

His*

December 2017

It's 1:07 pm and
the room is entirely different,
furniture shifted, new sheets and pillows color
the air, poised perfectly
to hide secrets the blank walls couldn't
Or won't
What is left of my things lament, to me,
bundles in boxes begging to be
rescued from the reality I thought I had escaped
yet they will inevitably exist in
forever.
I find it hard to breathe under the weight
of the pages of my childhood journal
conferring secrets with the walls, whispering to
a primitive form of my consciousness

“

July 2010

Dear Journal,

Pound

Pound

Pound

It's 2:30 am and I awoke to the sound of a
monster

*the door to my mother's bedroom slams open
the light switch cracks under the weight of His hand
He pulls her bed sheets violently to the floor*

stumbling through the dark,
grappling with horrors from his childhood
he can only understand drowning
in the fermentation of his own mind

Pound

Huddled on the bathroom floor

Pound

clutching a tattered pink rabbit

Pound

I begged god to spare me

his body overgrown, dense with malice
malevolence lines his jaw, his vindictiveness
venomous, the manifestation of maternal mishap
festering for generations, its stench chokes me

*The screaming stopped. Predatory mutters stutter between scattered thoughts of
accusations and threats and endless tales of dishonesty,
the voices in his mind audible through the door as he pauses*

October 2010

Dear stranger walking past,

*The baby's wailing echoes through my chest as
I run barefoot in my crumpled Sunday dress searching
for anyone to ask why my hair was so knotted I should've*

Why did you keep your head so low?

Why didn't I grab the baby

You must have noticed the screaming, the sound of fists
echoing against rib cage, of madness against madness tear-
ing apart the bedroom, my entire universe

*I finally crouched behind a vending machine
down the hall, acutely aware of how alone
I was. I adopted the discord as only my reality*

May 2012

Dear endless road stretched before me,

*We traveled in silence, a caravan painted
with enough color to trick the world around us
that we were traveling and not running*

It's 12:13 am and I realize, as my mother's wails echo across
an empty church parking lot, that she too was drowning

*I plead with my mother not to turn back again, again my cries fell on
deaf ears encompassed in the agonizing silence of survival
we camouflage ourselves in as we tip-toe back into the house*

It's 1:46 am and the monster's agonizing has finally ceased,
facedown in vomit he sleeps peacefully and, for a moment,
leaves behind just a man to be pitied

*We all cram into my mother's bed
she clutched a baseball bat, and with my eyes open
I dreamed of what could have been if I just*

”

It's 4:08 am
and the sounds of a monster echo
the sounds of a man
holding my ear to his head
with my throat in His hand

Pound

Pound

Pound

by Grae Kipping

**Content Warning: Physical/Domestic Abuse*

