



inner child and abuse

A poem about my experience of child abuse

The night that turns today the cobwebs glide away
the darkness of the night the lightness of the day
yesterday year has gone away

the child that has gone and hidden away
the night and the day
the sadness flees and comes and goes away

the child their despair hidden from view hidden tucked away from sight and view
when does the monster come to devourer and torn a child away
away from her pain and her despair away from everything that is viewed

the monsters that come from the night come and destroy her and her pain becomes her life'd
despair
the despair that hate the inclusion of a night full of monsters and hate and pain and so much
hurt

the child so slowly dissolves into a nothing an inclusion her body and her mind become one
nothing empty
the ticking of the clock her mind becomes one hidden the child and her emotions dissolve the
monster overcomes and her pain her torment and her distress become the inclusion and
destructive of her life

the night and the dark and the monster at the side of her bed her fear her sorrow becomes one
and she is frozen and leaves her body again to be protected by the angels

then one by one her nights become as one waiting, waiting for the fear and frozen of her body
and mind to be consumed by the monster in her bed
the ticking of the clock the curtains flapping at the windowsill and then the monster comes over
to the bed and the child is frozen in time frozen be the age for ever her pain her distress her
despair of the monster and her fear

she slowly lifts her body leaves the body on the bed to be sheltered to be safe looks at the
frozen body on the bed her despair and then watches as the monster takes over and sees
herself be devoured and there is nothing that she can do but just wait for her despair to be over
and return to her body.

again the child her pain, her despair, her life frozen in time, frozen in space, frozen in synergy.

One day the child becomes a women but she is frozen in time frozen to that bed that monster
and many monsters after.



That first monster her body was and never was her own. her mind flew and hid in the corner where here body flew and as the child in the corner shakes with fear,

The mind is still stuck in that time in that synergy and as the mind is frozen in that time and space. The monsters come to visit in her memories in her mind eyes and the fear is powerful once more.

Just wanted to share something i wrote today and am struggling with at the moment but wanted to help others that the struggle we go through teaches about not given up and connecting with our pain take care keep safe kind regards Lynda

We do **NOT** give permission for posts to be reproduced, translated or otherwise published elsewhere. We will not contact people who submit their personal experiences on behalf of journalists, bloggers or other third sector organisations. These testimonies remain the intellectual copyright of their authors and must be treated with the ethical guidelines used by academics for research involving human subjects. Our full guidelines can be read [here](#).