

1-1-2005

Taking it Back

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Recommended Citation

Peebles, Jason (2005) "Taking it Back," *Digressions Literary Magazine*: Vol. 2 , Article 32.
Available at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol2/iss1/32>

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Taking It Back

You always thought you were right. You always thought you had the answer.

Well, here are some of the things you thought, that are wrong.

You thought that I went to the Police to spite you. Wrong. You thought that I had you admitted to the Psych Ward, to make you sorry. Wrong again. You thought that I left you to make you hurt. Absolutely wrong.

I went to the Police because you held a knife to my throat. When I tried to leave you that night, you grabbed my arm in the kitchen and pulled out a butcher's knife. I kept my hand held fast on the door leading out. I held it there for the whole time you screamed in my face with the huge blade scratching my throat. I thought I was dead. When you dropped the knife and started crying, I was frozen while trying to pry my hand off the door knob. While I was in the car, I hysterically tried to start it. I could not hold the keys with my right hand, for it

was still molded in the position as if trying to open the door. I went to the Police in hope of rescue. To what purpose? The police only arrested you because of the knife. It seemed to take everything they could not to laugh in my face. I mean, faggots deserve this, don't they?

I signed the paper work for the Baker Act and had you admitted to the psych ward because you attempted suicide. I found you in the bathroom with a razor blade slicing your wrist. I will not let you blame me for this one either. I do blame myself for signing the papers to let you out. Your family demanded that I let you out, and stop toying with your life. Toying with your life? I was too ignorant to know what to do. So I let you out, and allowed the abuse to resume.

I left you to find myself. I was so caught up in your world, that I had no idea who I was. I left home to live with you. I did not know what it was like to be with

a man. You were my first and that gave me a terrible idea of what a gay relationship was supposed to be. I spent two years with you and your beatings, because I thought that is what love required. I know now that what I thought was wrong. I know now that what you thought was right, is totally wrong.

It took my mother to release me from the hell that you held me. After I tried moving out that last time, you beat me in the back with my picture frame. So I left everything to you. You not only stole my youth, you took everything I had owned. Thank God for my strong and supportive family. They taught me that I did not deserve this and that I did not have to take it.

In case you are wondering what I am doing now, I'll tell you... I am taking everything back that you stole from me. I am taking back my dignity, I am taking back my self-esteem, I am taking back the part of myself that you tried to kill, yet only made afraid. I am

here to give everyone hope and the reality check that this is not how things have to be. I am here for those who are afraid to speak. I represent those who are able to stand up, be strong, and speak out without shame. This is how I am taking back my life, and all of those nights.