

Black Eyes, Blue Tears, and Dark Thoughts

by Linda Seccaspina

At five a family relative took my life away from me and no one cared. I remember being held on his knee and slowly being fed beer. The taste was sour in my mouth and to this day anytime I smell it I grow cold. I remember the feel of chafed hands and the echoes of dark laughter coming from his mouth. The silent screams still try to exit my mouth every day always followed by immediate darkness.

I remember glancing at the dark woodwork trim as he carried me up the stairs. Sounds of old metal springs still ring in my ears as I was placed on a bed and then I remember nothing. I still endure the mental pain and tears are forever engraved on my skin. I gave him love and he gave me pain.

What do you say when you are five and who will believe you? How can you possibly figure out in your young mind what just happened? Your mother sits in a hospital room fighting for her life every day and your father is preoccupied with life. You say words but they are never heard and life just goes on.

Finally one day someone finally understands that someone hurt you and tells your father. In those days no one said a word, and all the ugly details were quickly swept under the rug. All I can remember is that we never went to that man's home again and my father stopped talking to the family. That was it - no repercussions no warnings, end of story. Meanwhile the memories carry on to this day like the waves of the sea. Not only was my body ravaged but my mind will forever hold the scars of violence.

Penny for my thoughts about the subject now? There should never be any question or argument about someone that endured violence-physical or emotional. The abused need compassion and all the love you can muster up in your heart, as they will never forget the

volume of pain inside or out. No matter how many years go by dark footsteps will follow me forever, along with stained eyes and blue tears, because voices and thoughts always carry.

