

## Because Somebody Listened

I was broken when I was born  
Everybody took their piece of me.

I am...

The baby who screamed  
As They pried her open  
With thrusting fingers  
To stretch that place where only lovers should go,  
Who wanted the pain to end  
And wanted to be safe  
    And no one noticed.

The toddler who wailed  
“No, Mom!” as she bolted in fear  
From the towering monster who hit her and called her a bitch  
The toddler who thought she was bad  
And already knew how to pose for the porn  
They sold for a profit  
    And no one intervened.

The child who cried  
As she got teased at school and humiliated at home,  
Who believed she deserved it  
When They chained her to a rack and raped her  
Saying she'd soon be Satan's bride  
And that They'd kill her if she screamed...  
    So no one heard.

The teenager who sobbed  
As she waited for her life to end, please let it end,  
Who took Prozac while she was  
Bullied at school and kept as Mom's puppet at home,  
Who stayed on a psychward  
And locked away the memory of Them killing that baby  
    And no one understood

The young adult who pleaded  
For someone to love her  
As her Mom ran off with another man, leaving only a note  
And everyone told her to be strong for her sister and  
    ever-more-distant Dad  
Silently she screamed, “What about me?!”, and They told her  
    she was so horrible, even her mother left her  
But They loved her, and would have sex with her to prove it,  
    filming Their love for the world to see  
    And no one listened.

Yet, against the odds, I am now becoming...

The human being who laughs with joy  
And knows she is free; They cannot touch her,  
Who has survived  
And has worked through many of her memories,  
Who knows she is valued and has close friends  
And has a therapist who believes and supports her

My life is my own

Because somebody listened

By: Jennifer, Canada...a survivor of RAT

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