

Home is a children's hospital

A second home,

vacation home,

Home away from home.

Every school break.

Every Saturday.

For years.

Countless Christmases.

The big Xmas tree in the lobby.

They even brought me presents.

They gave me a Gameboy,

But took away my dignity.

They stabbed me with needles

To calm me down

They sedated me

Because I would scream

As they shoved their fingers in me

Strapped down to a board

"...to safely secure a frightened child"

Naked and bound
Spread eagle
So old men could touch me
and take photos of my naked body.

Just an average Saturday

This is a children's hospital.
A second home,
vacation home,
Home away from home.

My earliest memory
Is lifting the sheet
And seeing a red X
And the smell of rust
Where my phallus used to be.

I didn't measure up
To normal

Adults determined my fuckability
When I was a child
And chopped me up accordingly.
To fit their desires
Of how fuckable I could be
To them
Maybe
in the future.

And it is the future

But they don't find me fuckable.

I returned to home.

To the children's hospital.

A second home,

vacation home,

Home away from home.

The same black chunks of asphalt

Like small rocks

I used to collect

Still in the parking lot.

I paid a \$600 ransom

For my medical records

For the truth

And I'm glad it was raining when I left

Rolling down my face

Like my tears

Nostalgia

I've had years of tears

In that parking lot

I tore up the duplicates

Outside in the rain

Watched them fall onto the asphalt

And the text melted

into the ground

The rain crashing down

on my papers

Looks like broken glass

Just like my fractured

Childhood.

fractures like my scars

inside

and

out

Fractured childhood home.

Home away from home.

vacation home,

A second home,

Home is a children's hospital.