

I told him no countless times,
His hand still pushed me down,
“Please just this one time”
My eardrums are punctured by another lie.

He says if I loved him I'd try
And continued even when I cried.
I tell him to stop,
I tell him it hurts,
I say please,
And it only falls in deaf ears.

So, I wait, I wait, and I wait
Until he is done and satisfied.
I waited too many times.
Until I was finally able to get out.

And I took with me everything,
What he thought belonged to him...

My body.

-Margarita Mendoza