

[SCREAMING]

LET'S TALK

Nobody wants to talk about child sexual abuse
And that's the problem.
So, Let's talk.
Right now, right here, completely unprepared,
And let me set aside my shame and my fear
Because even after all these centuries
This demon still hasn't went anywhere.
And being completely robbed of your innocence,
before you even develop a voice,
Is so much deeper than,
Life's not fair.
So, let me stand here and vouch for all of my scar-sisters
and all of my scar-brothers,
That are trapped inside of the darkest weather,
Wishing upon a star for the clearance of the clutter that our smugglers
Forced into our heads,
Raping us over and over,
Then forcing us to continue to live,
Even after perpetrating our death.
Convincing us that we never could
When in reality,
They crossed their fingers, arms, legs and toes,
That us victims never would.
Child sexual abuse claims way too many baby boys
And baby girls.
So I want to talk about
Why nobody is talking about these demonic entities
Snatching up our seeds,
Why it snatched up a grown ass woman like me,
And why our pedophiles receive so much unmerited grace,
While we spend majority of our life fighting

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For everything that was ours in the first place.

And I hope everyone is completely uncomfortable with the subject at hand

Because perps target voiceless children because they assume they can.

So I hope you cringe in your seat as I speak

Because regardless,

One out of every four women

And one out of every four men,

In this very room feels me.

So, let's talk about this bullshit

That my rapist left me to deal with.

Let's talk about child sexual abuse and all its affects.

And let's not fail to neglect

The urgency of release of the devil's foot on so many unaccounted for's necks.

Please let me be your muse

To start talking, right now, about child sexual abuse.

And this revolving door, that keeps claiming more and more.

So we can come up with some actual solutions

And put a semicolon

Where so many victims have been completely wiped out

And have nothing else to live for,

So, Let's talk.

[SCREAMING]

THE ANGRY BLACK WOMAN

I am the angry black woman.
And I'm not ashamed of who I be,
No matter how much anybody may be ashamed
Or who tempts to shame me.
And I'm not foolish,
I am a human being,
Emotionally trying to hold tight to so many nonexistent silver linings.
Within this absolute mess of a deck,
With not a single crumb or speck,
Of anything that even resembles respect.
And I offer zilch apologies for the filter that I do not miss.
So, if you find that silencing tactic,
You can keep that shit.
Because I'm damned to be wrong
Because I'm mad when I've been mandated to be strong.
Or in better words quiet.
Because God forbid any woman to ever break her silence.
Even when the whole world kicks me in the dead center of my throat,
All the while I'm screaming for mercy.
As if none of the blows I've ever been thrown
Were ever intended to hurt me.
I've been screaming for generations and still nobody hears me.
And I'm still strong despite being shunned because of all this fury.
As if I'm the only one with problems and issues.
Bound in this statistical madness while everyone else just continues.
The whole world needs to claim the disability of being deaf.
Making a table out of my bare back
And leaving me to make due with whatever's left.
While everyone just sashays me,
Like she's a black woman, she'll be okay.
She's built for this.

[SCREAMING]

But honestly,

I'm sick of this shit.

Compacting piles of pounds of historical, present and expected literal shit.

I'm talking doo-doo.

As funky as it gets.

And here I am,

Another generation slammed between brick walls.

Taking globs of spit to my radiant face with no remorse at all.

And many days it seems I'm just a spectacle that refuses to fall.

I ain't never been handled with concern or safely.

So, yep you guessed it,

I'm motherfucking crazy.

I'm already looked down upon,

Every damn time I even dare to release.

But I'll never be at peace,

With this shit constantly on defeat and repeat.

Carrying the world on my 7x broken shoulders.

While that same exact world continues to treat me colder.

And you know what,

I say every angry black woman should be proud of who she be.

Because I am her and she is me.

And there's nobody in this world stronger than me.

We've been biting our tongues for far too long.

Staying silently strong,

While the world treats us dead fucking wrong.

I say the whole world should start fucking screaming.

For every angry black woman given a struggle,

Then mandated to create beauty.

And to anyone who got two cents,

That isn't even relevant Or survived anything we've always been forced to,

You can take this with you,

Fuck you.

[SCREAMING]

SCREAMING

I just want to take a few minutes and be,
As transparent as I can be,
Right in the middle of my scream.
Because I thought getting justice as a child sexual abuse victim, 11 yrs later,
Would've eased me, but my anger, has only grown greater.
And you would think it would be somewhat freeing,
But it has been nothing short of eye opening.
I've been doing my absolute best to,
Keep calm and do the Christian thing,
But honestly, I would rather scream.
I've found out so many answers I've always wanted to know,
But the list of people that robbed me from 11 years ago,
Just continues to grow.
And Besides my perp being as sick as he is,
Preying on my naïve mother,
And doing everything he absolutely did.
He sealed my scars with a preacher's smile,
So of course, I was just a liar and the bad child.
I didn't get no love, No sympathy,
No here baby let me hold you while you cry on me,
For every time you froze or fought from 9-14.
No.
Somehow it all fell back on me.
I guess I ruined an image too many people were really trying to keep.
I just really-really want to scream.
And some days I do better than others,
Finding my peaceful medium in-between everything,
But then I can't,
Knowing justice owed back in 06 I'm just now getting in 17.
And knowing the police had everything they could possibly need,
But let him walk away and didn't do one single thing.

[SCREAMING]

And ***** definitely did all those things,
But at this point I don't even know who actually raped me.
And I've been trying to charge somethings to something I'll just never understand,
But this self-respect I've gained just jacks up that plan.
But I'm supposed to keep calm and exercise my right to remain silent,
And somehow find the confidence placing my case in the same hands that archived it.
I just really want to scream.
And I told my mother he had to leave,
But the excuses given were the closest thing,
I've ever gotten from her to even believe.
So, I guess my mother died, somewhere In between his lies
And all this anger is how I grieve.
I just really really-really want to scream.
But People keep telling me don't,
Like if I speak up my case will be blown.
As if the man that ran off with all of me, for 11 years too long,
Deserves a fluffy pillow to land on.
Or as if I'm supposed to walk on eggshells,
When I'm already enduring hell.
But I seriously really thought the recorded confession, in addition, would've more than enough,
But this entire process has been the definition of rough.
I'm starting to believe I'm the only one with my fist balled up.
He stole my immediate family
And that is what almost claimed my sanity.
Watching people that I love,
Console the monster that tried to assassinate me, repetitively.
And though, the separation probably was actually best,
After that, all this anger was all I had left.
I mean other than God but I'm still struggling to get through,
The protective barrier I built from all the church hurt,
I had no choice and was forced to go through.
I mean I know God is very real,

[SCREAMING]

But my own mother's a pastor and she hired my rapist,
So, I really don't know how to feel.
I can't even listen to gospel music or a sermon without having a flashback.
Of him slipping off my panties,
As if I don't feel him underneath my covers the night before,
Then jumping behind that podium and putting on a full-blown act.
And the icing on the cake,
Is the unmerited grace,
Within the plea deal, he still refuses to take.
The continuances, As if there's any way to still get away
Or anything left to even contemplate.
Or the fact that, I, have to panic in Walmart,
Trying to get out with my three kids,
Speeding through self-checkout
Because I just seen my rapist out on bond in aisle ten.
But only 0.6% of rapist ever see a single day in jail.
So, I'm supposed to be thrilled, but I'm not, if you can't tell.
I used to dream of these exact days and this exact opportunity.
But actually being here, I feel like the furthest thing from lucky.
Standing up for what's right, has been the battle of my life
And it's been more painful than I had ever foreseen.
I'm supposed to sit back and just let the Commonwealth do its thing,
But to be completely transparent, I'd rather just stand in that courtroom and scream.
I've fought so hard to find my voice not once but twice.
Once at 14 then again at 25.
So, I am done acting like I'm fine,
When I was robbed at only 9 of endless possibilities.
I am so not sorry, I can't stop and I won't stop swinging.
And in the name of every one out of four and every one out of six,
I will not stop screaming.

[SCREAMING]

WHEN

Why won't you move?

You survived.

What else do you have to prove?

How long are you going to dwell on their wrongs?

You hold onto everything for extremely too long.

When are you going to forgive yourself?

How long are you going to complain about the cards you've been dealt?

You've already been robbed.

How you gonna rob you too?

When are you going to swing back and rescue you?

How angry can you manage being?

When are you going to conquer your own demons?

Your excuses will never be legit reasons.

When are you going to actually fight?

When are you going to take back your life?

When are you going to pull outward your interior?

How long are you going to wait for the bigger picture, to get clearer?

When are you going to stop being an emotional hoarder?

When are you going to flip gears and move steadily forward?

Why won't you give yourself any credit?

You're always beating yourself up.

As if any other force could ever measure up.

How can you not see that you are your number one fear?

How much more time will you sacrifice?

How many more years?

How many more times will you quit,

When your breakthrough is so near?

When are you going to stop dedicating your life to your fears?

When are you going to stop focusing on strays?

When are you going to realize,

It is only you, in your own way.

[SCREAMING]

PURPLE HEART

I accepted you,
Flaws and all.
I seen the ugliest mucked up corners of who you are
That you dare not to share with the world
And still I knelt before the Lord and begged for your forgiveness, for more patience,
For you know not what you do, to me.
Because only hurt people hurt people
And I thought you could appreciate someone
That didn't wash their hands in the face of, unshaken insecurities,
Someone that runs to the sound of the gun.
And I tried to lift you up from the valley you settled for
And even after you slammed the door in my face,
I dusted myself off,
Convinced myself that-that's just your pain trying to find an out
And for the sake of your release,
I'd clench my teeth and brace myself, for more.
I fought for you.
Through fatigue, the choke outs, solid fists, open hands and spreading myself thin.
And foolishly I readily and steadily put myself second all those one more times,
Through all your bold face lies
And still I would plead with the world,
About how marvelous you are, while I stood there,
With fresh wounds, black eyes, darkening bruises and scars,
That should've killed me, that you, cloaked me in...
And as soon as I convince myself that, I need to go,
You take me on a honey moon again.
But even then its still not sweet because I still gotta creep
with my selection of words, that I dare to speak,
with my choice of acquaintances and friends,
That recognize my soft soul or even how high I allow my chin to go.
I am not alive anymore & everyday Im in prison

[SCREAMING]

Serving time on a sentence,
Due to a gullible empathetic heart
And other than what I've allowed,
The only crime I've committed is accepting the glimpses,
Of happiness on your better days,
In exchange, for the other days,
That you fail to handle your rage and for my silence,
And denial of the fact that, this is domestic violence.