

DEFENSES

Wounded things defend themselves
In any way they can.
Wounded child finds defense, protection
Deep within her mind.
Ugly, unloved, unlovable
but not untouched.

She knew.
She knew. All those years
She knew. Somewhere deep inside
She knew. Knew that something was not
Right
And knew to hold her silence
Knew that silence defends
Knew that secrets can kill
Knew that unknowing protects
She knew.
She knew.

But silence can't protect
Only draws adult eyes.
 Are you ill?
 What's wrong?
 Why are you so quiet?
 Talk to us!
 We will make you speak.
Needed now
A wall to shield within
Not freeze without.
Retreat that began
In the far mists of another country, another life,
Is complete.

Retreat
Behind a steel wall of protection
Between herself and her world.
Hard and firm, an erection against invasion,
The wall rapes her soul, thrusting between
Tremendous intellect and overpowering emotion.
The hymen of her psyche is ruptured
And mind and feeling are sundered, separated.
No one hears the screams of pain while part is torn from part
Emotional blood floods the void, dismissed as
Teen age tantrums.

The violence is
Cauterized by the erection and the child is
Outside the wall and the blood is
Stanching within.
She is safe now.
Protected
From betrayal imperiling survival.
Still a child.
Still needs the protection of
The parents.
Safe
Now.

Not cold, the wall throbs with
Her life blood. Always hard. Always firm.
The wall grows warm within her,
Warm with the comfort of wrapped and heated
Rocks at the foot of a cold, winter bed.
She cherishes the heat, drawing close to its
Protection. She
Basks in its warmth, and it
Fosters growth, of a kind.

Protecting from her churning cauldron of emotion, the hard, shiny wall
mirrors the joys and pains of those looking in.
She weeps when they weep.
Laughs when they laugh.
Hurts, sings, cries, cheers, sobs, rejoices, grieves with the inlookers.
Counterfeiting their every feeling as her own she is labeled
emotional/caring/feeling/deep,
when all she is
is a mirror,
hiding away from herself
in fear and ignorance,
accepting the label,
and is loved for that.

Her mind is very quick, very bright,
and soon hides the hard lines of the wall
behind the softness of reflected emotion,
and defends the defenses with the sharp bite of satire.

There is no one to hurt or make afraid,
except for a tiny worm.
The worm knows what is held within.

The tiny worm knows the walls must come down.
In time.
In time.
They are new and beautiful, shiny, hard, hot.

Leave the walls a little while.
They feel so good inside.
They keep her safe.
She will survive
Now