

Letter to My Abuser

Light This City

To my nemesis, my confidant:
Do not expect me to make more requests.
I have done penance for my sins.
You're in debt to me one thousand promises.
Just yesterday, I went again to collect what I'm owed.
I found my dreams showered upon undeserving wretches
Like bones dripping blood thrown to mangy strays. And my
secrets were being vomited
From the mouths of glistening gluttons while I stood
empty-handed and exposed.
You've abused your power
Angel, you have fallen once more from my good graces. I'm
sick, I've prayed,
I've seen healthy men healed by your touch
When I'm the one who needs your love.
It's a hypocrite's faith, a hypocrite's world.
I am not awed by your presents
If they only suit the ones already blessed.
Your son lies raped in the dirt that you've made.
Are you willing to sacrifice another child?
Bloodthirsty liar, how am I supposed to trust you
When the knife is in your hand?
And the gash that I own whispers to an enemy
Thoughts I had buried.
Creator, you're my destructor.
Am I not your daughter?
My insides displayed to the world.
Are you not my father?