

And I Do Not Forgive You

the way you charmed
your way into
my life with
drunk on the curb
vulnerability
and sweet talk of
you and god
holding the jagged
shards
of my childhood
without bleeding out
on me
and I do not forgive you

the way you lied
in our bed
every night,
waiting to sneak out,
leaving me
and my
nightmares
alone
to have and to hold
each other
and I do not forgive you

the way you choked
the anger
out of me
until all that was
left

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was a reduction of poison
too bitter
to spit out
and I do not forgive you

the way you cowered
into a distant apparition
and then
into nothing
while I
lay swollen and bloody
with the significance
of motherhood
and this precious
child
and I do not forgive you

the way you crawled
back to us
not on all fours
but with lawyers
threatening with your
honey forked words
to force yourself
on me
again
and take what remained
of my sanity
and love
and I do not forgive you

the way you convinced
them and

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me, most of all,
that what you did was
good
and I do not forgive you