



# **Circadian Rhythm**

Five Poems

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## The Noose

Pernicious ply of nylon, finch yellow, knotted, wound  
around the oak beam mighty, jerked taut the tethered weight.  
A passerby heeded the sound, "Had an icy branch just shattered?"  
He did not hear the strangled gasp, or pause perchance to see,  
the swinging of the lethal line bearing broken, bound, its dead.  
What waste torment can render, when hope surrenders guard.

## Daddy's Education

Steep stairs down into hell.  
Blue-striped mattress, your prison cell,  
Submerged in the dark, drowning in your fears,  
Glacially cold and seared by your tears.

Bloody nose crusts over under the rafters;  
A million miles from a soothing hand—  
Too young to understand.

The world cannot hear your hopeless cries,  
As your caretaker dangles your freedom as a prize;  
He holds you;  
Defines you;  
Reminds you,  
Three days now—  
No good, worthless, SICK.  
“NO, Daddy!”

He brings you a red rose as an apology.  
Say what he wants and you are free.  
Broken like a toy, you finally agree—  
Innocence is gone; truth, an irrelevancy.

Nine years old and your future is planned,  
A million miles from a soothing hand—  
You'll never be able to understand.

Cement a smile on your face as you are freed  
Ascend into a life that used to be.  
Secretly scarred.  
Psychologically marred.  
Invisible injuries.  
Never good enough to please.  
Damaged for the rest of your life.  
“yes, Daddy.”

## Cicatrice

A commodity of flesh and spirit, sweet and ripe for the breaking;  
in his shadow of violent control, just a small figure quaking.

No caution or cajoling could circumvent the clapperclaw  
or battered jaw to come.

Abused, misused—at his wife...

Reviled, defiled—just a child.

Skin breaks and bruises heal on the surface;

All clarity is lost trying to understand the purpose.

Contusions to the soul exact the most enduring toll  
driving the hunger to one day be whole.

When destructive inhumanity ceases, disbelief becomes the conversation piece—  
carried as a woeful weight on a restless journey in search of release.

Broken down to her scarred knees she finally finds a path to peace.

A woman strong now—rising, no longer disguising  
the disfigurement, too faint to see, but part of who she'll always be—  
her cicatrice.

## Point of Origin

Her energy was an electrical arc,  
erratically spiking, and with each spark  
she blazed with the brand of her legacy—  
She'd been slashed-and-burned to the third degree.

Inflamed by shame she was a brilliant torch;  
Radiating emotional heat set to scorch  
anyone near, so she drove them away—  
Her fiery pain raged more intense every day.

She'd been damaged, long ago, beyond repair  
She was igniting a world that would never be fair.  
It was bloody arson that seared through her soul,  
Engulfed in self-hatred, she burned out of control.

When her oxygen was gone, she dwindled  
to just a flame that could not be kindled.  
Incinerated hope lay in charred remains  
along with a small girl—doused in blame.