

Things I don't talk about  
By R.L.P

Sunday church days  
Shamed for hours and ashamed of the hours that came after  
The basement of a man who touched me next door  
Sex feels unsafe still  
Childhood stolen  
Not believed, not heard.  
Left alone with the schizophrenic drug addicted babysitter  
My brother  
Nowhere felt safe  
So long, so long until I was able to breathe, truly breathe  
And open my heart to a new day  
There are less nightmares now  
There is so much more connection to love and to self  
But sometimes the darkness comes and feels overwhelming  
I share it with no one because these are things I still don't talk about