

“Unspoken” by Andranique Green (Hutson-Tillotson)

She was tortured.
I could tell
that twinge of pain behind her eyes was glossed over by the numbing act of her silence.
Our eyes met
like kindred souls separated at birth.
We were drawn to each other.
I'm not sure why.
Maybe it was the fear of being found out, or maybe it was the intensity packed in this moment.
I Ran.
Heel, toe, heel, toe.
I tried to place distance between myself and this brokenness.
My tears ran salty like that night.
The sweat from his skin felt like acid rain melting away who I was.
Muffled cries like vomit rushed and gathered at the back of my throat.
He hurt me more than any weapon ever could.
Hollowed, I became his marionette; he dug his hooks into me.
I feel him pulling on my strings dragging me through the day,
Smiling and dancing for other's entertainment, curtains drop, end scene.
I became a tangled mass of nothing amongst the wires, and...
Damn, she caught me.
She stood there looking at me.
Not in the way you'd look at a stranger, more like the way you look at your own face in a mirror.
I could tell she knew.
That the thing about being broken, you view life through a magnifying glass.
You see it in others.
Feet cut on glass trying to fit in the picture frame of before
Bleeding, you're left to pick up the pieces.
“You and I are the same, aren't we?” she asked.
Don't think about it; don't say it out loud.
Wounds running deep.
We're left picking at scabs.