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Anorexia

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Anorexia

Description

This piece captures a tense moment when a troubled and absent family member exposes the moral failure and resulting compensation of her parents.

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ANOREXIA

ANNA GRACE GALKIN

The blade clatters on my empty plate as I stop myself from ripping into the roast on the dinner table. I wipe my hand on the napkin and prepare to wait – wait as long as it takes for Mitch to do his job.

“When did you find out?” he asks.

I crease the cloth between my fingers. “What do you mean, Mitch? It’s been obvious for a while now. What’s done is done.” How can he sit there in silence and - “don’t you dare google that.” The words dissolve into the room’s soft furnishing.

He sighs and flips his phone over, finally meeting my gaze. “Where is she – won’t she at least come down and fake it?”

I begin dishing out the steamy potatoes. I give Mitch a double portion of everything - everything except the roast. I slump back in my chair.

“No, Mitch – she’s sick.” I feel my voice rising, “Sick and tired of being told she needs to eat another helping.”

His eyebrows raise, but he continues to gaze at the roast, still not making a move towards it. I wish tears would spring to my eyes and cool my cheeks, but none come. I give in by stabbing the roast – slicing the meat, which falls apart at the slightest pressure. Mitch forks over a slice and I add one more to his plate. I can’t look at him. I can’t look at the third empty place setting. So I sit back down and stare at my plate – waiting for grace. Mitch clears his throat, and I hear the clink of the knife against the plate and fork.

I say grace.