

Painted Doll

Are you sure you want to love a broken person?
I'm not even sure where my pieces are.
But they are missing.
My heart has been sewn, duct taped, and badly glued back together.
I can't understand why I continued to let myself be fucking hurt.
Especially by people that have already hurt me so much before.
Twisted words, promises broken, repeated lying.
They cover up their crime of never actually loving me.
Never caring about my wellbeing.
They tried to paint a smile on my doll face but the paint chipped away in minutes.
All that was left, a gaping hole.

Tightropes

Walking a tightrope.
The slightest breeze could be our downfall.
Feels hard to breathe, think, listen...
Wind howling.
We clasp onto one another.
Bracing ourselves for trouble.
Leaning into each other.
With one another, hand in hand, we can defeat anything.
Our foreheads touch softly as noses nuzzle.
It feels warm, reassuring.
I look down to see the tightrope was solid ground all along.
No storms, just sun.
No burdens.
Just you.

When am I healed?

Everyone preaches that time will heal.
Time dulls the loss.
Six months later and I'm still begging my grief to remove itself from upon my chest.
It is heavy.
Nestled into my bosom is an unbearable weight.
Loss.
Not just a loss, but a great one.
The loss that plants you into the ground.
Either grow, or wither away.
Grief can sometimes be a funny thing.
Sometimes, often when you are fine, it will creep up and once again suck from your soul.
Even as I smile I cry within.
I can't help but miss you.
Your guiding hands.

Pressure

I like the rain.
I like watching it, listening to it, standing in it, and letting it wash over me.
I miss being taken care of.
Being cradled in someone's hands, told I'm precious.
Only diamonds are precious,
But only after being put through tremendous pressure.
Maybe I am precious.
Maybe the pressure,
torture,
pain,
torment,
Made me a diamond.

Testimony of a 4 year old

I didn't do it. I promise.
I don't know how else to say this.
I'm too young to understand.
Too young to be touched this way.
Too young to understand how this will affect me.
Affect me for my entire life.
Come into my mind in my most vulnerable moments.

I didn't do what they said I did.
Why won't you believe me instead?
Why won't you hear this voice?
I was left in your care.
You were supposed to keep me safe.

Why am I in this room again?
Years later.
So many years later.
My mind haunts me with memories of myself at a time when I could barely remember.
But I remember those days, I remember those days vividly.

I didn't do what your sons said I did.
The lies burn my eyes with tears.
I'm sent to the room where they touch me.
I'm too young for this.
We are too young.

I didn't do it. But my protectors believe I did.
Smack.
Smack.
Smack.
Sound lingers in the air as the leather lands.
They don't know that I didn't do it.
A voice this small must be hard to hear.

Day after day.
I try my best.
TO BE A GOOD GIRL.
But this means staying quiet.
Going to the room to be touched.
The lies they tell still burn my eyes.
No matter how hard I try, I'm not good.

I'm told that I'm bad.
Misbehave.
I hold my hands under my bottom.
Surely the lies won't work this time.
My eyes burned.

I just want you to know, I DIDN'T DO IT.
They told me that no one would believe me.
I believed them despite the proof I had that they told lies that could burn your eyes.