

There she lies.
Me.
I lie.
Pretending to sleep on the scratchy couch.
Flies buzzing around my head.
No blanket to soothe me and keep the bad guys out.
Except the bad guys were really a girl.
And that didn't make sense.
And a blanket wouldn't have kept her away.
She was rough.
Some pleasure.
But more pain.
And more confusion for my mind to wrap around.
Like the blanket that wasn't there to protect me.
So I floated up the stairs.
Just trying to get away.
Away from the scratchy couch and the buzzing flies.
Away from her groping hands.
Hands that should have played with the little girl.
Me.
But instead destroyed.