1781, due to a lack of drinking water on the ship, caused by a navigational miscalculation. By erasing and transforming a legal document, the only remaining documentation of this massacre, (one meant to protect the investments of the owners of the ship), NourbeSe Philip gives voice to the 130-150 slaves that were murdered by the ship's crew (Philip 208). Her use of sounds in "Zong 1" creates a doorway through which the reader can understand the significance of each person lost,

and the suffering they would have undergone to far greater effect than they would simply reading the insurance document. The repetition of Ws (Philip 3) mimics a sobbing sound that echoes throughout the poem, and the erasure of letters and words mimics the erasure of human voices as they drown. "Os," the first chapter of the novel, combats this erasure with the inclusion of names on the bottom of each poem, giving voice to the victims even as they are erased. By stripping down existing documents, *Zong* allows the reader to redefine their perceptions of an event that would carry very little significance to us in its original form.

It seems wrong to compare my writing to such a worthy, tragic and necessary book as *Zong*. But in recreating the experience of inpatient care, one must take into consideration the mountains of paperwork that come with it. I have binders full of worksheets and lessons, and endless diary cards and pass plans, none of which represent the individual "I" behind them. They are formulaic, and barely begin to skim the surface of the human beings living through inpatient care and their EDs. But their unaltered presence is necessary and poems such as "Program Schedule," "Rounds Sheet," "DBT Diary Card," "Dear Man," "Detailed Pass Plan," "Re: H-149540 Bridget Heuvel," and "Big Picture" directly copy the existing document without poetic interference, creating a poem that allows the reader to view the juxtaposition between worksheet and patient input from the time of inpatient care. Where each of these poems bring the reader back to the actual moment that the document represents, poems such as "3 Week Meal Plan" and "Thought Record" create a juxtaposition between existing documentation and the later alteration of these documents by the writer or the individual "I." Where *Zong* creates a distinctly disrupted narrative, choosing to overpower and redefine the existing documentation through erasure, creating a completely new narrative in order to highlight the voices that were

erased, the documentation in *Poems From EDP* creates a juxtaposition between the records from inpatient care and the individual “I” behind them.

Unlike *Zong*, where the individuals were lost and nameless, the patients in *Poems From EDP* are known but erased as a result of confidentiality concerns. I knew and loved each person from my inpatient care stay, but I am kept from representing their voices and stories by the contractual requirements of the program in which we participated. In many ways their voices are erased from my own experience, and from this poetic narrative, despite their presence being one of the most crucial and abiding components of my inpatient care stay. I would love to give each patient a name, a face, an identity to draw on to represent the incredible and powerful group of women that I grew to love and admire. Their necessary namelessness in *Poems From EDP* creates a sense of loss, one that I exist in every day now that I am without them. My inability to express, to share my love for them in writing, reflects my inability to share my love with them now 3 years into recovery.

In many ways conceptual poetry follows on the tradition of the Canadian Documentary Poem, a subgenre of “the Canadian Long Poem” in that it utilizes “a vast body of inquiry related to the function of memory” (McMahon 1) in order to juxtapose documentation and original writing. Documentary poetry utilizes bits and pieces of our archival history to join together the historical past and represent it through the individualized present. Dorothy Livesay, who identified the subgenre in her landmark essay, “The Documentary Poem: A Canadian Genre,” argues that the incorporation of found materials into the long poem creates “a dialectic between the objective facts and the subjective feeling of the poet” (267). This dynamic can be seen in works such as Michael Ondaatje’s *The Collected Works of Billy the Kid*, Livesay’s own *Call My People Home*, and Robert Kroetsch’s *The Ledger*. While the archival/poetic

fusion of Robert Kroetsch's work "resemble[s] an intricate web that delineates the threading of poetic craft into a literary experiment grounded in myths with both personal and broader cultural resonances," (McMahon 9) my own poetry utilizes my own personal archive from literature of my past (as represented in "Thought Records") to direct documentation (Program Schedule etc.) Although the term "Conceptual poetry" has eclipsed the label "Documentary Poem," the methodology is similar, overlapping documentation and poetry to balance individual truth with social history.

In balancing documentation and individual input, a juxtaposition between the institutionalization of mental health vs the individual is created, and where documentation is the controlling force, the individual is often erased. The use of direct transcripts of documentation replicates the sense of erasure I often felt within the program. By incorporating documents that have no poetic interference, alongside documents with extensive interference, and individual poems that break free from documentation completely, the individual "I" is able to stand alongside the institution that is erasing it.

The use of documentation in *Poems from EDP* mimics this erasure, emphasizing the difference between patient and person by contrasting directly copied versions of patient documents from EDP and poetic narratives written three years later. This is seen in "3 Week Meal Plan" and "Thought Records," particularly where unaltered documents stand alongside altered versions. "3 Week Meal Plan" seeks to represent the reality that occurred after I left inpatient care, in juxtaposition with the idealistic meal plan I created for discharge planning. "Thought Records" instead focuses on the speaker as an avid reader, utilizing a variety of quotes from well-known poetry in one version of the poem, and Phyllis Webb's *Peacock Blue* in another. The authorial interference in "3 Week Meal Plans" allows the "patient" to shine

through, through the inclusion of what really occurred after leaving inpatient care. Though “3 Week Meal Plans” were written for discharge planning and to be used post-inpatient care they rarely represent the actual meals and experiences that the patient would have had post discharge. In using both versions of 3 Week Meal Plan I’m able to balance the two narratives, the one I created in inpatient care and the one that actually occurred outside of the EDP. The intervened-in versions of “Thought Records” represent a break from a distinctly controlled environment, allowing the reader behind the original Thought Records to break through and create a sense of self beyond the institutionalized document. Since the original form requests the patient’s voice, albeit in a very constrained form, the removal of my patient responses questions the accuracy of my self-representation due to the formulaic nature of these documents. This use of copying and pasting mimics the copy and pasted format utilized in inpatient care where the same documentation appears over and over again. While there’s perhaps some level of erasure in the substitution of other poet’s words for the speaker’s, I hope a reader can also hear a kind of unique blended voice (read poet and writing poet) breaking through.

The use of this documentation serves to juxtapose the moments where the speaker or the implicit “I” breaks free from the constraints of institutionalization. When conceptual poetry is not used (“Artifacts,” “Before Inpatient Care,” “The Boxing Ring,” “Monday—,” “Friendship,” “Re-Feeding,” “Outdoor Break,” “The Pieces of Myself I Gave Away,” etc.), it contrasts strongly with both the uninterrupted conceptual poems and the interrupted. The speaker voice or the “I” becomes unhindered by the institution that was the EDP. The “I” is instead allowed to speak freely without being interrupted by the enforced formulaic nature of the EDP’s documentation. In the lyrical and prose poems, the “I” can speak freely and embrace

self-representation without trying to fit into the patient role. These moments of breaking free represent the “I” amongst the documented “patient.” Where “Monday—” creates an opening into the “I”’s viewpoint upon entering the EDP, “Friendship” opens up a window through which the reader can view the individuals that ultimately shaped the “I” throughout their inpatient care journey. “Artifacts” and “Before Inpatient Care” create a way to view the before and after of inpatient care, representing the “I” as a result of their time in inpatient care. All these pieces of poetic narrative create an alternative to the documented “patient” that is the focus of inpatient care, a focus that is often detrimental to the individual that exists beyond the “patient” figure.

In writing this book, I had initially planned on using only conceptual poetry, but in attempting to piece my story together through pages and pages of documentation, it became very clear very quickly that my self was being erased. The narrative that each piece of documentation tells is correct to an extent, but the experiences behind each piece of paper are so much more complex and layered than any piece of documentation could represent. By intervening in these documents, I am able to emphasize the complexity of the institutional documentation and the patient writing and interacting with them. Both representations matter. Inpatient care IS an institution, one that serves a single ideal patient through a single methodology. But in only focusing on the EDP’s representation of my own experience, my “I,” the “I” that actually experienced each moment of the program, was being erased. By turning to prose and lyrical poetry I reintroduced my voice to the narrative, breaking away from the limitations of the institutionalized documentation of my experience. By incorporating both my “I” and the “patient,” I was able to play with the complexities of trauma and memory embracing the fantasy or mythology implicit in the memories I have of inpatient care I can

embrace “truth” as it is, an entity that depends on perception, one that is inevitably shaped by how memory and trauma interact.

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