

FROM CRADLE TO BRAVE

a poetic memoir of female
abuse & the healing

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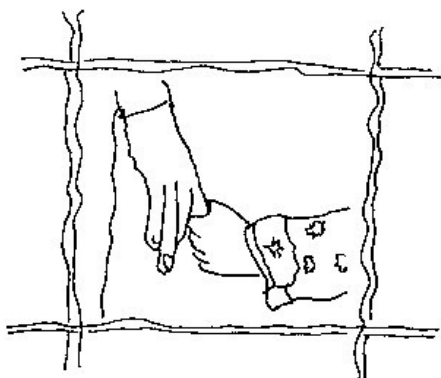
EXCERPTS

SAMPLE OF
PART ONE

oh, sweet lovely stranger
she dares not tell
that she is a child
living through hell
I know you can see
the pain in her eyes
but secrets are safety
that's how she survives

SAMPLE OF
PART ONE

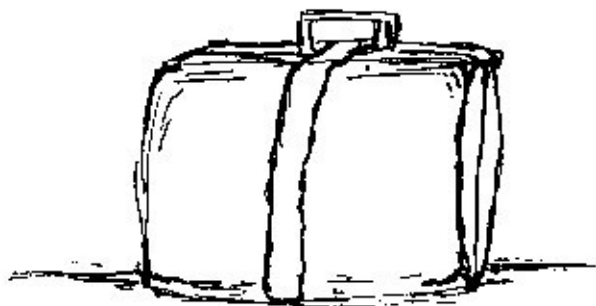
the mother trusted the friend
with children of his own
that he would damage her
daughter
how could she ever have known



SAMPLE OF
PART ONE

cold white walls
and a sterile bed
her mother replaced
with strangers instead
her sisters small hand
gripped into her own
so very grateful
she wasn't alone
guarded smiles
and a comforting word
the promise of safety
is what she heard
as sisters they merged
their future unknown
another lost cause
in a children's home
they cried for their mother
each single day
till their father came
to take them away

SAMPLE OF
PART TWO



the hotel loomed up ahead
her world in a bag at her feet
wiser than words at sixteen
the future was hers to defeat
she trembled with nerves inside
and silenced the fear in her head
the gruelling job of a
chambermaid
offered her food and a bed

SAMPLE OF
PART TWO

*'you're so very pretty', he said
'there's a place for you in my
bed'*

the fact that he wore a ring
didn't seem to mean a thing
he hounded me down for weeks
perfecting his chatter with
tweaks

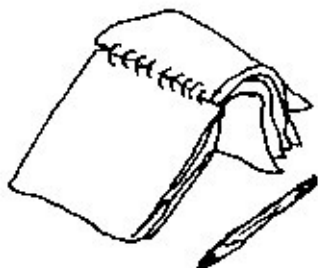
each time that he came too near
I was frozen and rigid with fear
I hated the hierarchy
he was already on top of me
but he met the girl from the dirt
when he stuck his hand up my
skirt

SAMPLE OF
PART TWO

I cherished the boyfriend in tow
but the onlookers did not know
that he beat me with words
regularly
and I thought he was better than
me
in times when his words weren't
enough
then my back would hit the wall
one hand gripped 'round my
throat
and the other clenched into a ball



SAMPLE OF
PART TWO



the councillor respected her
wishes
the daughter would rather not say
if she keeps reliving the details
the horror won't go away
it's bad enough that it haunts her
her body is no longer her own
it bleeds as a constant reminder
she really should have gone home

SAMPLE OF
PART TWO

it can take years for justice
she wishes the bastard was dead
the policewoman guides her well
to move on with her life instead
she cannot face the trial
to prove she's not a whore
instead she takes
some sleeping pills
and ends up on the floor

SAMPLE OF
PART THREE

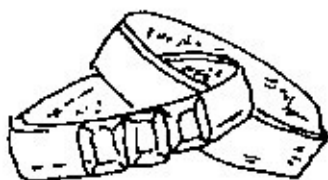
the road to healing is hard
there is no instant cure
but with her loving friends
she managed to endure
it also healed her mind
to know that he did not win
if she got on with her life
and grew stronger from within

SAMPLE OF
PART THREE

the naive wife didn't choose well
the husband had put her through
hell
he liked to remind her that it was
'he'
who saved her from living in
poverty
and if he stepped back through
history
it wasn't his wife she would be
that noblemen claim it defeat
to marry a girl from the street

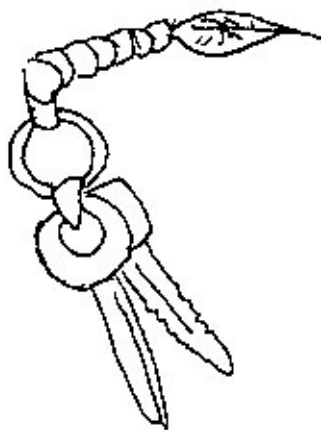
SAMPLE OF
PART THREE

it was three times she lost a
child
till something snapped -
something wild
when the husband refused to
accept
her grief as she sat and wept
she packed up all of her
things
and left with only her rings



SAMPLE OF
PART FOUR

she held the keys in her hand
all alone at her own front
door
many steps had led her here
where freedom was hers to
explore



SAMPLE OF
PART FOUR

the husband's eyes met her
own
as he carefully put down the
phone
then came and sat at her feet
his shoulders hung in defeat
he softly shook his head
and whispered *your sister's
dead*
then gently told his wife
her sister had taken her life
she screamed until
silence came
just one little word
- her name



SAMPLE OF
PART FOUR

EXCERPTS FROM
THE CLOSING
CHAPTER

WORDS FOR HEALING

SAMPLE OF
PART FOUR

a broken woman
who finds her voice
will tell all the others
that they have a choice

SAMPLE OF
PART FOUR

if you're staring down at the floor
and wondering what it's all for
let my words gently lift your head
you are broken, but you are not dead
whatever has caused you pain
must not come to pass again
do not let this moment win
call your warrior hidden within
she will spring into action with ease
you do not belong on your knees
and though you may think I am wrong
you'll survive this because you are
strong

SAMPLE OF
PART FOUR

justice is
served
by
your
survival