

But, She Loved Him

Beaten, battered and bruised.

She was left sobbing in the corner of the kitchen,
on the floor;
head in her blood covered hands.

“You’re not good enough”
and
“I wouldn’t mind if you died”
filled her mind, night after night.
But, she loved him.

She shut out anyone that advised her leave
said goodbye to those who cared
and clinged to the one who would forever destroy her.

Oh the betrayal,
The man who was supposed to love her,
became the prime vindication of her tears.
But, she loved him.

Each new day,
was a new bruise,
and new scar on her heart.

And on this particular day:

She was left alone,
With nowhere to hide
She kept it all a secret
While parts of her died.

Nothing Like I'd Ever Seen

Nothing like I'd ever seen,
his Hollow shadow hovering over me;

In his right hand:

my Dignity.

And in his left,

my Innocence.

Each day my dignity would strike me across the face,
and my innocence would fade.

Never was I let free,
or given a choice.

Every time I tried to speak, dignity would quiet my voice.
Every time I tried to leave, *innocence* would make me think twice.