

I can't be quieter,
more passive than this
for nothing can be the greater sin

Than not standing up and stepping in
when a young woman is having her life
raped out from within her
as you pretend not to listen -

When you left the room, did you think he was planning
to hold her, stroke her softly -
kiss her cheek like a lover: protectively?

That he'd only take a peek at her pert little chest
and not go so far overboard, like
the rest of the world knew he would?

Did you know when she passed out, it was
you she was groping for;
hoping for
her sweet-lipped-baby-hued-kiss
meant for
you you you

But you didn't want her. (Ok, I get it.
That pain still bruises me black and blue
right in the eye
like that cigarette where you branded me -
another letter, another day).

There could have been a better way,
a more humane way, to make her see
what could have been
than stand by as a different man
violates her body and breaks her so violently
she still hasn't found all the pieces so many years later
from the wreck around her on

The wretched floor
which doesn't ever fall away
no matter how hard she yells at it -
(why will it not just give up
and drop away beneath her seismic feet?)

Give this woman her chance with bliss
after all the years years years
of therapy
(you have no idea)

All because you didn't *feel* like it
didn't feel like speaking up as you lingered idly by,
your fingers hovering over the handle
(you understand me)

Just know, I've seen how
doing nothing can destroy someone.

Something. That's what you could have
done, but did not do.

You made your choices -
so quietly; so passively.