

Stop The Violence

She was a shell
Empty and alone
Where could she go?
Who could she tell?

Was easier to stay
To accept defeat
Everyone told her
That's the way it should be.

They all looked away
and left her alone
they turned their heads
to any broken bones

They told her to be strong
for that was the plan
Her only goal
should be to please her man

She did her best
She gave it her all
When asked "What happened?"
She said
"Oh, Just a fall"

Years went by
she learned to adapt
she learned how not
to make him mad

She learned how to please
Just what to say
She learned to make sure
HE had a good day

Those looking on could not see?
Would not see?
The pain that was so deep inside
of me
Was it easier to just look away?

Distance and time
closed for me
there was a hand that
could be reached

A hand with a face
from the past
A hand that only for a
short time would last

I held on to that hand
with all my might
I pulled myself up
I learned how to fight

A year has past
And now I see
just how wonderful
life should be

Written in celebration of my freedom
Dedicated to the face from the past,
(Someone's name)