

Never in my life had I been so productive.

To the naked eye, I was sidelined on the maroon couch again, supporting the bulk of my belly as if I were constantly carrying a brown bag of groceries that risked tearing from the bottom. I was breathing heavily though no part of me was in motion. I hadn't practiced my guitar since my stomach was flat, and it was too late to worry about the militia of weeds that ransacked the garden. It was in my nature to feel I was being lazy even though I was, indeed, working tirelessly even while drooling on the couch pillow. I was successfully growing eyeballs and elbows and a tiny, beating heart.

"Anything sound good tonight, honey?" Jesse called from the kitchen, followed by a crashing of pots being removed from the dish rack.

"Salt and Vinegar chips, please." I mumbled into the embroidery of the couch pillow. I felt like all I did was eat, and eat well for the most part. A pre-breakfast snack, breakfast, a post-breakfast snack, lunch. I even had notes posted to the fridge of Healthy Things To Eat, because I was running out of ideas. I felt like a Volkswagen with a faulty gas tank.