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By: Taniya Mills

I can feel the moisture
that your breath
left on my skin.
It's wet and warm
And it haunts me
everytime I think about it
I can smell weed
and the words of no consent
circling around the room
too strong
suffocating my breath
to even comprehend
how I got from my car
to your bed.
How my clothes
Were hiding from my body
And I can hear your fitted lies
resting on my shoulders
The weight of your words
are so heavy
Over and over
I hear
"Don't be mad at me"
"Don't be mad at me"
That's all I hear on repeat
over and over
and over and
OVER
again.
brick words
that are so heavy
being built
Brick by brick
NO CONSENT
by shitty hands
Grabbing whatever they want.
Grabbing any fruit
It can get
it's hands on
Being greedy

Wanting more and more
All of my fruit
All of my fruit
dropping
Off my shelf
Now open
for everybody
everybody to see
now anybody
can see
My fruit.

I'm upset because
when I called the police
they locked my lips away
Threw away the key
Like I
was just another number
In the system
being rolled around
in a game
of bingo.

you're lucky
if your number even gets called
You're lucky if you even get picked
by aggressive
authoritative hands.
if your number doesn't get called
you're stuck
and it might feel like
you can't breathe.

I
can't
breathe.

Tee breathe
and let it go
because I could
be making this all up
and they're telling me
to shut up
and keep to myself.
and it just shows
that you could get away with it.

And I'm here picking up
the fragile pieces
of my temple.
The pieces scattered
everywhere on a floor of questions.
Trying to place each piece
carefully in order
to the way
they used to be.
But let me tell you
about my God
He called me by name
and formed me in my mothers womb.
Molded me like clay
And now I can say
What has happened to me
Does not define
Who God called me to be.
Is who I'm supposed to be
I've been adopted into Royalty
because in your eyes
I AM WORTH IT
I AM NOT A MISTAKE
Cause I'm made in your image,
like some sort of lineage
being passed down.
From generation to generation
You hold me so gently
and surround me
with your endless love
and erase the lies
and replace them with
YOUR truth.
"I am loved"
"I am enough"
"I am strong"
And you whisper
In my ear
And your peace washes over me
And I am made new
And you say to me:
"I am not what has happened to me"
I am Taniya Karyn Mills
That's who I'm supposed to be.

-t.m.