

not mine

By Dr. A. Edwards

I hear a child screaming
inside my head
and it's me.

A relentless remembering of sedated words.
A limp body lying on a child's bed
heavy like dead weight
but light enough to float.

Blurry and silent.

Only the eyes speak
and scream,
get off me.

Hands like spiders
crawling.

An almost empty glass
sits next to a nightlight
because I'm scared
of what happens in the dark.

This waking nightmare haunts me,
for years
and then decades.

It's not the fear that weighs on me,
for I've known nothing else.

It's the confusion of a betrayal
so well disguised
that when I needed saving most

I ran straight into their arms
and felt dangerously
safe.

It's the weight
of a secret
that is not mine
to keep.

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Bio: Dr. A. Edwards is a psychologist and survivor of sexual abuse. They use art and creativity in healing sexual trauma.