

DAMN YOU

I am stunned ... numbed.

That you could beat a woman,
Rape her ...

Being invited into her home, as you were,
(supposedly) Seeking shelter,

A pretense, I presume, used to frame your crime.

Damn you!

Her sorrow, now, seared into her skin ...

Torment,
Lest her young daughter
Come to know
What her mother endured
To protect her from – you.

Damn you!

Yet all held in secret now ...

Was that part of your plan, too?
Knowing your victim's shame
Might prevent her from yielding the name
Of the monster
Who forced his way between her legs ...
Do you call that pleasure?

Damn you!

She granted you the gift of Anonymity

A thing you do not deserve -
Yet needed by you to preserve
A facade of dignity
In spite of your perfidy

Granted by her
To protect your own,
Your child and her own mom,
From having to recognize the monster
You've become.

Damn you!

Damn you!

Damn your soul to hell!