

A warmth removed, a body of my own,
Budding deep inside, bound by cord and bone
After nine months passed, all too soon,
Once one, now two, at five past noon.
A cry broke through the panic and haze,
A beacon of hope from the end of a maze,
Suddenly filled with such a need,
To hold, to comfort, and to feed,
My Dear Little Seed, oh, for you, I would bleed.

- - -

A simple a mishap, a slip of the hand,
Ignoring my exhaustion, I try to understand.
A simple accident, no secret ill will,
I sink to my knees, sopping up his spill,
The fault lies nowhere, neither party to blame,
Yet back with a vengeance, is that licking flame,
A rapid inferno, replaced swiftly with shame.
Scrubbing at the tile, burning with mortification,
No spill, no mess, could serve as justification,
For the unexplainable, unprecedented, all consuming rage,
Shoved back to its origin, growling and restless, an animal in a cage.
In the pits of my mind, safely locked up and hidden,
It bides its time, barely overridden.

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Cringing at the sound, a shriek so shrill,
Louder than a siren, blaring and red as his face,
Crying and crying, unaffected by my embrace,
Hours ago the nightly bawling began,
And hours passed, no end in sight,
Now minute by minute, it creeps back like a blight.
An anger so strong, an urge to fight,
Sobbing and sobbing, every single night,
Piercing the silence, deafening and hopeless,
No remedy prevailing, desperate thoughts drowned by
Wailing and wailing, roaring and hoarse,
And then soft as a whisper,

Why not try force?

- - -

A life in my hands, a future at stake,
I must nuzzle and nurture, ignoring the ache;
Lest, I fumble and crumble,
I must not break.

- - -

But peace is an enigma, impossible to grasp,
teeth grit, fists clenched, I pray for just one night,
Weeks deprived, fatigue devouring,
across the hall a hell awaits, thin walls doing nothing to
Block out the sound, a sirens summoning,
dragging my body into its waters, abandoning my sense,
Only a husk remains.
staring down at its weak figure, shaking and squirming,
A judge and a jury, controller of my sanity.
days pass and the whisper swells, overtaking my thoughts,
Blocking my ears, clearing the daze,
A benevolent presence, kind as sun rays

I just want peace, a moment of sleep
A warmth returned, so calm I could weep,
I just want silence, a moment of peace, pleaseohplease, oh, what must I do?
A hand ghosts over my lips, I yield, no will left to resist,
I can help you achieve silence at last,
Close your eyes, release your mind, it will be over so fast.

- - -

As plush as a cloud, it muffles the sound,
Light and soft, *just keep pushing down*
A flailing hand scratches my wrist,
I feel no pain, only warmth sliding past my fist,
The buzz in my ears is dull and bleak
My eyes unseeing, glazed over and sleek.
Faintly I hear struggling and anguish,
But louder and pleading, I hear someone wish,

please be quiet, if only for a moment,
be quiet, be silent, dear God make it silent,
a second of silence, I just need silence, I need silence,
silence,

silence,

SILENCE,

- - -

Silence.