

Alice #35

So today started early as I wake up on the floor, you screaming " where's my lunch " and that you expect more.

Today I realise as I lay in a ball waiting for the last blow to fall, that I've stopped fighting back the last impact.

I get up and act like I don't exist hoping the slow tears you'll miss.

"Ok" I say, "don't wake the babies they're sleeping".

I know in my heart they're in bed weeping.

God what if they take what they've learnt into the world?

Carbon copy soldiers repeating history on some unsuspecting girl

Your drugs I blame is not your only affliction,

you're a criminal of the worse kind, a slave to addiction.

You're addicted to the fight, harsh words, the break up.

You're addicted to reconciliation and makeup.

You're addicted to the need to own, to intimidate me

Your drugs and alcohol are your fuels that spark the fire to be cruel

Without them you're powerless and weak.

I wipe a tear from my cheek.

So.....I raise my eyes from the safety of the ground and look into your blank face.

You have no idea of what you've become..... I recoil in distaste.

With straightened back I calm my breath, I swallow back the fear.....and shake.

"Today I will pack your things"my voice starts to break.

Again " Today I will pack your things and leave them at your sister's. The police can sort out a time to help you collect the rest"

"Today's the last time this will happen. Today's the day you leave!"

You look into my eyes, stroke my face and reply....."We'll see."
