

My Story

When I was fifteen years old I was sexually assaulted in the forest by my then, twenty-year-old boyfriend. When I decided to break up with him a few days later it happened again, this time on my own bed. Time passed and the whole experience was buried somewhere in the further parts of my brain.

I thought I healed, but then his face started appearing while I was having (maybe I should say trying to have) sex with my other boyfriend at the time. Luckily the other guy I dated was a gentle caring soul. He never demanded us to get intimate and that strangely shook me to the core. His care helped me to find the strength to look at myself again because I couldn't stand to see myself naked in the mirror. He talked with me about my feelings, and with his help, I realized how much abuse I came through. Finally, after hours and hours of outer dialog and even more hours of inner monolog, I realized all the other ways my abuser manipulated me or used my fears and emotions to satisfy his twisted needs.

Things are way better now, but I am still scared of sex. I am still scared to go to the forest with a man. I am still scared of breaking up in my room. But I am healing, slowly but surely. The boy, or should I say the man that helped me heal is no longer my boyfriend, but still a dear friend.

I hope with my whole heart, that other girls will heal too. That they all have a close friend like I did. That they will find the strength to talk about it, to share their story, to look at their mirrors again. While writing this text and even while writing the poem, my whole face was covered in tears. They are tears full of anger, full of sadness, but full of hope. Hope, that the young people who are abused will find their inner peace again. To anyone who is reading this. I want you to know you are not alone and that **I love you** as much as I love that fifteen-year-old girl, who had so much trouble loving herself.

In order to forget, you have to relive everything again

I don't remember much.
But I recall
His grip on my thigh,
Uncovered by my blue jean shorts.
It will be such a sunny day I thought.

I recall
My old childhood bed,
Who was used since I was ten.
And I sure remember my own cat
Staring deep inside my eyes, maybe trying to call for help.

After few months it clicked that it was no ordinary day.
It clicked so hard and far into my brain,
I couldn't stand my other partner's gaze.
I couldn't even stand my own, maybe that's why I didn't bathe at all.

No matter how gentle others were
All I saw was the first guy's curls,
His face in the dark,
No matter where I turn.

And with that sight -
I felt my whole

Body freezing in the place.

And then all I felt was pain.

Pain. Pain. Pain.