

WARNING

This book contains explicit content and graphic situations.
It may not be suitable for all audiences.
Reader discretion is advised.

facing the beast

jackie bluu

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This book is dedicated to:

*all the women and men who have been scarred by personal
trauma and are still struggling to be “normal” —*

*all the women and men who are constantly searching for
exhilaration —*

*This book is to let you know:
you are not alone*

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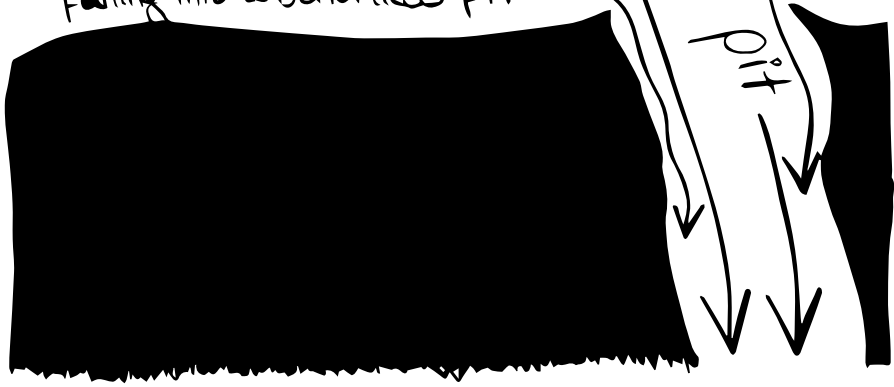
Control 39

MELANCHOLIA

I don't laugh very often.
As a matter of fact, it's pretty rare.
So when it does pop up uninvited,
I lose control—
all the screws shake loose,
and I laugh and I laugh,
until my belly aches,
and my eyes water,
and my breathing cuts short,
and my eyelids close...
savoring that special moment,
because I know I won't laugh again
until the next blue moon.

She is blind to happiness
 Forever a slave to her sickly imagination
 She feeds off of the melancholia
 Makes herself sicker
 Immune to normalcy
 Oblivious to Freedom
 Shackled by imprisonment
 Victimized by verbal abuse
 Damned by mind control
 Held captive by a tyrant
 Tied up by depression
 Constant thoughts
 Dormant anger
 Silent rage
 Endless sorrow
 Mind-numbing
 Exhaustion
 Unaware that
 she is
 falling
 into a
 bottomless
 pit

My Mother has fallen into a bottomless pit
 But what can I do really? I've become...
 Immobiler to mother-daughter emotions; stagnant
 Incapable of bonding
 Limited conversations
 Days of silence
 Months of physical absence
 Years of yearning
 Unable to say 'I love you'
 Word vomit
 Too many unshared secrets
 Too much bottled-up emotions
 Too many unfortunate events
 Too much shared pain and sadness
 So I'm unable to keep her from falling into a bottomless pit



Constantly searching for my purpose in life...

Ever been so sad that your heart ached?
But not a medical ache—
An emotional ache—

You feel the sharp pain in your chest
and so you know that all of these things in your body
are indeed intertwined.

Today I don't feel any pain.

Today I sit on a different bench at a familiar park
writing this poem;
watching the pigeons;
hearing a sprinkler;
waiting until it's time to head back to work.

Today I feel nothing.

RAGE

A familiar car pulls up in the driveway, booming kompa¹ - the baseline reverberating in your chest.

Man the lifeboats!

Assemble the life jackets!

Kill the switch!

Access DANGER mode!

Press the panic button!

Assemble all signs of joy and stuff 'em in a bag!

Stop, drop, and roll into a hiding place!

Beastman's home.

1 Compas, or kompa is a dance music and modern meringue in Haiti with African roots.

BEHOLD!

**THE
BEASTMAN**

He who enters your room at opportune moments and has
himself a private party.

He who roars at your mother until her eyes water.

Fucking Beast!

Bring out the pitchforks.

My stepfather did not rape me,
because rape involves penetration, right?

My stepfather did not rape me.

Instead he thrust his tongue into my ears,
and whispered discomfort in my eardrums.
He snuck into my room when no one was around,
and used my belly as his personal canvas.
One time his hand wandered further down,
and left an ugly mark for months. Filthy fingers.

My stepfather did not rape me.

Instead he held me from behind,
and had me frozen from the stiffness in his pants.
He exposed himself to me while buttoning his trousers,
and said I enjoyed it.

He smirked through it all, and denied it all...
Through his thirty-two coffee-stained teeth,
and his putrid cigarette-rotted breath.

My stepfather did not rape me.

Too much foreplay—
Bastard ran out of time.

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