

Poisonous Roots.

I had a dream about my childhood, different from the rest.
Where Innocence still lingered and happiness was genuinely best.
You were a distant figure, looming but out of reach.
Too far to strip away my innocence,
Too far to Suffocate my breath.

The day I entered your domain,
A house of unending night.
Sadness seeped into my soul,
Like a chill I couldn't shake.
Your house, a place of shadows,
Echoing with my mother's screams,
Full of my sister's tears.
The place that devoured my youth.
A cacophony of pain, where Love was never found.

Which parent do idolize?
The Psychopath with fits of rage
or the victim shrouded in
Self-loathing's dark cage?
A choice between two evils,
A double-edged poisonous knife.

My brother's eyes now mirror the anger that you spoke.
I can see your violent rage in his actions, in how his words cut me deeper than my razor ever did.

My sister blames everyone for her mistakes,
Treating her own daughter cold,
Like an inconvenience to her life.
Her heart grows colder with each passing day.
A reflection of our mother, the *victim*.

I inherited our mother's hope,
A glimmer of light,
The same hope that almost destroyed her by your hands.
Hope that believed you could change, that love could heal the wounds you inflicted still.

I fear our shared blood might be the same blood that tears as apart,
A legacy of pain,
A heritage of heartache,
Forever in our hearts.

I love my family though our home was a battleground.

Our hearts still bear the scars
But our love remains unbound,
Forever tied to his name.