

## Rape of the Soul



Soul – Who are you? Where are you?

A Song?

I am a songbird and I sing your melodies?

Melodies.

That ring across meadows  
sing to the skies  
shimmer in the trees  
dance with the breezes  
as the songbird sails to the mountaintops.



An Aria.

A song – its majesty my essence.

My song – and I your songbird.

My body – to hold your spirit soaring across the mountains  
to hold your essence; precious, strong, vulnerable.

On wings eternal we glide.



*- Or so I thought*

Harmony.

Two songbirds. Musical instruments of love, of life's passion.

Two bodies, so now two songs. Harmony.

I entrust my soul, my inmost intimate essence (my song!)

To you, to harmony.

*- But you betray me. By the most vicious and extreme of violence.  
You rape my soul.*



Crescendo.

Enticement. Excitement. Exhilaration.  
The songbirds unite,  
Their bodies entwine, fly, and soar the skies,  
While their songs ring across the mountain.  
But then the arrow pierces. Poison-tipped.  
Its shaft strikes strong, swiftly.  
The songbird falters in flight. Falls.  
Her song wavers, quivers.  
Notes shatter mid-melody, in the midst of  
their creation.



- *In her struggles you feel triumphant.  
The glint in your eyes the echo of your deceptions.*

Stacatto.

A playful interlude?  
Chords of dissonance. Chords of harmony.

- *Confusion.  
Confusion.*

Da capo.

Many times you rape her body, the songbird's body.  
Love? No.  
Through deception, persuasion, coercion, subtle manipulation,  
Ultimately fear – you rape the songbird's body.  
The body in pain.  
The mind tortured by your cruel words, sadistic actions.  
More confusion.  
Pain of the body – ends.  
It is not the body that continues to suffer.

- *Pain of the soul.  
Does it ever end?*

Requiem.

Pain of the soul.  
Does it ever end?  
Deep. Excruciating.  
Silent screams.  
No one to hear them. All alone.  
Terrifying silent screams.  
Reverberating into the depths of my soul, my song,  
And hence my body, that holds my songbird's essence.

- *My voice, my song.  
Silenced. All alone.  
Destroyed?*

Finale?

Aloneness. Terror. Trauma. Completely alone.

All I know is pain.

Pain that cannot be seen.

Deep intense searing pain.

Suffering that is not visible.

The soul is raped.

Penetrated and invaded.

The song, my song, my melodies -

Disintegrated bit by tortuous bit,

By the poison driven deep into my soul.

*- Pain of the soul, does it ever end?*

***Rape of the Soul.***

***Can it heal?***

