

NIGHT MARES

As I hear your loud scream
I could hear his footsteps walking up the stairs.

I learn not to say another word or I get another strike.

As he slams me against the wall
I could taste the blood in my mouth.
When he dragged me downstairs by my hair
All I could hear was my bone crack.

Help me mommy.
Why aren't you helping me?

Behind closed doors I hear conversations.
I know not to say a word.

Mommy where are you?
Are you gone?
Maybe it would be better if I were gone, too.

I wake up when the sun shines on me.
I see the red marks on my body
And I can hear my sister screaming for help.

By "M" Girl Age 10