

## Portrait

Aiden

Two men entered and I thought I was dreaming.  
I heard the sounds of what were laughter.  
And expected the door to slam off the hinges.  
The dark initiates my fear and I tell myself  
Nothing can hurt me.  
Nothing can hurt me.  
The blanket weighs 300 pounds pinning me on my stomach.  
Although my eyes are open, I see nothing but a spiraling glow  
that radiates from the alarm clock on the nightstand.  
Hands are gripping me. The sheets are twisted  
I'm suffocating, I smell nail polish.  
I picture my mother out in the garden on a spring day  
Planting new strawberry seeds.  
The earth aroma as she turns the soil lingers.  
I imagine my life as a princess.  
Nothing can hurt me.  
Nothing can hurt me.  
It's 5:47 a.m. and the sun looks as if it's just about to defeat  
the night sky.  
A battle between good and evil that rages on through centuries  
unnoticed.  
My night gown is tangled above my hips.  
I went to sleep with panties on and I smell blood.  
My breasts are exposed and sore.  
One of them has bite marks.  
Blinding light from the bathroom crushes my eyes.  
I try to stand up and the weight of the world buckles my knees.  
Nothing can hurt me.  
Nothing can hurt me.  
The dawn breaks and this veil for secrecy I carry around is about  
to melt.  
Something within my vein explodes.  
And I realize I'm not looking at a portrait now.  
We are all living in it.