

So, this is Love?

Contributed by Nadia Brown

I've gotten use to broken things,
even now to hear rage slice through doors
portrays a semblance of normalcy.
The brunt of your fist pelting my spine
is the only fixture in this home.

And you say this is love?

Sorry does not undo the scars
perverting my features,
will not restore fractured limbs.
You've always said
temper has made you half the man,
and if I'd only tame my tongue
choose sensibly the character of my words
then your actions would not resort to brawls,
to smashing thumbs, forefingers.

But this time busted ribs
will no longer welcome you home,
neaten your sheets,
fetch you fresh papers
in the mornings.

I'm a shell of wounds,
a cluster of battered bones,
the tainted coffee no one wants.

This is what you've made me.