

I ask myself a lot: why did he stop?
Did I make too much noise? Did he
hear other boys stir, their sleeping bags flop,
anticipating eavesdrops? Too dark to see
what he was turning me into beneath
black nylon, stars. Do choked sobs travel far?
A body he pulled from a crowd asleep,
attacked — was I too loud, muffled and marred?
I cried the very first moment. He liked
wet things that weep. I still see his pale arms
some nights I cannot sleep. Two decades psych
evaluations of his limited harm
dissecting desire to tear me apart.
It's not: why did he stop? Why did he start?