

### 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.