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Fight

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fight

i can’t get this out
the shame and the anger
the fear and the fury
it’s swollen inside me
the way he wanted it

i can’t let you in
the people around me
who love each other and me
i’m scared they will break me
the way he wanted it

i can’t let this go
the need for the changes
the knowledge for others

NO

see, you try to follow a pattern
you try to order your life so it makes sense
you try to order your poem so it makes sense
but this ruthless violence
  cloaked in masks of love
  or the guise of anonymity
  or the crafty hand of friendship
it steals in and bubbles up
the knowledge, the bruises
  the shattered cheekbones and vaginal walls
  the broken dreams and psyches and spirits

we can’t be orderly when we talk about that

we can’t be neat and precise
when we talk about shredded feelings
when we whisper in the dark secret places
when we refuse to look inside our selves

we don’t want to see this
how do people do this
this quest for power
over men and women
this need for dominance
    for control
    for submission
this overly inflated
this power hungry
this beast who comes in the night
    with hands gentle but cruel
    with hands hard but familiar
    with soft lying whispers
    with harsh deadly threats
with a smile as a friend
    with a bellow as a stranger
with a chemical to knock you out
with a knife to shut you down
this beast
will try to break you

but you will not break
not this time
    no
    not this time
now we stand up
now we join together in defense of ourselves
    and each other
now we unite and say
    as men and women we will not allow this
we will take back our nights and our lives

shed the shame
unburden
love yourself

support the survivors
honor the victims
fight for change