

Am I hit? by Maya Williams

They drilled a hole in my head
and put weights in my pockets
threw me into the river
where the water sank behind my eye sockets
wound around their wrists
was the rope around my throat
and with every slight twitch
I began to choke
But I'm running now, reeling now
God save me, protect me, I am bleeding now
I'm tearing, splitting
their eyes are leering, hitting
my physical, physical strain
I'm so weak
throat dry, sewn shut, my struggle to speak
as I'm screaming now, wailing now
God forced his way out of my soul somehow
slithered out of my skin like sweat
weeping tears of black gold and regret
I'm thrashing and twisting
as they mock my agony
and I'm wondering where you are
why can't you see me?
I claw at the air
I pull at my hair
I stamp and I spit
but they shoot
and I'm hit.