

# Not Hurting Anymore

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*I had been reading stories of abuse. Abuse in relationships, families, and even child abuse. It really got me thinking and I wrote a poem hoping to reach out to thers; to inform some and to maybe even help one.*

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/SasukesChick/53429/Not-Hurting-Anymore>

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# 1 - Not Hurting Anymore

I miss you, Baby;  
Who I thought you were.  
The angry face;  
I know not it's not your's.

What happened to happiness?  
Because, Love, my bruises and cuts won't rest.  
A broken heart and a broken bone.  
All because I was on the phone.

No, I wasn't talking to my ex.  
No, I haven't packed my bags.  
No, I haven't thought of leaving.  
Yes, I'm sorry.

I see you're mad and I'm still so sorry.  
I thought I could help.  
You've got me tied up in the closet  
And won't let me out.

I'm knocked out.

Are you happy?

I just want to see you smile.

You know I hurt and that I'll be unconscious for awhile.

You said you loved me,

That I was your only.

Baby, I was so stupid.

But it's all too late.

Fresh, bright slashes across my stomach.

Screams are muffled by tears at glance.

You lie.

I should have left when I had the chance.

Laying here, on the cold tile floor.

I heard you run right out the door.

Baby, there's a sharp ping in my head.

There is paint gushing out; the paint is red.

I don't know what happened;

But I don't feel the pain.

The stinging, the hurting.

I won't feel again.

I see my cold body laying on the cold tile floor.

Baby, you never did walk back through that door.

And looking at my head, a knife is there.

Baby, life isn't at all fair.

I know I'm am okay now.

I'm not so cold.

You killed me;

Or so I'm told.

STOP ABUSE

<http://www.safe4all.org/>

<http://www.leaveoutviolence-us.org>