

From This Colored Girl

From **THIS** colored girl who considered suicide when the rainbow never showed up.

You laid there peacefully instilled in your mind that you were safe
Dreamed of a good life where everything you knew was alright...
And then you woke up...

Thighs of anger and a power hungry pelvis rammed against your golden body
His breath drunken with excitement and rage
he was high

High off the powerless you that submitted to his every pulse, thrust and squeeze
You cant take the penetration and the penetrating thoughts of his realistic penetration
and So you yell,

you yell for hope in hopes that anyone will hear you
you yell for your peace and innocence that is being banged out of you
you yell... But for what? Because, No one can hear you.

Looking up at His face, glowing with sweat
He loved you

The way your body moved when you walked, the way you smelled when you walked past him the smile you gave off
when you spoke to him.. he loved you...

Or did he love the idea?

The idea of taking that smile away as he did overtime working on you from behind
he pulled out and with that was your soul

The idea of his body pressed to yours.. your scent mixed with his
Power.

He loved you im sure but with all that "love" he loved the idea of power

You lay there cursing the size 5 and thick thighs the breast that only a 32 C cup can hold
You curse the full lips and fragile waist you have for in your mind it's the invitation to this molestation and rape of
your inner peace

As he pulls out, moaning and taking his last lick grope feel and finger of your wounded and tampered body

You stare up

Up at the heavens through the blurry ceilings

you stare out

Out of the windows that hide your inner pain

And you wait

Wait for it to show, wait for it to appear you wait

For your rainbow for your shield

You consider suicide not because the rainbow wasn't enough
but because it never even came..

And I know, Because you were and still are.... Me.

