

Our Scars

Our Scars

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Every word of this poem is full of disturbed memories of mine, but is free to be looked at in any way you would like to interpret, as always.

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Our Scars

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Haunted by your words
cut by your judgment
and the scars remain
though I try to keep the past absent
I can't change what you have done to me
what you have said about me
I am left with the memory of your torment
I am left empty
It isn't normal
for me to wish away my youth
but you have killed the youth inside me
you have destroyed my only truth
I sit here writing
but with words I cannot express
the pain you have caused
my child's death
you were supposed to be there for me
you were supposed to care
instead you have deserted me
the torturous assault still fills the air
the air that holds memories
also holds my tears,
and the screams of my abuse
echoes throughout my years

Our Scars

the past is still reflected

on every face I know

and I still find it hard to talk

my words become slurred as my nerves grow

both in my heart and on my wrist

the pain takes form as scars

each one a mournful memory of mine

but really, they are ours

Our Scars

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