When he touched me,

my whole world stopped,

but his hands did not;

they roamed on and I couldn't seem to stop them.

When he entered my room,

I was confused.

He was halfway asleep and out of it.

He sat on my little sister’s bed

and put his hands on me.

When I think of him,

I feel sick;

words unspoken swirl in my head.

Why didn't I just say no?

When I spoke up, politely,

he left.

I locked the door after him

and I cried until the sun came up.

I refused to leave until I knew he was gone.

When he left my home,

my older sister went with him,

no doubt smiling and laughing,

but she was concerned;

I have never been good at masking my heartaches.

When she came home,

I cried again and managed to tell her through texts on a screen.

She cried with me

and we hugged.

Our first real hug in some time I think.

While I write this,

my knuckles ache and my head throbs,

tears threaten to pour down,

but I know I need to write this.

So I write this.