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Tainted

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Tainted | SHELBY N. EVERETT

He thought that my body was his property
That I belonged to him, that I owed myself to him
He told me I was beautiful, but never once looked in my eyes
Never once looked at my face
Never once listened to my dreams and aspirations
He couldn't even tell you what my favorite color was
Because he didn't want to know me, he wanted to know my body
He wanted to trace my form with his fingers
He wanted to leave a lasting impression on my figure
So that even when I rot in the ground and become a skeleton,
He will be a part of me
He wanted to be a daily reminder that I am no longer the same person that I was before him.
He wanted to know that I will remain tainted because of him
His handprint will always stain my thighs,
The look in his eyes will always burn down to my core
He couldn't handle being forgotten, so he did what he knew would always make me remember him
He took what wasn't his to take
He didn't ask for permission
And a story I once knew to be fiction became my reality
He wanted to break me down, he wanted to make me weak
He couldn't stand a woman being stronger than him, resilient
I am resilient to the scars he left behind on his road to destruction
I will never be susceptible to his maltreatment
I do not need anyone to come save me like in Cinderella
I don't need someone to be my prince
Because a princess is entirely capable of saving herself
I am the hero of this story which I call my own
And contrary to popular belief, I will forever remain unbroken, and undamaged by him.