

# Iphigenia

## Cosy Sheridan

When I was fifteen  
Sixty-five pounds was all I weighed.  
My religion was 500 calories a day.

Me and my friends  
We started a web page.  
There's a picture you can see  
Every bone in my rib cage.

We called it the Fight Club  
Welcome to our fast.  
Starvation the sensation that will last.  
We read the magazines with the teens and learned how.  
I wonder if they care where I am now.

I am Iphigenia  
The daughter you lost.  
For all you earned  
I am the cost.  
Ruling the world  
Has a very high price.  
I am Iphigenia  
The Sacrifice.

They say if I get better  
I can go home soon.  
My mother reads me stories  
In my hospital room.  
About Goddesses and girls who can fly.  
I heard her tell my father,  
"What'll we do if she dies?!"

We read about the Trojan War last night.  
Iphigenia killed by her father so his army would fight.  
She died so they could sail off for his war.  
Another girl who learned what her country wanted her for.

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For all you earned  
I am the cost.

Ruling the world  
Has a very high price.  
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The Sacrifice.

She died  
So the big boys could win.  
Sacrificed for a good Westerly wind.  
Someone got rich  
Telling me to get thin.  
Just looks like a different war  
From this bed I'm in.

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Lyrics submitted by Barbara Murphy.

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