From the Eyes of a Survivor

Living with PTSD
There are no words to describe
The feeling of a stranger’s hands
Exploring your body
In ways no man has before.
His hand prints have stained my skin.
I can still feel the pressure on my body,
The pain between my legs.
I often wake up drenched in sweat
With memories racing through my veins.
My throat shrinks and my lungs collapse.
His hand is around my throat again.
I can't breathe.
Help me.
But I am alone.
I am always alone,
But he is always with me.

Who to Blame
Maybe it was my fault
For letting him in,
For trusting him,
For not screaming like my body was.
Maybe it was society's fault
For teaching him that he could do such horrors with no consequences,
Because boys will be boys.
Or maybe it was his fault
For not stopping,
For taking what he had no right to,
For making me lose all sense of safety.
For raping me.

Silly Girl
Silly girl,
You were not raped.
You do not know what consent is.
That skirt you have on,
That is consent.
That alcohol in your hand,
That is consent.
That smile on your face,
That is consent.
Silly girl,
You cannot change your mind.
If you say yes once,
You say yes forever.
Silly girl,
Do not lie.
Sluts cannot be raped.

All the Things They Never Said
All my life,
People have told me how to avoid getting hurt.
Dress appropriately.
Stay in groups.
Don’t talk to strangers.
But what if he wasn’t a stranger?
What if I trusted him enough to be alone with him?
They’re quick to tell you how to prevent it,
But they never tell you what happens if you can’t.
They never told me that my virginity would be ripped away
As if it was as disposable as the clothes he tore off my body.
They never told me I would vomit every day for three weeks straight
Because I could still feel him on me.
They never told me vomiting would turn to heaving.
Because at some point, I just stopped eating.
They never told me that I would be labeled a lying slut.
And they certainly didn’t tell me I would start to believe it.