

Is it Stockholm Syndrome

If I refuse to talk about how I felt
During the months that
Dragged me by the hand.

Would I still be a victim
If I said I kept going back
After the first time my
Body was taken from me?

How every time I tried
To make the man stop,
He said he would,

Only to violate the
Privacy of my room
In the hour of the dead?

Would I make matters worse
For those who need a voice,
If I said I fell in love with

The man who encouraged me
To succeed-while he fucked
The body of a girl who
Just wanted to be free?

Or would I be a supporting voice
For those the souls who suffered
The same experience I did?

An asshole relative takes our
Bodies, uses them when they please.

Convince us that we too, wanted
To be touched by their coarse hands,
Longed to see why our aunts and moms
Were in love with such a gentleman.

The man who loved us for a month
Only to tear our hearts apart the next.
A cycle, we hoped would end,
Though we didn't know how or when.

--Meztli Morales