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She Woke Up

Preston Brown

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SHE WOKE UP

She woke up
With a scream

the cause
a fleeting nightmare

She quickly placed her hands on her shoulders
So as to give herself an embrace
For there was no one else to embrace her

She began cooing
and making other soothing sounds
to an imaginary baby
An imaginary baby
who would have been hers if ...

She no longer used coat hangers
They made her sick

"Daddy, I love you"
She had once said
He replied
"I know"

"Tommy, I love you"
She had once said
He replied
"I love you too
for the way you make my body feel"

"Brian, I love you"
She had once said
He replied
"Let's not worry about that now
Lie down"

And there had been others
But none had ever said "I love you"
Was she that unlovable

She was empty inside
She existed only on the surface
She had no complex
 or intricate emotions
Only love and hate

Loving others
Hating herself

She was ready to leave now
She stopped in front of the mirror
Loathing the person she saw
 silently cursing herself
She straightened her jewelry
 checked her make-up
And repositioned some loose strands of hair

She walked out the door

an emotional virgin
a physical slut

and sold herself to the night

Preston Brown