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Temple of Terrors

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Temple of Terrors

Author Bio

Tyrianna aspires to teach English and travel the world. When not pursuing these goals, she enjoys writing poetry, scuba diving, and doing yoga.

TEMPLE OF TERRORS

TYRIANNA RICHARDS

My body is a temple.
Coveted knowledge etched in its walls,
Stunningly sacred secrets
Ingrained in me by strong black mothers.
The beauty so irresistibly mysterious,
Men cannot help but to pillage -
Grasping for the precious treasure
Hidden within.

But I will not make it easy -
The velvet curtains draped
Obscure the waiting porcelain spikes
Dripping with venom,
Eager to pierce and poison
The flesh they dare to press into me.

They foolishly think
It will be a simple mission:
In and out,
Come and go.
But my stone skin
Traps unwanted visitors
Inside their undiscovered worst nightmares.

I hold stories of women in a hall of horrors
One about
A little black girl
Who was nearly killed by her father
In the only sick display of lustful love he ever
showed her.

But all the town did
Was look down on her with shameful,
avoiding eyes
And gossip behind closed doors
About the daddy who couldn't help himself.
Clicking their tongues and shaking their heads.

My heart shatters
At the fact that we must teach our daughters
To protect themselves against any and all men
Or risk being ruined for life
In the land that is only safe
For the dangerously free White Man.

So to the men who dare to disturb me,
I tell the stories of scorned women who society
forgot.
They can try to run,
But the never-ending hallway loops.
And they can scream,
But the women scream louder.
And they will cry,
Drowning in the tears shed silently by women
for centuries.

