



The thing about abusers is

by Rach PS

that they can be your best friend
the only one to whom you can
reveal what's fermenting

beneath fierce layers, show
your exposed nerve endings to, your
casual suicidal ideation and who'll say

'let's get ice cream' in an unphased way
because you both know it can't be anything serious
so, he'll shoulder your damaged parts

but the other thing about abusers
is that they can turn up late to your birthday party
when you've already fallen out with

yet another failed lover and they can lurk
predator-like for you to shatter
after six or seven drinks because they know

that you'll be pliable, that you'll want to crawl
to a familiar place even if it's poisonous,
and they'll emerge like mould, hold

your birthday flowers and drive you
to theirs, watch you undress and caress
the softest parts of you that are weak

and just trying to rest, put fingers
where you don't want them, press
their mouth on yours and guilt trip you

into letting them fuck you, because you're
in their bed after all, and no one wants
all of you so here you are defenceless

and he'll only treat you after he's finished
but until then he'll keep drawing your hand
down and only after you cry will he hug you

tightly in the way you wanted to be hugged
in the first place and say 'hey
do you want to watch a film?'

Because he knew that no meant no
but he just wanted to see how far
he could go before you broke.