

HEY, I JUST DON'T THINK ANYONE OUT THERE IS PAYING ATTENTION TO ANYTHING I'M WAITING BUT WHAT HELL, IT'S NOT LIKE I HAVE ANYTHING TO DO, THAT'S MORE IMPORTANT. IT'S KINDA LIKE TALKING TO MYSELF OR MASTURBATION, NOT A BAD CONVERSATION AND THE SEX IS GREAT, BUT IT GETS BORING AFTER AWHILE. SO IF YOU'RE OUT THERE GIVE ME A LITTLE FEEDBACK OR LET ME KNOW WHAT YOU WANT TO HEAR ABOUT. WELL HERE IS MY NEWEST POEM, LET ME KNOW WHAT YOU THINK. IT'S ABOUT MY STEP DAD, WHO MOLESTED ME AND EMOTIONALLY ABUSED ME FROM THE AGE OF 4 TO 11.

Scraped UP

Raped AND ABUSED
my heart lies IN RUIN,
my trust and love bruised AND BLEEDING,
INNOCENCE shredded AND my future is blackened,
my ability to love is destroyed
sex REPLACES emotion.
Lust is my COMMITMENT.
ORGASM AND ECSTASY become my life
Pleasure seeking ACCEPTANCE.
Striving FOR REJECTION,
CONFIRMATION OF UNWORTHINESS seen IN my MIRROR.
Why did daddy hurt me when I loved him SO MUCH?
Somebody Please fix what is SO HORRIBLY WRONG with me.
Help me!!!
my PAST is destroying my future FOREVER,
children lost IN WANTING, for what REASON?
TAKEN,
by Pommy Welch