

My Mother's Daughter

*Resurrected*

*he looks the same*

Like a tradition, it became my right of passage.

It did not start with her, but passed on without question.

My Mother's monster, kept alive by silent shame, became my monster:

*not the same blood*

*but blood just the same*

when he thrust his perverse intentions

upon my trusting daughter

he was then uncloaked,

my voice powerful and deadly

despite the taunts and blame

for breaking tradition

*victims controlled by a*

*carefully shattered image*

I stepped forward,

pushing that monster

backward, over the edge

*self-destructed*

*by smugness*

he fell hard

generations of blood burst from

his soft belly

*messy innards*

*exposed beyond repair*

None of it splattered on my daughter.