

Removing Shards

one:

you took what you wanted from me
didn't ask if I had plans to use it
ran your fingers on my skin
and it felt like a million stinging needles
setting my insides on fire
I lost everything that day
including my innocence
and in place of it all
you left pieces of you embedded so deep
I'll be picking them out for days...
...or months

two:

more like years...
because those small shards are the hardest to find
the hardest to get rid of
and so when I have my first kiss
I will see your face
and when I make love to my husband
in 10 or 20 years
I will flinch at his touch
just for a moment
I will find it hard to breathe
what will you find hard to do?

three:

what will you remember of that day?
the day you became my worst nightmare
the day I knew monsters were real
did I leave pieces of my soul behind when I shattered?
do they catch the light and blind you?
or are they all pretty and rainbow like?
because the shards I pick out are black and disfigured

four:

they wrap themselves around my insides
my brain...
...my heart
my spirit...
and try to turn them into things that don't resemble me
I feel them struggling to take over
I try to remove them all but...

five:

the process takes forever
I'll be removing them for the rest of my life
did you collect pieces from other girls
to keep on display?
like beautiful figurines of fairies and butterflies
sparkling in the curio cabinet
or was I just special?

six:

what was it about me that made you think I wouldn't break?

seven:

did you think I wouldn't want my things?
did you mistake my frozen in fear face for permission?

eight:

no, because little girls can't consent
little girls can't recognize a predator's stare from afar

nine:

I didn't recognize your affinity for stealing things
and breaking little girls' spirits
but I don't blame myself anymore

ten:

I just keep removing shards of you
ping
there goes another one for the bucket.

Harmonious

Music becomes my solace
in a life that begs for
quiet...
The only place I can clear my head.
Baptizing me,
guiding me inside the walls
of its harmonies.
And I seek it before all others.
Searching out its safety
when everything crumbles.
In this life that begs for
quiet...
When I hear its melody
I'm allowed to tune out.
Resting on the stability of drum beats,
the tempo reaches the depths of me.
Calming the chaos of uncertainty
it is music...

—that becomes my silence
in a life that begs for
peace.

Jaded

her eyes
held the secrets
that sparked imagination

those that dared to peer into their depths
saw only glimpses
of what caused the tears she wept

her eyes
held the mystery
that inspired temptation

those that were drawn to their stare
saw brief flashes
of what caused her pain and despair

her eyes
held the code
that deciphered information

those that attempted to avert their gaze
saw clear visions
of what turned her colors into grays

her eyes
held the conspiracy
that convicted all
and redeemed few

this was seen from her point of view