

The Torturers

Come out my child
take my hand
we're going to the woods
to see the hooded men

If you're good
and do not yell
perhaps the pain will not start
for you as well
so take my hand
and be real sweet
I will let you play the
games with me tonight.

The Heart it pounds
The fear crawls in
The mind goes blank
As the torture begins

You see the people
you hear them laugh
you look up blankly
there is no going back.

So you stare straight ahead
And you smile so sweet
Hoping they will choose
another child
to torture this week.

Carrie, a survivor of ritual abuse-torture

Participant in our "kitchen table" research project
Donated November 20, 2003