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The Colors of an Abuser

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The Colors of an Abuser

By: Mara Bahmer

You are yellow.
Your hair is Rumpelstiltskin's gold
Eyes two pools of browned honey
Wreathed by enticing light
You never absorb

You are red.
Sweaty flushed face
Fiery anger, hitting, screaming
Ignoring the stains her blood
Has left on your hands
You are green.
Cheeks tinged by an unknown sickness
Earth-caked camouflage vest
Lying on your belly in thick forest brush
Awaiting your prey

You are blue.
Bruises, body beaten by a man
Who should have loved you
Tears staining slapped cheeks and
Paving the road to evil you never thought you would know

You are orange.
Vibrant, dangerous light
A glowing ember given to a girl who did not know
You had been set aflame

You are violet.
Hands hold your throat until purple
Plagues your face and dots your vision
As your evil acts are ended
By the man whose daughter you stole away

You are a rainbow.
Tears trickling down stained skin
And picking up colors as they go
Though you are bathed in sunlight
You are devoured by the storm