

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, forebodes
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”.