

## Sweet Caroline

by rayn *Monday, Sep 1 2014, 2:55pm*

international / poetry / post

**(to K)**

it's dawn and i haven't slept  
(again)  
this dawn is tintured with  
melancholia,  
the wind sighs reminding  
me of the sadness in ur eyes  
a life lost, tho something created  
never really dies  
we feel the pain  
of robbery, being denied

i remember,  
suspended in fluid  
warm and comfortable  
until the cord twirled around  
my neck slowly cutting  
the blood supply  
to my tiny baby brain

i wasn't breathing, bluer  
than new denim  
when born  
the delivery team in frenzy  
cut and unwound  
the noose my mother's uterus  
had happily supplied  
for my demise

but i made it thru against the odds  
to be tortured and abused  
as an infant, boy and youth  
i should have known  
from that initial phase  
when her womb almost  
became my tomb

she never forgot,  
unfinished business  
so after she drove my drunken  
war-deranged father to suicide  
she started on me,

i was 11

relentless verbal  
and psychological abuse  
which she had mastered  
over the years driving my father  
to an early grave,  
he was 39

'ur no good, ur just like ur father'  
she would say, watching my eyes  
and reaction hoping the dart  
would reach my heart  
but it never did,  
relentless was her cruel abuse

she never laid a hand  
that was far too gross  
for her special talents

what did i know except  
the sun at dawn, birds cutting  
thru the air and the ecstasy of  
waves shooting skyward  
after crashing on coastal rocks

You stand before me now,  
with a haunting beauty  
so sad I could cry for all humanity  
it's in ur face and soul  
not wasting the tiniest measure  
of love which the creator bestows freely  
on all humanity,  
but is squandered by most --  
that is real tragedy, not personal loss  
that cuts a heart  
to bleed and heal humanity

i survived incessant abuse  
and u ur personal tragedy  
u have too much to give to withdraw  
or to confine yourself to lesser  
matters; go federal, girl  
give it a measure of ur strength,  
u are surely better equipped  
like an Amazon armed  
not with a sword but a rose,  
the corruption that infects  
states and the nation  
has no chance

pain has brought us together  
but it is flowing love  
that liberates us all

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1270.html>