

DARE 2 KNOW



NATIONAL DOMESTIC VIOLENCE
AWARENESS MONTH

*SUBMITTED
YOUTH STORIES*

Your fingers were not so kind, for you have damaged
my already healing flower.

You took what was not yours to take, and touched
what was not yours to touch.

You dipped your fingers into my honey, it was not your sweetness.

You laughed at me when I tried to pull away, it was not a joke.

I was and I am not yours to hold. Your rough fingers left bruises
on my soul, not to mention the ones on my vagina.

Just because I have been deflowered, does not mean I am a
garden for whomever to walk through whenever they please.

It should not have taken more than one no, or more than one stop.
I should not have had to push you away more than once, or at all.

The rain that day was my lifeline.

When I showered that night, I scrubbed as hard as I could, but the
feelings of your hands on me, and your lips on my neck would not
disappear. They still haven't.