

Sobbingly confess of a dark figure in the doorway.  
A voice she had known for so long across from her at the  
dinner table.  
Not only would she share this trauma with him, she also  
shared a birthright and a namesake.  
Loss of innocence and dignity. Tell no one.

The tears you cry won't empty the seed from your womb.  
The tears you cry won't make your menstrual blood flow.  
Sob for your loss: The wolves will drink your tears.  
Your misfortune will become their fortune.

Welcome to a home you aren't allowed to leave.  
Herded like cattle into walls of concrete.  
Sterile like your raped womb.  
Therapists wait to pour salt on your wounds, Your  
insurance pays for it all.  
A ghost of a world you could have known.  
Surrounded by drugged rage, you will face this horror  
alone.