



Here are some stories

As true as can be

Written in prose

And poetry

## **My Dilemma - A True Tale**

(Although names may be changed)

“I really would like to live alone. But what would I do for money?”

“Yes,” says Dr. M. “What would you do for money?”

I also had a 3-year-old daughter, Dolly, at the time. And I did not want to give her up.

And I had a husband, Billy, who was like a 5-year-old. If he didn't get his way he would have a temper tantrum. He would yell and punch me. I didn't know how to get out of the situation except to leave and live on the street. I didn't want that because they would take my daughter away from me.

So, I decided to put up with things until my daughter graduated from high school.

My parents couldn't care less. They just couldn't be bothered. I asked them over and over if I could live with them. The answer was always, “no.” They knew the marriage was a problem because my father commented on the black and blue marks all over me.

If I told my parents anything about the marriage, I would just say I was depressed. Then my father would say,

“Did you tell your psychiatrist?”

Then I'd say “yes,” and that was enough for him.

But my husband was also a psychiatrist. And I went to a psychiatrist, Dr. N, who told me after talking with Billy,

“It’s a good thing your husband is a psychiatrist or you wouldn’t be getting the proper treatment.”

I say to myself, “What the f—k!”

I now have a very sweet fiancé. He means the world to me. However, I do not want to marry. It’s enough for me to take care of myself.

My late husband died when I was 67 after 41 years of marriage. That’s when life started getting better. No longer do I have to take care of the person who yelled at me and punched me as long as he was able.

He became very sick towards the end of his life and I showered and shaved him and changed diapers and sheets at 2 in the morning.

But all that is over now. And my fiancé, Bruce, is very sweet to me. I just don’t understand the past domestic violence and why the doctors didn’t discuss with me what I could do. Billy died 14 years ago, but I’m still shaking from the violence. What do I do now?

## **Abused – A True Tale**

I've been doing a lot of thinking. I believe at the age of six I was sexually abused.

I was just starting day camp. An older boy came up to me and said he wanted me to go into the bathroom with him. He wanted to show me something. So, I went into the bathroom with him and he showed me something—his erection. It was scary. I don't remember too much else.

Next thing I know, I'm home and my mother is complaining that my clothes are bloody and dirty. She has to get the blood and dirt out of my clothes.

And I remember being back in day camp sitting on the grass and the severe pain I had inside me between my legs. I thought it was due to the fact that I wet my pants. I was afraid to use the bathrooms.

I never saw that boy again.

Fast forward 12 years—I'm 18 years old, a freshman at the University of Vermont, with my new boyfriend, D. We had sex in the car. I thought it was the first time I had sex. And I didn't feel a thing. If I didn't know intellectually I was having sex, I wouldn't have known I was having sex. Afterward, I asked D., "What happened?" He said, "As the saying goes, you just got laid." There was no blood.

Every time afterward I had severe pain when I had sex with D., the same pain I had when I was six years old in day camp, sitting on the grass.

**P.S.**

**A Milder Pain**

Just like to say

That pain, happened again to me

On Friday, August 25,

2023

## Up To Me

Things are not  
Going too well  
I think of the times  
I've been through hell

I'd love to live  
The life that I love  
I'm calling on God  
From the heavens above

You've helped me before  
Please help me some more  
To enjoy the good things  
That are in store

The life I live  
Is up to me  
I'm not in jail  
I am free

My mind too  
Is also free  
The thoughts that I think  
Are up to me

## Twin Sister

Do I have a twin sister?

Yes or No

Was she the one raped

At camp so long ago?

Floating above

I watched my sister on the floor

It was after he came over

Don't remember what I saw

Was next to the bathroom toilet

My sister got up off the floor

And very quietly

Headed out the door

I was six years old at day camp

And since then, not the same

I learned very quickly

"Whore" is my middle name

## My Life

Don't worry about that deep dive  
That happened so long ago  
Be whom you want to be  
And then you will make it so

We all have our misfortunes  
But change won't let them last  
As long as we keep moving forward  
And leave past in the past

What do I want  
For the rest of my life?  
Peace and friendship  
Don't want any strife

Just want to relax  
To paint and to write  
To be with my friends  
What a delight!

Don't want a life  
Where there's stress anymore  
Just want to live  
The life I adore



## Tranquility

Why can't I accept

A peaceful life?

Why can't I retire

At 81 without strife?

I've done all the things

That I must do

Why can't I relax

And accept this as true?

I just must learn

To be firm with me

I, too, deserve

Tranquility

## Me

I just found out

What I never thought I'd be

I found out I'm helping someone

Just by being me

He enjoys my paintings

They help him feel right

My fiancé too, loves the work I do

I find all this a delight

## The Word-Wide Cake

The whole wide world

Is one scrumptious cake

Not to be eaten

But to enjoy for beauty's sake

And what about the icing

The icing sweet and pretty

It makes up our different cultures

In each country, town and city