

Her Skin

Her skin was carved

With scars

Scars someone else earned

Earned through punches, kicks,

And cigarette burns

And everytime he raised his hand

She withdrew a little more

Became a little less

Of who she originally was

Her soul was ravaged

With wounds

Wounds that same person earned

Earned through insults, put-downs

And contempt

And everytime he raised his voice

She retreated even more

Became even less

Of who she was before

But...her will was strong

With tenacity

Tenacity that person couldn't break

With his scorn, his slaps,

Nor his hatred

And everytime he gloated at her whimpers

Her rage was growing

Morphing and rising

Higher and higher

Until it became

A wildfire.