

# ASSAULT

As she stood in front of the mirror,  
Looking at a complete stranger.  
Once dimpled cheeks in cosy hues,  
Now are hollow blue, battered and bruised.

The constant jingle of her anklet bells  
Has ceased to be heard now  
Feet once caught in a dancing spell  
Tiptoe and stumble like they are bound.

When did the deep ache of love  
Turn into that of abuse?  
These hands were gentle once  
When did they become a fatal noose?

When did her pious body,  
Turn into a punching bag?  
Fear reverberates through her loudly,  
Everytime she sees a hand.

Broken down until there's no repair,  
Life seems more painful than death  
She is too numb to feel despair  
Waiting till she's slapped again.

And even if she picked herself up,  
Stood up for herself and sewed that hint  
The scars will remind her every single time,  
Of how she lost herself that night.

Highlight that loss, instead of burying deep within  
Paint them in gold and make them kintsugi  
It was never your fault, it was his. It is your body, your skin.

Stand up, rise against this grotesque assault  
You're a goddess my love and he's the devil  
You're pure, you're courageous, you're fought  
and now is the time to defeat the evil.