

I do not know what to tell you child.

They told me to come seek you and I found you in the
tripes of this maze.

I remember you, alone, and sensitive. Now you seem so
sociable, so docile.

You hid from their petty sins; there was no time to
wonder why they would jab and cut you up for all to
see.

There was nobody to talk to. Shame disembowels the
mind.

Hold your guts and man up. There was no time to cry.

Your anger was a circus, your rage castrated, and beaten
into submission.

The stray dog that wandered the grounds was offered
more dignity.

Their friendship was the highest aim. With hands like
coal, shaking yours would taint them.

I remember them grabbing my arms and throwing me
straight into the humiliation. Time and the warden
were unjust to me.

I remember that child. His head laid right next to
where they kicked me. I kicked him, I felt good. I paid
my butcher to kick him. I just hoped the butcher forgot
me.

I did not feel bad. He was weak, and that's what was
done to the weak. I knew that best.

I hated myself for trying. I hated myself for daring to rise. I despised my being, and I was ashamed of everything that made me.

I hated myself for saving my life. I should have stayed in the mud. I kept looking at my tainted face with my mind.

They grew, I understood the pettiness of it all. They roam the world in suits and with a light tread.

They chastise me for still caring about the mark of whips on skin, while they so easily let go of the handle.

Hate towards them was absent; engulfed into self-hatred, I was. With time, it was a blessing to be inaugurated as a late member of their group.

I dared not remind them of what they did to me. I feared they would throw me out.

Our bodies grew, but my eyes stayed the same.

I look into yours with the same eyes. I remember
everything.

All I know, was what I learned.

I want to save you, I want to reassure you,

But all I knew was my skin housed the undignified
being of what you are.

Our eyes stayed the same.