

Like Pouring Salt on a Snail

Living under this shared roof with you
 That my family moved under with yours
I feel a sense of warmness,
 like a Summer afternoon, yet I
Keep thinking of how I shouldn't
 Of how wrong it is in every way
Every night I try to escape
 These feelings of sadness and regret
Pretending that night never happened
 Or the other three nights either.
Only under that damned roof we share
 Would you ever have the feeling to strike
Unless all ten of them just to happened to be there,
 Then you would continue to sneak in,
Right in the *comfort* of the living room
 On those brown leather couches
I lay prepared to sleep then you join me
 Crawling up behind me, me
Not wanting you to be there, yet you
 Going for it regardless.
Getting nervous, looking to see if
 One of your little sisters sees, you
Saying "It won't happen again,
 "I don't know what came over me"
After you've finished with me sitting
 In your cold lap, me
Looking at the floor, ignoring
 The empty words and promises
That you repeat in my ear
 Over and over again.
Only wishing you would leave,
 Get far from me and never return
Never knowing when it would end
 Not knowing it would only happen
Again and again and again. There's
 A cold silence as we move about the house
Separated only by a door that can not be locked
 Our parents will never know

No one else will ever know what happened either.

I could never tell any of our family members.

Always having to keep this secret. The

Outcomes that would happen if I did. So,

I mustn't tell anyone. For now I have to

Continue forcing myself to

Live in this unforgiving silence.