

## **Death**

Hiding for thirty years with only one belief  
Holding on for those who tortured me  
Scurrying in the darkness of the cave  
That totally surrounds me - I am dying.

Emerging from the death that keeps  
Destroying the wholeness of my breath.  
As the cracked crevices inside hold it all  
I try to wrench myself away.

The fear of the child being lost in the wild  
Keeps me locked in the past  
They beckon me, reach out for me and I  
Fall into their piercing arms.

I bleed from their touch it poisons me  
Turning me into them and  
Putting them inside me contaminating me  
With their evilness

**Written by a Survivor of ritual abuse-torture from England**

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