



when Trauma Strikes

It started at four.

“Do you want to kiss me?”

I didn't know any better. Did he?

“How long do you want to kiss me?”

Shame fills me now.

“Would you put your mouth here?”

The horror.

And it repeated. Over and over.

Not just once. Never. Just. Once.

It was a few years before it stopped.

We were so young.

The repression starts here.

So many other things
that I have drowned out in between.

Though,

Snippets taunt me often.

I'll never understand.

It'll never go away.

To be fourteen.

An adult in my mind, but not really.

We stood in the brisk autumn air

Waiting on the bus.

My sister and I were ready for school.
We stood alone in silence until we heard a whistle.
An old red car had its front driver's door flung open.
There he was, with a massive grin on his face
and wild red hair.
Naked. Touching himself.
We were permanently scarred.
Freshly teenagers, polluted with perversion.

I was 15. Only trying to be a friend.
Okay, I was a little annoying.
But the things you said that you would do to me. . .
Still, sit with me today.
I should surround myself with better people;
not everyone is a friend.
& not every principal has a warm heart.
Some will accuse you of asking for it.
That same man will be taken aback
when your brother jumps at him from behind a
desk,
unhappy with said principal's accusations.

It continues at 21. A different person.
He was so much older.
Someone I trusted with my life.
He skewed my views of the meaning of family.
This painful trauma was endured
shortly after my release from the psych ward.
A hand slides up my leg more than once.
I try to brush it off. He didn't mean it. Right?
He tells me something about his past.
A lie his mother told him.
"It's not incest if there is no insertion." He tells me.
One day, he grabbed my breast,
I froze as he cradled it in his palm.

He immediately apologized but still asked if I wanted more.

No. I told him **NO**. He understood; he left it alone.
But I have these thoughts that never leave.
My mind and body will never be clean.

I am...

Tainted.

Dirty.

Ugly.

Horrible.

I will never be pretty enough.
I will never lose enough weight.
I will never do anything right.

I will never BE enough.

I will never see what I could have been.

The ME I could have been.

I hate myself.
I hate my body.
& Now there is a void.
I eat to fill it.

The void of what could have been.
A void of which will never be filled.

I don't like being around many people.
 But I hate being alone.
I don't like getting super close.
 But I crave intimacy.

I don't want to leave my home.
 But I dream of traveling the world.
I don't want to share my story.
 But sometimes, I share too much.

I don't have any long-lasting emotions.
 But dread keeps me company.
I can't feel to save my life.
 But I sure can fake it.

A walking paradox.

I'll never know what normal might be like:

A normal mind

A normal heart

A normal soul

All I know is this has happened to me.
Changing me, molding me, haunting me.

I hate being kissed on the face.
 But I love to be kissed.

I hate oral sex.
 But I am addicted to all its' other forms.

I cannot stand when someone breathes on me.
I want to rip their head off when they do.
I can't even bear to breathe on myself.

I twitch

I jerk

I readjust.

Mom always told me not to be afraid of monsters.
There's no such thing.
But what if the real monster. . . is me?

I want to peel my skin off.

Shed it all away.
Shred it all away.

Rip it away from my being.
Become something new.
Someone new.

It has to be better than being me.

You will be fine. It will all be okay.

That's what they tell you when they don't under-
stand.
Feigning empathy while carrying none.
They try to care when they're really unsure of how
to care.
When they haven't experienced the world the way
that you have.

In misery.

In pain.

In darkness.

Existential dread.

The lessons of straining to see grey.
To understand the world in between.

**A story of grasping for the pieces
that were never there to be part of a whole.**