

Aiden, Portrait

Two men entered and I thought I was dreaming.
I heard the sounds of what were laughter.
And expected the door to slam off the hinges.
The dark initiates my fear and I tell myself nothing can hurt me.
Nothing can hurt me.
The blanket weighs 300 pounds pinning me on my stomach.
Although my eyes are open, I see nothing but a spiraling glow
that radiates an alarm clock on a nightstand.
Hands are gripping me.
The sheets are twisted, I'm suffocating.
I smell nail polish.
I picture my mother out in the garden
on a spring day planting new strawberry seeds.
The earth aroma as she turns the soil lingers.
And I imagine my life as a princess.
Nothing can hurt me.
It's 5:47 a.m. and the sun looks as though
it's just about to defeat the night sky.
A battle between good and evil
that rages on through centuries unnoticed.
My night gown is taggled above my hips.
I went to sleep with panties on and I smell blood.
My breasts are exposed and sore.
One of them has bite marks.
Blinding light from the bathroom crushes my eyes.
I try to stand up and the weight of the world buckles my knees.
Nothing can hurt me.
The dawn breaks and this veil I carry around for secrecy is about to melt.
Something inside my veins explode.
And I realize I'm not looking at a portrait now.
We are all living in it.