

# Broken

LML



Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## Dedication

*To those who are lost.*

## **Acknowledgement**

Keep searching and youll be found

## About the author

I'm trying to find my way

## summary

Not suprised

Find him

I'm sorry

Lines on the mirror

Never leave

Rain

Ocean waves

Please read My story. It's long, but please read it

Why?

## Not suprised

Reaching out they say  
It'll be all right  
Still though I can't sleep threw the  
Night  
I feel like they try  
but there letting me down  
And if I let go, will I ever be found?  
This life is new ,  
And I feel so alone  
I've looked left and right,  
But I still haven't found home  
Because no matter what I'm  
Still alone  
Soggy tears fill my eyes  
In the middle of a crowded room,  
But I'm not suprised  
People lips are moving  
I know their speaking  
I cant understand them because  
I'm trapped in my thinking  
Everyone starts laughing  
So I laugh to  
They don't really know me  
And I can't trust them too  
I heard it once, I've heard it twice  
People give me the  
Same and different advice  
Which is right which is wrong  
Why can't I just disappear  
Just be gone  
~LML ~

## Find him

She said come help me  
Find him  
But she trapped me in a  
Game I couldn't win  
She mixed a variety of alcohol  
In a large cup  
I drank to drink, so bottoms up  
She took me to find him up in her room  
The lights were on, yet there still was gloom  
Alone we stayed, we didn't go  
She started telling me things she wanted only me to know  
I didn't want her to want me, I just wanted to be wanted  
She was an adult and I was just a kid  
She put on a porn movie  
She said she wants to do this To Me  
And that's where it starts  
Just another night where my life fell apart  
From the bed to the shower back to the bed  
What's going on? the Booz spins my head  
Was it me who wanted it? why did she choose me?  
I was just a hot teenager, she wanted to use me  
I didn't know how to stop anything  
Is it me or her, who's to blame?  
I wanted a adult to love and respect me  
instead she got me drunk just to neglect me  
And the shame, In this pain,  
Why do I feel shame  
For the twisted rules of some one else's game  
We never did find him  
I don't even think he was lost  
Trusting some one was at priceless cost  
I wonder if she had him secretly watching  
As if it was all planed

For me to be entertainment for her and her man

I wonder if

It never would've happened, If only I didn't go

But wondering about it is pointless because I'll truly never know



## I'm sorry

I saw him with you  
I knew,  
Cuz he's been with me 2  
I shut the door confused  
I should have protected u  
Because even though I didn't know,  
I still knew  
Your probably his first but not his last  
Because it happen to me and another in the past  
On My day I was passed out, unable to move  
I was to high  
i was stuck there, I just closed my eyes  
I remember someone on me & blond hair  
And me just lying there  
I don't know what really happened or when it was over  
In those days I didn't know how to react cuZ I was never sober  
So I told her, I knew she would believe me  
She was the only person who ever could c me  
She surprised me, she said he did it to her too  
I wish it didn't happen to her me or u  
She spoke up but every one called her a liar  
The truth burned in me,  
like gasoline on a fire  
Every one turned against her, so she  
Said she was lying  
So together we hid the truth, we  
Kept hiding  
But I saw you and I didn't stop it  
Inside I died, I was unable to think, -sanity- I had lost it  
You came out of the room  
I tried to talk to you but I was to late  
And it was to soon  
One cigarette after another you smoked

like you breath air  
I wanted to help but I didn't speak up, I'm sorry it wasn't fair  
I was, but I wasn't there  
Women aren't people to him,  
He just wants sex and rape  
If you don't give it to him, he'll just take  
I'm sorry, if I could go back I would hug you  
And let u know I loved you  
I would saved you from your brother  
We'd run away and save each other  
I wonder about you and if ur ok  
I wish I could've saved u that day

## Lines on the mirror

Her eyes are brown and hair blood red  
I didn't know she turn up living  
but be living dead  
Silver needle stuck in her vain  
Was so pretty but now ever so plain  
Her screams were silent  
yet I heard them  
Her tears were dry,  
she held them in  
Looking at her I saw some one  
the rest of the world couldn't see  
She was so beautiful,  
so kind, how could this be  
I left the world she lived in  
But she stayed and just got worst  
The people, her family the drugs  
Her trap, her curse  
I wanted her to Come with me  
let those people &  
That world go, finally be free  
To dust off the lines on the mirror  
To face reality and to let go of fear  
To threw away the pipe  
To finally sleep at night  
I wanted her to have a better life  
I took her hand and she let go  
I reached back but she let go twice  
And i still imagine her dark  
Hair  
I see her smile like  
She's actually there  
I wish I could go back  
And tell her to look ahead

So she wouldn't be the lost girl,  
Who's living dead  
~LML ~

## Never leave

if I am yours and you are mine  
how do we find our dividing line  
is there one to be found  
maybe together we'll tip toe around  
and I want to know each fact  
yet there's nothing that's exact  
so I say  
baby  
you make me crazy you make it right  
you make it worth coming back after a fight  
all you give you will receive  
i promise you I'll never leave  
if I look really closely  
i can find you mostly  
i can see it all clearly  
its flipped around  
every wall I put up you broke down  
my smile starts with a grin  
your laughter makes my head spin  
in life I feel so invisible so small  
tears and insecurities you erase them all  
so i say  
baby  
you make me crazy  
you make it right  
you make it worth coming back after a fight  
all you give u will receive  
i promise u I'll never leave  
---written in June 2013---  
~LML~

## Rain

If I did it for you  
Would u do it 4 me,  
Too?  
The storms too loud  
But I hate the silence more.  
Splashing rain I listen  
To it poor.  
Out my window I see  
Shadows dancing.  
Mixed in my cry  
You hear me laughing .  
happiness mixed with my fears  
you make my crys, make my tears  
And the rain can't wash them away  
i love u, you don't love me but your  
here to stay  
to scare me like the lighting  
to control me and make life frightening  
to drown me like the flood  
to take away the beauty I had  
like the dove  
If I do it for you  
would you do it for me to  
let me go, So I can let u

## Ocean waves

I see the ocean waves move  
across the ocean floor  
And I remember how you said  
I'd always be some one you'd adore  
But no one knew  
Knew the some one inside of you  
I feel the cold breeze  
I fall and hit my knees  
The water chaps me  
I see you slap me  
I relive my fears  
I start to scream but no one hears  
Just like no one ever heard  
And I rehear it, every mean word  
The waves hit the ground hard  
and take my breath away  
I can feel u strangle me, like you did that day  
The sands hard and scrapes my skin  
My heart races as I remember u shove it in  
Blistering wind is blowing to cold &  
To fast  
ocean waves sprinkle My body  
With a splash  
I feel your sweat drip on face  
Remember you going down, just for  
A taste  
I despise the dark memories of all  
You forced me to do  
And I don't know how to not love u  
And delete the memories of the love  
In between your violence and rape  
I don't know why I love you  
My husband, why aren't you some

One I hate

I can't control the memories I miss and adore

So I sit in the ocean waves and wish

They'd sweep me under the ocean floor



## Please read My story. It's long, but please read it

Viewer discretion is advised. If the jury finds my husband guilty, I will be able to confront him and read this before the judge makes his final decision. But if not... I just want to be heard to not be invisible anymore so please read my story my life

I know you and your parents won't believe, but you are an extremely abusive person. Your abuse goes beyond slapping, pushing, and yelling. Do you know why the main things I focused on when I talked to the police were about the beginning of our marriage? It's because I believed you. Every time you said sorry, every time you said you didn't know better, every time you promised to stop, every time you promised to change. I found a letter from you where you were apologizing to me, saying how you loved me so much, promising you were going to change, saying how you couldn't wait to control your urges and be with me forever. Telling me you loved me, I believed you. I believed you every time.. Slowly though you making me do things I didn't want to do, and say things I didn't want to say You doing things I'd tell you not to do, you hurting me during sex, it just became normal, it became my fault, then there were no more sorry's just blaming me. So I thought I could not give details about the things that happened later on.

I found my diary with entries about the things you did, fingering me where I didn't want it. Hitting me (or spanking me as you call it) calling me bad making me feeling gross. And me believing your apologies. Me having faith in you. But because they aren't about the incidences pending your against you they are useless in the court of law. But there real.

I convinced myself that this is how you showed your love to me. That if I loved you I wouldn't fight you. But I still said no and I still spoke up. I was confused, scared, helpless. You will never be able to imagine what it felt like when a professional had to tell me the things I was telling her about throughout our whole marriage WAS rape .. I couldn't believe her, I was in so much denial because I really, really wanted to believe there was a time in our marriage where you really did love me. I was told that day if I told you to stop because you were hurting me but you didn't stop, that's rape. When you put things in my body my vagina, my butt, my mouth after I said not to, that's rape. ? When you'd make me give you head even though you know I never wanted to, that's rape. ? Any time I said no, don't, you're hurting me, stop and you didn't stop, that's rape. ? When you'd make me feel guilty or worthless if I didn't have sex with you, that's rape. I had to get a lot of professional help to know and except it wasn't your right to hurt me or make me do things that I didn't want to do. I loved you so much and I was so desperate for you to love me. Every time I remember my husband likes to control, and hurt me during sex it's like getting stabbed. I can't make these memories stop, there are times when I start to cry in public because of the thoughts of the things you've done come to my mind. It's so humiliating. Some memories are: ? After you cheated on me, and you told me that "to save our marriage I had to have sex with you whenever you want and however you want". I had to learn that it wasn't my fault you cheated on me, and everything I did under that threat that I didn't want to, was rape. ? When you'd spit on my vagina, and you'd spread my butt apart and spit in it. Every time I remember this I felt filthy and dirty inside. \* During sex when you spanked me, and twisted my nipples until I'd say "sorry and, you called me A Bad Girl", because I had done something wrong that day. I actually believed I was a bad person. I felt little and disgusting. I felt like I was living in a world where I was a little girl with a big scary perverted father. Remember the time you dragged me from the living room and threw me on the bed, and started hitting on my back, my butt and legs? No matter what corner of the bed I scooted to, you kept hitting the back side of my body. You were hitting me so hard! Then suddenly you stopped, and yelled, "Get over here so I can F\*ck you like a pig!?" You told me you were just "spanking me" but the truth was you were actually abusing me. If you repeatedly hit someone and then yell "Get over here So I can F\*ck " its

threatening to rape someone. You were threatening to rape me. I was so scared of you after that point. I was humiliated because the window was open. I felt like the neighbor must of heard, and that they thought of me as a disgusting person. I didn't want to go outside for days and I felt like such a nasty and bad person when the neighbors looked at me. Every day I'm stuck in this world, I'm still trapped in fear. There's so many things I can only talk about in my prayers because I'm to humiliated to even bring it up to my councilor. When other men look at me or talk to me or act kindly to me the majority of the time I get scared. I feel like they look at me the way you did. And the way you look at other women. I wonder if they're thinking about cheating on their wives with me. If they're undressing me in there head, if they want to hurt me sexually. I have to learn that not every man is like you, when I went to the Grand Jury to testify to tell humiliating things about our marriage. I was terrified. I was scared no one would believe me, and I was terrified that the men on the jury wouldn't think the things you did were bad. I thought they would think the things you did where hot. Maybe they'd blame me, maybe they'd think I'm gross. When I found out my lawyer was a male I was scared, I imagined him secretly being on your side and him thinking I deserved it. None of them were like that, they all thought it was wrong, but I'm still trapped, trapped in a world where all men are secretly like you, secretly abusing their wives, secretly wanting to have sex and hurt other women. You've trapped me! Another horrible thing about our marriage was that you were mentally abusive,, not just to me but to \*\*\*\*. Once I began to understand that if you were abusing me, it was also abuse to \*\*\*\*. I felt like a failure because I felt like it was my fault he was exposed to this life. Some things you would do to scare me that effected \*\*\*\* in our marriages are: ? When you regularly would drive extremely fast down a road just to scare me you wouldn't stop until I screamed or cried. You started to involve \*\*\*\* in it. Counting 1, 2, 3 GO! You were teaching your own son it's funny to be scary in the car, and make his mommy cry. ? When you abused the dog, by shoving food in the dog's mouth and holding his mouth shut. Not feeding him for 2 days straight then getting mad at me when I snuck him food. You've thrown him across the room and more horrible things. You would threaten me by saying "it's you or the dog" You seriously were abusing \*\*\*\* too. Every time the dog would see you angry he'd start to coward before you and pee from fear of you. Every time \*\*\*\* hear him cry, and the times he saw you hurt him, it put fear of you in to \*\*\*\*. Every time these things happened you were teaching \*\*\* "this is what happens when you make daddy mad". Think of how scary that was for \*\*\*\*. That dog was his best friend. ? \*\*\*\* was starting to yell at the dog trying to make him stay in his little room. He started hitting him. I had to reteach \*\*\*\* to love animals. ? All the times when I tried to run away from you but you'd hold the door shut, or you'd hold me down on the bed. That one time when you put both hands around my throat and made me walk away from the door. Think of how scary that must of been for \*\*\*\* to hear me screaming and the door slamming or hearing me just begging to let me go, let me out of the house. He was only 2. I felt so bad for him. ? When you would try to control \*\*\*\* actions with a scary threatening glare, you were scaring him \*\*, you were making \*\*\* scared of you, with just a look. ? When u spent our money instead of buying food. I had to feed Your own son ketchup on bread. I had to send him to your mom's house so he could eat. He would have grown up thinking it was normal to live like that. ? You know that bedroom I wasn't allowed in, the one where I would sit by the door crying and apologizing to you because, you would spend all day in there to punish me from the "privilege of seeing you." Think of how confusing that must of been for \*\*\*. After your parents bailed you out of jail for choking me, I was scared to go in that room because I didn't have your permission. You weren't even home and I was still scared every time I went in there I would go in and go out as fast as I could. ? Remember how taking out the garbage in the bathroom was your job, and even if you didn't take it out for weeks. If I ended up taking it out for you I would get in trouble because, you would say I took away your chance to do it. When you had the no contact order against us I was scared to take out the garbage. I was scared when you came home you would get mad so it sat there for weeks until my friend came over and helped me take it out. I decided to throw away the whole garbage can so I could make an excuse to you saying I had to take it out because the garbage can broke. ? I wasn't able to sleep on the side of the bed that you made me lay on the night you were strangling me tried to rape me,. It scared me. I

felt relief when I finally threw the mattresses away. ? Did you know behind my knitting supplies I hid a small pile of clothes that I accidentally got bleach on them from cleansing them with bleach. Because I knew how much you hated it so I had to hide it, I was afraid of getting in trouble. ? I actually felt guilty when I started opening the mail that had your name on it again. I felt like I was doing something wrong and I was scared of you finding out. That's how I found out you quit paying our bills. I cried so much because of all the debt you put us behind. ? The time you were out of jail was a very confusing time for me. I wanted you to come home so bad, I wanted to imagine things would be different and you would be the amazing husband and dad you told me you were. ? But at the same time I was scared. I would constantly look out the window to see if you had pulled in the parking lot. ? when I would sit in \*\*\* room and talk to him before he'd go to bed I would be afraid to come out of his room, because I would imagine you sitting at the end of our bed waiting for me. And my imagination felt so real, so terrifying. ? I would have nightmares of you coming into the house, inside my nightmares I would wake up to you standing over me watching me sleep, and sometimes where you'd be master bating and cuming on me when you were done. ? I slept with my phone by me at night so I could call the cops if I heard you come in. I had a spot in the closet picked out where I would hide. I planned on hiding where my long dresses hung.

I was so confused on how to feel. I was still blaming myself for what you've done, and believe it or not I actually thought "if only I let him punish me during sex, if only I didn't speak up and say no, then maybe he wouldn't have choked me. Maybe then he'd love me. ..How disgusting.. We were supposed to be your family, people you took care of but instead we were just your property. People you owned, people u controlled. Now I want to talk to you about that night, the night that you called the cops on you self for. But I want to tell it as if I were you and you were me, I hope you see the type of husband you were. I want you to picture yourself half the size and strength of me. Now see yourself sitting in pile of dirty laundry crying while I'm yelling over you and between your sobs you're trying to stick up for yourself but I just yell louder. Now see yourself looking up and seeing your son screaming and crying. Picture yourself hopeless, and you have to decide which is safer picking him up and running or staying still and doing nothing. You know you can't make it out the door in time so you stay still. Out of fear you pick up the phone and call your mother and law. And your crying and just repeating please come and get me. But I stick out my hand in front of you, and I make you give me the phone. Then I put you on the bed pick up your son and point at you and demand that you don't move. know once I come back something bad is going to happen. You're crying, you're wondering if your mother in law cares enough to actually come and get you. That minute it takes me to get from \*\*\* bedroom, and back feels like hours. Then I shut the door, and I make you lay down. Your body's shaking from fear. I lay down next to you and I say "YOU ARE GOING TO BE SUBMISSIVE TO ME." I make you say that you're going to be a happy wife. Then I try to make you say your not going to leave me. But you don't say it. So I start to hit you in the face, you don't understand what's going on or understand what I'm telling you. You see no recognizable emotion in my face. Out of nowhere I start strangling you. And I'm yelling at you but you don't understand what I'm saying. Then you start to lose your breath so I let go. And you catch air, but then I put my hand over your mouth and I get really close to you and I keep telling you to breath through your nose. Your crying snots dripping down your throat you feel like you're drowning. Slowly you can't breath again. So I let go. Then I strangle you again. And as I repeat this pattern back in forth your screaming, crying, you're trying to breath. Your sons in the next room and he's listening to you scream for your life. You feel your eyes rolling in the back of your head. Every time I let go and switch from your neck to your mouth you wonder if I'm going to kill you this time. Then suddenly I pull you close, and I'm remorseful and I'm telling you I'm sorry. But you're yelling at me trying to escape from my arms. But I don't let you go and I put my head on your chest. So you put your arm in between my head and your chest to protect yourself. But you piss me off. So I grab your boob but you move my hand. So I try to force my hands down your pants but you're pulling it away. Then I start to try to rip open your legs, you've been screaming for me to stop, screaming for someone to

call the cops. And I'm yelling at you but you don't know what I'm saying then I start to strangle you again. ? The next thing you remember is I'm sitting on the floor crying and you're yelling at me. And you're feeling unloved by everyone. Invisible because I just hit you, strangled you and tried to rape you. Because you called your mother and law who never showed up, and because you screamed for help but no one came. You are officially nothing... I was officially nothing. Also I know you, and your parents DON'T believe me but you could have killed me that night. Go ask your doctor if it's possible that a 300lbs man holding a women down by her throat and taking her breath away could have killed her even if he wasn't intending to. They are going to say Strangulation is a potentially lethal form of assault. They are going to tell you that breath is a necessary part of life. They are going to say it takes four pounds of pressure to break a neck. All \*\*\* had to do was shift his 300 pound body wrong. They are going to say it is possible to render someone unconscious within seconds and suffocate, and kill someone within minutes. All you had to do was not let go in time. It is a fact not a theory that you could have killed me that night even if that was not your plan. Your parents should have never came over telling me it wasn't possible.

They hurt me as much as you did. But it doesn't matter to them all that matters to them is avoiding reality, avoiding pain.. avoiding my pain. You still live for the power, for the control, other wise you would've stuck to your confession that's the first sign of change. I love you and I don't know how not to. but I'm not in love with you anymore, I though I was but then I asked myself Why am I in love with someone who gets sexual pleasure from hurting me?, why would I want to live with someone I'm afraid of? Why am I in love with someone who confuses love for sex?, and confuses sex for rape? Someone who cheats and loves porn more than God. His son, his wife? Why am I in love with someone who pretends to be the perfect Christian when he's in public?.. But he really is an extremely abusive person at home? Why am I in love with you if you had the nerve to write in your journal about how you wanted to have sex with \*\*\*. And the way you describe how you thought of her is really disturbing... If you wrote about how you would love, and respect me more if I'd beg you to let me give you head and if I loved anal sex with me? Why couldn't you just love me for me? Why couldn't you just want to have loving sex with only me? Will any guy ever want me for more than just sex? What if they find out about what you've done? Will they think I deserved it? Will they be grossed out by me? Will I ever be lovable again? And if I am will I ever be able to get rid of my fear enough to be with him? And if I do get rid of my fear and trust him, will he be like you? I realized I'm not in love with you, I'm only in love with the person you pretended to be, the person I want you to be, but you are not that person. I really wish you'd stay in jail longer. And I'm scared for the next girl you're with. I hope she is warned. I hoped she'd be informed about the strangulation, the abuse, the rape. I hope you never hurt another women, I hope you never hurt me again. When I have my nightmares my scary thoughts of you, my comfort is your bail is over 50thousand dollars. Your parents can't bail you out this time. Now I wonder what it will make me feel: safe when you're out of jail?

After the strangulation night \*\*\* would wake up screaming and crying. I hope \*\*\* grows up feeling safe and happy. One of the sodomy charges was from the first week of our marriage, the first time you made me scream, the first time you didn't care, the first time you didn't stop. That was the beginning of my new life, that destroyed me.

You're the only person I've ever truly been in love with, and look at what you've done to me, you're the only dad \*\*\* has, and look at what you've done to him. \*\* your lies won't be able to protect you forever, you will never be able to change until you quit lying. And you will never have God's favor until you change

Remember the time when we were at your parents and I said to you "You can't hurt me here." And you pulled the blanket around my throat and pulled me toward you and said "Don't you ever tell me I can't hurt you. I can hurt you when ever I want, where ever I want". I still believe this is your intention when you get out of jail. Will the law really be able to protect me?

The saddest part of my reality is not just our past, it's not just my night mares, it's my dreams. The ones where your sorry and you've changed. You hug me, you kiss me. Your different, you love me. I'm a person, I'm your wife, you take care of me. I heal from your torture. But believing these things is what kept me with u, and I won't risk my life for a fantasy. the longer I'm away from you, the more I realize I'm terrified of you. And if I don't go back to you it's not me who tore our family apart it's you. I'm scared of you. And I'm learning it's ok for me to be scared of you because you're dangerous for me,

## Why?

Why did I stay? People ask, people demand an answer. They blame me. Some don't believe me, some blame him. I've come to conclude sometimes the right things and the wrong things blend together and the answer to stay or to go becomes an unanswerable question.

No body could ever know the truth. The people I reached out to sent me back home. They didn't know what was right or wrong. They still don't. They never will.

No one will ever know how soft his hands were when he touched my face, how smooth they were when they ran through my hair. How sincere his promise was when he told me he'd never leave me, that he'd always protect me.

No one will ever know the way it felt when he held me down. How heavy his body felt with his hands on my arms, leaving little finger prints of bruises. They'll never know the sympathy I felt for him when he'd say sorry, he'd convince me he didn't know any better. They never know the faith I had in him when he promised to change. They will never know the guilt I felt when he started to blame me.

I tried so hard to be the person he wanted me to be. I tried to make things right for him. I will never know if he ever loved me. If it was ever real, I don't even think he knows. No one ever will.

His first kiss ever was when he kissed me on the forehead. He didn't just try to make out with me, he didn't get me drunk. He was gentle, he was kind. He said it was his first kiss, the first time his lips actually touched another woman's skin, to him I was beautiful, I'd never been called that by a boy friend before. I've been called hot, sexy. I've been told my boobs looked like a handful, and my a\*\* was perfect. I've been told their friends are jealous and that they want to F\*\*k me, that I had a pretty face. But not beautiful. When I was younger my mom would tell me I was pretty but I'd never be beautiful because beauty comes from within. Beautiful was a new word.

No one will ever know how special the gifts were that he got me. How he put so much thought in to the things he bought me, how he knew my favorite flowers, the shoes I would love, the type of dresses I always wanted but couldn't afford, the make up I wanted the kind of jewelry I adore. I'd never received presents from a boyfriend before, I'd never had any one pay such attention to me.

They never know how slow things changed, how things went from his mistakes to him making me think they were mine. No one will ever know the person I was before to the no one I became.