

## Scars

Stop! Not now, not today.

Anxiety please I beg, at least let me speak my mind

Let me tell the story of my grief.

In brief I mean, I shake sometimes, excuse me.

1, 2, 3. It is not an earthquake, just a little tremor,

They say it's trauma, I tremble sometimes.

Stumble across my mind, a train smash

The madman's drum behind my chest, I cannot comprehend the predicament I have withstood.

Is this what life is?

For I struggle to fathom sometimes the point of my existence.

1,2,3 am at night.

Black, red, blue-eye.

Your skirt is too high.

No, he was high.

He is, but a man.

I scream my lungs out, did you fight enough?

Please don't rip my womb apart.

Black, blue, red-eyes.

Hi Love it's me again.

Butterflies or bats?

Oh wait, I forgot to narrate to you that I am my father's daughter

I carry the rage of my mother and her inability to walk away when the sun stops shining

I mistake the rage of thunder for a lullaby, for my head is used to the banging of my mother's head against the wall.

I am not my mother, not too quiet and calm.

But I am my father's daughter, for I resemble his statue and being.

His blood runs through my veins

I'm afraid

I admire his ability to walk away, thus I run into duplicates of him into men I try to love

I admire his masculine strength and power to beat my mother into a pulp

The heart of a man to resist empathy, remarkable!

Black, blue, red-blood

No it's mine this time

I don't want to be like my father so I do not walk away from my lover.

He carries the wrath of my father, I am no different from my wounded mother.

We are women, we bleed not die.

Isn't this what love is supposed to be?

A hellhole like my father taught me?

Charity begins at home doesn't it?  
The flesh of a woman gets tired too, and so does the heart  
I was told in therapy to fix it and let it heal  
But why should I be the one to fix it if I did not break it.  
I'll rather lie in my bed for days, and not eat.  
Relive all my traumas and search for loopholes in the past of how to survive since these  
monsters come every night.  
Sit in the dark and ask my absent father why he never became my first love, my home.  
Absent as I know him, he doesn't reply.

It's been a week and I have begged my broken bones to pick me up.  
I have cooked myself a warm meal, and sipped a glass of water.  
I took a breath and tied my shoelaces, I opened my windows and doors.  
Like my therapist asked, I have written myself this poem.  
It is not a love letter or a pity song.  
It is the words my father wouldn't bare to comprehend if I said them and my name in the  
same line.  
I don't want to mention my ex-lover.

I realise I am not broken just bent.  
I am not my mother, I scream and demand justice.  
I do not care if I command the wrath of a man or if my heart gets broken by the next lover.  
Because I realize my first lover can fix it.  
I am the love I have been searching for.  
I have been homesick for a home that's within me  
It was just dusty and my eyes were too teary to see.  
It is hard to breathe when your head is under water.  
So I have wiped my tears and the ocean has sunk.  
I have learnt how to lie down with my demons, pat them in the back and remind them.  
They don't belong here anymore.

Purple, blue, red roses, it's what I deserve  
So I promise to buy myself roses, once in a while.  
Sip a glass of wine and be content I survived.  
Be content, it was never my fault, and even so  
I shall fix it, it is mine anyway  
I shall brush my mind and paint my heart white like the scent of peace.  
When it starts to ache, I shall pour it with the love I have always known exists.  
And I swear if my next lover resembles my father, I will not stay.  
If a woman screams rape, I will not ask 'how short her skirt was'  
I will not search for a home no more, for I have found one within.  
Suicide notes will never smell my ink and the rope will never touch my neck.  
I will revisit my museums of pain, but it will just be to admire my scars not to stay.  
I will love myself.  
And if there are walls I should break, it'll be those of fear.

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