

Witness

I was not raped!

Only molested. Only.

Only kissed by a flicking tongue forcing its way.

Only groped by callous hands squeezing my tender breasts.

Only “messed with” by arthritic fingers shoved between childhood thighs clamped shut.

Only touched in places that made me feel shamed and embarrassed to be a girl.

Only forced to endure unwanted advances from an old man while his wife lay dying.

Only resented because I told the truth and stopped coming to read the Bible.

Only condemned to bear witness that I would be damaged goods forever.

Prey

A little boy, trusting, unsuspecting, plays nearby while his stepfather watches.

A man sees easy prey and his member gets hard.

A crime committed against humanity goes on unpunished everyday.

A gay son is spurned by his father because of the way he walks.

A mother cries too late tears knowing that she did not protect him.

A finger is pointed, but only to explain why he is that way.

No lessons learned.

No justice given.

No apology made.

Raping of our children continues to this day.

Loose

I am unloved, tarnished, damaged.

Spoiled goods they call me.

Ruined for life is what they said.

I am ashamed, defeated, dejected.

Shunned for my actions.

Searching for acceptance in strangers' bed.

I am bold, loud, common.

Spurned because I dance.

Shaking off the demons that haunt me.

I am wounded, abused, discarded.

Tormented by my weakness.

Hoping the next man will save me.