

Redemption

I hate how you make me feel like a deflated balloon.
How you make me want to curl up smaller than the movement of a mosquito
and be quietly forgotten about, so no one can forget me again, ever.
I want to ask you why you did what you did to me.
I want to know why I can't go a day without being reminded that I am a victim.
I want to answer to the disturbed cries of friends;
people who will never know what it feels like
to be the Thanksgiving turkey, still clucking into June.
I want to leave the cups of acid aside so there are no more burns.
I want to let go of the brick of pain that I carry on my chest.
I want to clip the chains off my back and let my elbows reach out to the light that fills me up
with good feelings.
I want the good feelings.
I want to reveal myself to you
without seeming like the most broken toy on the shelf.