

Father Figure

Wrapped up in this dark cold Corner.
As a mouse hiding from a cat.
I hear his heavy footsteps.
I feel the swollen black and purple bruises on my checks and arm.
I see him throwing me down the stairwell.
Filled with splinters.
Hitting me.
Ribs cracked.
All because I raised my voice.
His skeleton key enters the lock.
A tear rolls down my brow face turned grey.
I wonder to god.
Why?
Why am I in this predicament?
Sleeping with my eyes open.
I always can taste the D in danger.
Felling like an ant when I see this spider.
When the chestnut door opens.
I see the face of my father.

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