

The Problem

It's not that I was raped.

It's that the guy who did it would say he didn't.
It's that my best friend, at best, didn't believe me.
It's that at worst, she thought I deserved it.

It's that my Christmas wreath is still on the door and it's April.
It's that I sleep with a light on.
It's that I hold my cat too tightly.

It's that I don't know who my friends are.
It's that I can't make new ones.
It's that I don't know what to say when someone asks 'How are you?'

It's that I have to drink to sleep through the night.
It's that I have to forget it in order to laugh.
It's that I have to remind myself to be happy.

It's that what if I'm overreacting.
It's that I can't convince myself I'm a good person.
It's that what if the problem is me.

It's that I cry for no reason.
It's that I cry for great reasons.
It's that I don't have waterproof mascara and it gives me away when it's running down my cheeks.

It's that I can't have sex without crying.
It's that when I can, I can't stop worrying that I'm pregnant.
It's that I can't have another abortion.

It's that I believe you when you think the worst of me.
It's that I'm scared I'll always be alone.

Getting raped was nothing.

It's everything else that's the problem.