

The following are a list of links to domestic violence related poems.

Read them, print them, use them to share with others.

Flowers

I got flowers today. It wasn't my
birthday or any other special day.
We had our first argument last night,
and he said a lot of cruel things
that really hurt me.
I know he is sorry and didn't
mean the things he said
because he sent me flowers today.

I got flowers today. It wasn't our
anniversary or any other special day.
Last night, he threw me into a wall
and started to choke me.
It seemed like a nightmare.
I couldn't believe it was real.
I woke up this morning sore and
bruised all over.
I know he must be sorry
because he sent me flowers today.

I got flowers today, and it wasn't
Mother's Day or any special day.
Last night, he beat me up again.
And it was much worse than all
the other times.
If I leave him, what will he do?
How will he take care of my kids?
What about money?
I'm afraid of him and scared to leave.
But I know he must be sorry
because he sent me flowers today.

I got flowers today. Today was a very special day.
It was the day of my funeral.
Last night, he finally killed me.
He beat me to death.
If only I had gathered enough courage and strength to
leave him,
I would not have gotten flowers today.

I Have The Right

I have the right to be in a safe, nonviolent home. I do not have to accept physical, emotional, or sexual abuse.

I have the right to make mistakes. I do not have to be told that I am inadequate.

I have the right to make my own decisions and to be respected for my intelligence. I have the right to pursue my own interests.

I have the right to focus on my needs. I do not have to participate in a relationship that does not encourage my well being.

I have the right to focus on my needs. I do not have to discuss the problems this person's behavior creates for me.

I have the right to believe that I have a good memory and can remember events accurately.

I have the right to change my own mind.

I have the right not to answer a question.

I have the right to care for myself. I do not have to feel guilty or responsible. I am not obligated to fulfill the needs of a significant other who was mistreated emotionally or physically by his/her parents, served time in jail or has a drug or drinking problem.

I have the right to have a significant other arrive on time. I do not have to accept excuses for behavior that is inexcusable.

I have the right to express how I feel. My feelings are important and deserve to be listened to.

I have the right to have trust agreements kept with me regarding my body, my emotions, and my children.

I have the right to have a significant other who is sexually faithful.

I have the right to participate in the process of making rules that will affect my life.

I have the right to be proud of myself and my achievements.

I have the right to provide a healthy environment for myself and my children.

On Healing From Emotional Abuse

By Judith R. Thompson, Ph.D.

Words whizzing through the air like a rubber-tipped bullet from a gun
Finding its entrance through my ears and exploding in my brain.
Words-insulting, demeaning, hurtful and cruel,
Finally resting in my heart and causing untold pain.

Feelings of isolation and hurt so deep,
I sit by numbly. I cannot cry.
I cannot tell anyone. This secret I keep.
So confused and so unhappy, I just want to die.

"You're not good enough. That's why I have affairs."
He laughs at me, and my shoulders droop.
"Don't you understand?" he says. "No one cares.
I'm well respected in my group."

He turned my children against me.
He told them I was nuts.
What kind of man could he be?
I think he is a coward-no ifs ands or buts!

The public doesn't believe me.
He's right. I am insane.
What kind of liar could I be?
To ruin him-is that what I hope to gain?

For many years I tried to make things succeed,
But one person cannot do it all.
It took a long time to heal from his abusive deeds,
But I did, and now I'm walking tall.

Shut up my mouth? Not on your life!
He has a lot of gall!
If I can help another partner or wife,
Then I'm telling it all.

No more secrets! No more lies!
I'm going to be honest from now on.
Why should I do this? What is the prize?
Truth, honor and my self-respect! This is a new dawn.

Just Like Dad

Judith M. Curran, Journal of Poetry Therapy (Vol. 2, No. 4, Summer 1989)

My mom couldn't iron my Scout shirt today
'cuz her arm is in a sling.
She made a stupid mistake and
Messed up the checkbook
So, after all, it was her own fault.
I wish she'd learn to do things right
So dad wouldn't have to teach her a lesson.

My dad's a really neat guy.
He coaches pee-wee football
And takes me to the hockey games.
He even came to see me in my school play,

But mom couldn't come.
Dad said if people saw her black eye,
They might not understand
It's for her own good.

The way my dad explains it,
It really does make sense.
After all, he works all day
And pays the bills
While she just sits at home.

He deserves the best.
After all, he's the MAN of the house,
The king of the castle.

She should know better than to burn the roast,
Or say something stupid
Or leave the house without him.
Cuz dad says A woman's place is in the home,
Taking care of us".

I hope that when I get married,
My wife is a perfect cook
And beautiful and smart and never makes mistakes,
So I won't have to hurt her too bad.

Dance

Dance, he said
and dance I did and well.

But never to my own song.

Still I dance
to some tune coming down from other
ages and other minds.

It does not quiet long enough
for me to hear the song that plays beneath....
My song.

How do I silence that old noise
What strength, what courage must I show?

Some say take to the hills and live alone
and the only sound you will hear will be that of the song that
struggles to reach you.

Others say the incessant noise is the song...
the only song.

And what do
I
say?

I say
truly I know the song but
dare not sing it.

Dance he said
and dance I did and well

The Apology

Eileen Hudon in Sojourner Shelter Newsletter

Three days ago he beat me

Now with roses at my bedside
He whispers to me gently
Running his fingers through my hair,

With the same hands
That had been clenched around my
Throat

The same hands
That held the bottle for our baby

The same hands
That once held mine in a marriage vow

The same hands clenched
Had broken my nose

The hands that
Hung up the phone
When friends and family
Called for me

Hands that held me up
When my sister died

Hands that grabbed me jealously

The hands
Dripping with
Blood and kindness

Hands that want to
Claim my body

Cringing
I pray to God
Oh, no!"

A Trial of A Lifetime

It seems like it's been forever
You know, since they took her
Each day is so unclear to me
Which step do I take, there are so many.

One big boom
Everything happened like zoom
I never know what will happen until it hits me in the face
Then I'm left alone with a broken spirit and confused no options, not a trace
Not a clue.
All at one time
What do I have to show for it, not a dime.
I'm stuck in slime. This driving me out of my mind

A Trial of A Lifetime

She's gone for right now
But that's okay, I'll get her back.
That's right, I'm claiming that.
I know I'll get my baby back
And that's a fact.

I try not to give into depression
I'm a good person
I've done everything you thought I couldn't. I made it possible
Lately in the midst of it all, I've learned not to be so gullible
And when my mind is set, I'm untouchable. Accomplishing a mission
The both of you thought would be impossible
The things you think are impossible, to me they are remarkable
In the end, I'll have mine. This is only a test.

A Trial of A Lifetime

I'm down for now
I'll come back up, not as the same person, but with a different vision . It will show
My dreams are going to come true
It won't bother me none, besides if I never see you two.
Besides, you know the type of heart I have and what I can do
I have nothing to prove.
And that within itself can be a nightmare to you.
Because you both got the best of me
But I'm strong.
I won't be down long.

My bills are behind
But the light of glory will shine.
Today is very shady
But as I live day by day...
I'll be okay.
I won't sit and sour like a lemon lime
But Lord this just feels like...like...

A Trial of A Lifetime

Why me?
This is the question that always pops in my mind.
Oh but the Lord says I'll be just fine.
I'm the next in line.
So I'll get my blessin'
And the beauty of this blessin' is that I'll find strength in this lesson.

I've loved the both of you me and gave you chances,
More than twice.
But that's alright, I'm still holding on to the fight.
I've treated you so kind
I wish that this was a bad dream and could all be erased and
I gave you an inch and you took me through a long mile
You took me on another mile then I realize this is not my style.

A Trial of A Lifetime

My hope goes up and down everyday
But my faith in the Lord stays.
That's always
My baby was taken. My world was shaken.
You said "You Loved Me" but you were lyin'
You've hurt me and my baby, my heart was taken.
You must have been mistakin'.

She was and still is my inspiration,
My everything.
And I'm still fighting
Boy am I going through something...

A Trial of A Lifetime

She's the reason I was at my graduation
The reason I'm continuing my college education.
We deserve the best and soon we won't have to struggle in
A financial situation.
Pretty soon we'll be permanently together.
She depends on me and I depend on her.

Yep! That's my baby girl.
The most precious baby girl in the world.

In the mean time I'll continue to do what I gotta do
One day I'll see me and I'll see you
I'll say nothing because there's nothing I have to prove
Success will show itself because I've done everything I was
Supposed to do.
Because this was nothing but a trial.

A Trial of A Lifetime

For additional information contact the CSS Women's Commission at 704-336-3210.