

The Breaker's Valley

For Today

Sick and tired.

Trapped

Body wrapped with sharp pain because my
body wasn't made to contain all this rage.

My mind wasn't made,

my eyes weren't made,

my soul was not made to behold what shackles my soul now.

Bound by memories of being innocent,

Uncle sinning against me sexually,

Momma knew he was molesting me, smacking me across my face. I c
ould do nothing.

Pops wasn't around to give me the time of day.

All I wanted was a time and place where I could be loved.

A hug from my mom was too much.

So I turned to lust on the net while I was

hooked like a fish as I click, click, clicked to watch porn fli
cks

trying to find intimacy,

or an outlet at least.

But as I try to breathe and be at ease I see my mom in hell and
the devil's breath through the glass pipe.

I'm shattered in a flash. Fright and brokenness is the aftermat
h.

Brokenness is my aftermath.