

The Question Is Why?

The question is why, but there is no answer, there is no answer that could satisfy or leave me at peace, 4, 13 or even 22, they don't care.

They don't care about your innocence, responsibilities, or dependents.

She was 4, just innocent and pure of heart, playing outside spreading her spark.

She doesn't have the knowledge, so young and naïve, events progressed she couldn't believe.

Her size and ignorance usually make people happy and adore, but to the wicked and sick they see it as more.

They took advantage and left her stripped of her purity.

Now this is all she knows; she has no security. Going to a get-together with someone she trusts, just 13 and living she was unaware of their lust.

"How could they, I trusted them," was her withering words, betrayal and heart break swarmed her like birds.

Screaming, pleading and tortured, she was in disbelief, sexualized, violated, and used, she felt while in grief.

Poem written by Amanda K.