

YOUR VICTIM

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You're gone,
Yet the memories of what you've done
Cannot be erased
Once suppressed but that's no longer the case.

During the peak hours of
The late night and early morning
I welcome insomnia,
My midnight friend which
Keeps away recurring nightmares.

Daylight isn't any better,
Anxiety consumes me and I
Sporadically peek over my shoulder
For a glimpse of your ghost
Which lingers in close proximity.

You've taken everything.
My innocence exploited
In order to appease your addiction,
Control.

With your words,
I placed my trust.
For my honest eyes were unable
To detect your lies.

My soul is shattered
At the thought of
Your skin against mine.

Your Victim

Sadness strikes me as I realize that
You knowingly stole from me
Something that was never yours but mine,
Childhood.

My heart beats like African drums,
Striking
Not in celebration
But of a lost war.

My tears create rivers
Which release emotions
In reaction to what you've done.

Your guilty pleasures
Allowed you to give birth to
Wounds that may never heal.

Your voice I may
No longer hear and
Your face I may
No longer see but
Your eyes still haunt me.

Our secret was your amusement
For me it was my introduction to
Molestation.

I, feeling you were like family
Let you into my heart which
Is now tattered and torn.

I sometimes stand
In the shower to wash away my
Uncontrollable disgust.

And sometimes guilt is
My best company
With its knowledge that
My body, mind and soul were invaded.

And sometimes I
Can't be touched because
I still remember
What you've done.
But today
I do not choose to
Remember
Nor choose to
Forget,
But live.

In this moment
I choose not to
Let you
Take the upper hand.

And I can finally say
I no longer look for an outlet for
My anger and pain.
And when you come to mind
I carry pity in my heart
For you
Because I am
No longer your victim.