

***BEHIND CLOSED DOORS***

***Somewhere a child lies  
petrified with fear  
As adult tread upon the stair  
Or secret signal, horrifyingly clear  
to the dreading child, forbodes  
Another bout of shame and pain and tears  
that gather heavy in a silent scream.***

***Somewhere inside a child cries.  
She focusses upon the flowers, all yellow-white,  
Which, in later years, will give the key  
To memories' recall, locked up all tight  
away behind the steel shutter, iron door and wall,  
So that the pain and vitriolic rage cannot outpour  
and overwhelm in devastating streams.***

***Somewhere a child dies a little more.  
For years she's held that torrent back  
and numbed herself. Her body image,  
Tortured on the rack of inner pain,  
is small and black, her face without a mouth,  
A darkened room without a door,  
A shroud without a seam,  
A tangle of barbed wire and swords,  
A never-ending nightmare dream.***

***Somewhere inside a child tries  
To tell, to run, to yell, to scream  
To find someone to trust who'll hear,  
Who'll hold her tight and say, "Yes, dear !  
This was not right. You're not to blame.  
Wrong has been done. It's not your shame,  
but ours, for letting this occur at all.  
Don't feel despair, it's possible to heal.  
The horror has been yours. The problem's all of ours -  
And it stops right here."***