

# Imprinted Misery

(Trigger Warning)

## **Like A Broken Record:**

As he continues to find solace  
in a drink  
His guilty conscious evaporates  
like the sweat dissipating on his face  
Not drinking to forget but drinking to escape  
Escape what?

Escape the same memories he recreates?  
His children cower under the man  
responsible for them, somehow their dad  
Same as his dad and his dad  
and his dad...

As the sweat dissipates on his forehead  
The carefree memories  
his children once had  
Fade away  
replaced  
Not with warmth but with apathy

Ice cold but filled with rage  
Fueled by the yearning  
for a bottle...

Just one  
Turns into two  
Turns into three  
Turns into four  
Turns into more

For his children  
the memories repeat  
Suppressed in their heads,  
they never leave

The silent screams  
of a graceful swan that..  
...never got to sing

The swan trumpeted  
and whistled  
Squawking until its feathers

would bristle

Continuously

Like A Broken Record

bound to repeat...

### **Violets and Lavender in Full Bloom:**

I was 11 when I asked

My father...

“Would you accept me if I called a woman..

My lover?”

“Tolerance not Acceptance!” he said

with subtle hatred in his declaration...

The luscious garden within my heart

turned into a labyrinth

Hiding genuine love, genuine affection

because somehow it was a terrible sin

Somehow worse than

murder

Somehow worse than

adultery

Somehow worse than

abuse

Somehow worse than

greed and the pursuit of luxury

I traversed through the labyrinth

running until my legs gave out

getting stabbed by the hidden twigs

in the bushes

Tormented by the reality I felt

but couldn't share

The maze of bushes turned into a garden

Violets and lavender in full bloom

Pleasing to the gaze of everyone

Even those who chose to hate, not love.

Violets that once wilted

were now fruitful

Roots unrestricted  
the destruction of the labyrinth  
was not resisted

But the garden must be protected  
even the loving  
can be deceptive

### **A place to hide**

My sisters and I are close  
Physically and mentally  
Emotionally  
Because we had to be

2006  
As we're hiding we sit  
In the closet  
Waiting for my mother, to save us  
Separated by a phone  
Not hiding because we can  
But because we must

They said monsters were imaginary  
A nuisance that would disappear  
but one lived with my family  
green-eyed and jealous  
coping with poison  
to deal with children and life  
Because that monster  
saw righteousness as sin

The monster hated the success of others  
Even the success of his family, his sister, his brothers  
Even the success of his wife, his lover

Possessed by jealousy, the monster consumed the vial daily  
Blamed his actions on the existence of his wife, his children, babies  
his cheeks, nose, and brain inflamed  
his own actions made others pay

for his recklessness  
Selfishness, jealousy  
Hatred

His cries were hollow, not a single tear  
For those he hurt, those who seath  
with anger and resentment  
Never learned a lesson  
Too busy consuming an ungodly amount of poison

A cyclops with one eye  
because he can't see with two  
Promoting lies  
As the truth

Covering up the damage  
Hiding guilt and shame with resentment

### **An Indestructible Box**

I was in kindergarten when my teacher yelled at me for touching a drum  
but I was curious  
just a touch  
To satisfy my need to see and hear  
The world around me, and the instruments in the near  
vicinity

I cried alone, with no one to support me, or help me to understand  
what was wrong with  
being a child,  
with a zest for the environment  
the world around me didn't rest  
Therefore I couldn't resist

I wanted to hide somewhere alone  
dark and small, difficult to enter  
The platinum exterior blocking and suffocating  
the humiliation and disregard for curiosity  
that accompanies childhood and neurodivergency

My imagination could run wild, unrestricted by those who believed  
that I should be "corrected"  
or changed because I was too loud, too expressive,  
or too quiet and expressionless

Always too little or too much  
but I was "perfect" when I made my parents look superior  
My flaws that made me a person were seen as

inferior,  
taboo

It was then when I realized  
I will never be a whole person  
Just a manikin, a tool, a prop  
For someone's reputation, or propaganda

I'm autistic first, a person second.  
Apparently the two are separate.

### **Mark of Shame**

As I lay on the floor  
at my limit  
my lowest  
I resisted  
but she insisted  
that I stop

The pain was trivial  
compared to the blinding agony within  
that made me question my desire to exist

The internal torture was consistent and intrusive  
yet the external torment was temporary and expected  
something I could control

As I dug into my skin I thought of the pain I would cause others  
If I shared my pain within  
Instead I coped  
by distracting  
The monster within

But a mark remained  
A mark of shame  
Visible but ignored  
By those who said they cared the most

That's when I began to think  
That being alone is better than forming a link with  
Someone who apparently cares