

## 19

Turning nineteen sounded so right,  
but now I'm carrying a life that ain't mine.

Why didn't I get home that night?  
If I was supposed to be back by nine.

Every time I try to sleep,  
I see his stare.  
Every time I try to speak,  
I see his grin.  
This is unfair.

Now I have to choose,  
Trying to make it through.  
Do I end it's life,  
or do I end mine?

Seeking my own rights,  
while he tears down my mind.  
I just hope to find a light,  
That can heal my wounds.

Wishing that I won't get consumed.

That someone can finally be kind,  
to this pitiful soul,  
that is carrying a life that is his, but not mine.

In a place where sins are forgiven,  
my cries are heard,  
options are given  
as I seek answers.

Was it my fault?  
There were no witnesses.  
Was it my fault?  
Was being there wrong?

Now I'm by my own,  
Battling for my sanity,  
In a Society,  
That tears me down,  
While I die on the ground.

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