

early morning dark

Anonymous, 2012

cold rain in the early morning dark
and the sound of screeching windshields
bring me back to that night

young and starved for you
i jumped when you invited me in
to an old, white bed
in an old, white house
in an old, white town

wanna play a game, you asked

let's be actors in a movie
kiss me, you said
touch me, too

fear and nausea and your hands,
they were cold
on my warm, young skin

i became the keystone of your other face
eight years, i played your game
i read it
i felt it
i watched it

i heard it.

an actor on your movie screen,

your secrets tied tight to my small, white, filthy hands

i thought it must be me

i was born for you to hate,

a mistake.

your eyes hard and cold,

unforgiving,

staring at my filthy white hands

ah, but you left me here,

alone

with the cold dark hatred and shame,

dread of being,

just being.

thief of my innocence, my sleep, my Life,

your guilt lies heavy and unbearable

in this early morning dark,

with tendrils of wet, cold rain,

invading my soul like cold hands and

warm, old, white beds that imprison me with

not a stranger,

but a sister

and i am drowning in your hate