

Poems of Childhood Pain

True Accounts of Abuse
Sexual, Mental, Physical & Emotional

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Other Publications

The Effects of Shamanic Healing and Other
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To All Those That Confided In Me

I dedicate this book to all the clients I have counselled for sexual, mental, physical and emotional abuse.

I write this as a reminder that you are not alone, that many other women, men and children have sadly walked in your shoes.

I write this poetry book in hope that it will help to make abuse more seen and more talked about rather than hid like a dirty rag under the carpet.

When light is shone in the darkness, we can all see what is there, when we become conscious of the things we don't know exist, we can then choose to either turn a blind eye or stand up and rally against it.

This is my way of standing up for you all and rallying against abuse because no-one deserves to be abused – not even you.

I wish you all well on your individual journeys through all the hate, blame, low self-esteem; through all the un-forgiveness, the suicidal thoughts and intentions and all the rest of the negative emotions that threaten to, and often do overwhelm you.

I wish you all well as you pass through the stages of grief and eventually reach a place of acceptance; not acceptance that makes it ok, but an acceptance of what happened has happened.

I wish you all well as you all embark on a journey of healing. Your story and healing will be the medicine many others need – don't feel ashamed to share it.

Remember: You are not alone, you are never alone and you still are the beautiful flower you once knew you were, you just need to find your way of making the sun shine again in your own life.

Sharing your pain has helped me to grow in

understanding and wisdom, and for that I am eternally grateful. I have heard your pain, seen your pain and felt your pain. We have talked together and at times cried together and although I may no longer be physically present in your life, I will always carry you in my heart.

Always Walk In Peace – Kenzo

“Cry ~ Forgive ~ Heal ~ Live”

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To Victims / Survivors of Abuse

If you are a victim/survivor of abuse, whether past or present, do not feel ashamed to seek help. Confide in someone you trust which will probably be really hard for many of you.

Talk to your doctor or other health care practitioner and/or ask to be referred to see a counsellor.

It doesn't matter how long it has been since the abuse, it is never too late to come forward and seek your healing and find your voice.

Kenzo

**Warning – The Contents of This
Book May Be Distressing**

~ Seek Help If Needed ~

Broken Dreams

Broken dreams,
Broken trust.
Too much touching,
Too much lust.

Too many visits,
In the night.
Sick to the stomach,
Feeling white.

Sworn to secrecy,
I must be.
Whilst my spirit,
Dies in me.

Not allowed,
To talk or share.
Doesn't anyone,
Really care?

Can't they see me,
Screaming loud?

Disappearing,
In the crowd.

Hiding from,
My very life.
Still unable,
To manage strife.

Too much torment,
Too much abuse.
For 20 years,
And never set loose.

Even now,
There dead and gone.
My life is ruined
Everyone.

Don't touch your children,
Don't make them cry.
Don't spread abuse,
I'll tell you why.

It makes us want,

To harm ourselves.
It's not welcome,
You poison elves.

Please just pass us,
Way on by.
Then we won't
Forever cry.

For inside,
We feel real dead.
You have completely,
Screwed our head.

He Strokes My Belly

He strokes my belly,
One hand in my thighs.
I'm really frightened,
I close my eyes.

I tell him stop,
He doesn't listen.
I hope one day,
He'll go to prison.

Something hard,
Is pressing in.
It really hurts,
He holds my chin.

To stop me screaming,
And crying loud.
This isn't fair,
I hope his proud.

A young adult,
I now be.

But still that bastard,
Rapes just me.

I smoke and burn,
My skin so deep.
Hoping pain,
Will help me sleep.

Whilst I hurt,
I can't remember.
The pain he causes,
Each November.

Uncle's Coming to Visit

Uncle's coming,
The night to stay.
I wish they'd send him,
Far away.

He comes to see me,
When all asleep.
I feel afraid,
And gently weep.

He makes me do things,
He makes me touch.
I say "No,"
So very much.

He doesn't listen,
He doesn't care.
I'm feeling wet,
Everywhere.

Someone help me,
Someone must know.

Please dear God,
Make him go.

As an adult,
Looking back.
I now see why,
I use Crack.

No self-esteem,
And no self-care.
I have no life,
It's just not fair.

Yet all around,
See just me.
Throwing life away,
You see.

For they weren't troubled,
They weren't touched.
They don't understand,
Very much.

I wait for the day,

When I end my life.
That will bring freedom,
From all the strife.

We're Safe Now

I used to go to Sunday school,
I loved it very much.
The problem was the teacher,
He liked to touch too much.

He'd always ask us for our help,
After lessons we'd stay behind.
He would take us one by one each week,
He wasn't very kind.

I told my mum and dad one night,
Then straight on to the phone.
They went and called the minister,
Whilst the police arrived at home.

And painfully they spoke it out,
With faces reflecting fears.
I could see they were hurting,
Their eyes were filled with tears.

All I know is now that man,

Is firmly locked away.
And he'll be there for many years,
So safely we can play.

Daddy Loves Me Far Too Much

Daddy loves me,
Far too much.
I can't escape,
His constant touch.

Mummy's sent,
To buy more food.
Every time,
He's in the mood.

I try to get,
To go with mum.
But dad will pat me,
On the bum.

And say: "*my dear,*
You stay with me."
And then he sits me,
On his knee.

My heart sinks fast,
It hits the ground.

I start to cry,
No-one around.

He knows I hate it,
Very much.
He says he loves me,
Can't help but touch.

I'm not allowed,
To tell my mum,
Or he'll hit me,
On the bum.

He'll hit me hard,
And call me liar.
Then he'll set,
My things on fire.

So I'm too scared,
To tell on dad.
He really hurts me,
It makes me mad.

He takes my clothes off,

And his too.
He says:
“Just want to play with you.”

I do not play,
With friends like this.
And then he tries,
To give a kiss.

It makes me fight,
And scream much more.
When will mum,
Come through that door?

Papa's Been Drinking

Papa's been drinking,
And now his breath is stinking.
Papa's been drinking,
That only means one thing.

He's going to take me out,
Where no-one hears me shout.
He's going to take me out,
And do bad things to me.

He strips me and has me bending,
Pain is all he's sending.
He strips me and has me bending,
So he can have his way.

I tried to tell my mother,
Because there is no other.
I tried to tell my mother,
But she just punished me.

She said he wouldn't do that,
That I was just a real brat.

She said he wouldn't do that,
So he keeps abusing me.

Now pregnant with no option,
I'm thinking of adoption.
I'm pregnant with no option,
And dad's real proud of me.

I'm carrying his baby,
It isn't just a maybe.
I'm carrying his baby.
And he's still threatening me.

He says they'll be no other,
But now I've got my brother.
He says they'll be no other,
Now there both abusing me.

I have to end this cycle,
My baby they'll recycle.
I have to end this cycle,
They're both just killing me.

I don't have any option,

I've given up adoption.
I don't have any option,
I'm thinking of killing me.

Then we'll both be free,
My baby and tired me.
Both of us will be free,
Free from all this abuse.

For all abusers out there,
It's time you started to care.
For all abusers out there,
You are killing me.

Special I Must Be

He slips himself inside my bed,
He breaks into my room.
Where darkness lay untouched and still,
A heaviness does loom.

His hands are rough they feel real course,
He grabs roughly at my breasts,
The look upon his aging face,
Makes me sick, that is no jest.

Of all the women in the world,
Special I must be.
For him to damn well think that he,
Can keep on raping me.

There Is a Shed

Behind the house there is a shed,
Where tears and screams get muffled.
Where all my clothes are pulled right off,
And all my hair gets ruffled.

He grabs my head, says: *You'll be dead,*
If you don't do what I say.
Then he takes his trousers off,
And starts to have his way.

He always starts with my mouth,
He forces it open wide.
So he can force himself right in,
Whilst he clings like a bull to its hide.

He huffs and puffs I cannot breathe,
I think I'm going to faint.
Don't think that's gonna stop him,
I assure you it really ain't.

It's happened more than once,
Like a fly I drop to the floor.

But that just makes it easier,
For him to open my door.

He flings my door wide open,
He rapes all he can find.
With fingers, mouth or penis,
He really does not mind.

I'm nothing more than a ragdoll,
To ease away his lust.
I'll never know what love is,
For he's broken all the trust.

I feel ashamed, somehow to blame,
It must be all my fault.
I must have brought it on myself,
That's why it will not halt.

I was a flower that stood real tall,
In all its youth and glory.
But now a wilted weed I am,
In blood and semen – gory.

I do not understand why men,

Think that it is ok,
To take a child against their will.
I pray to God they'll pay.

I hope all sickness and disease,
All pain will cripple them back.
I want revenge, I hate all men.
To pieces I'd like to hack.

I want to hurt them really deep,
Their spirit I want to break.
I want to cause them so much pain,
In their shoes they'll start to quake.

He's ruined my life, a broken bird,
With bitterness for my song.
I really can't forgive him,
He really did me wrong.

My life is now in tatters,
An adult I now be.
But every night, when fast asleep,
The memory still haunts me.

My dreams are fighting dragons,
My dreams are sleighing men.
I keep them at a distance now,
They're never near my den.

I walk in fear every day,
And cannot go in the shed.
It brings it all back violently,
It makes me wish me dead.

The day will come I'll take a match,
I'll burn down the shed of shame.
And hopefully he'll be inside.
For I'll never be the same.

