

## TONI'S TAKEOUTS

### A BRIEF EXPLANATION OF MY POEMS

In the mid 90's out of the blue I started writing poems when I stalled out with just journaling. My poems may not rhythm and may not make sense but I think I just released my little one to do as she saw fit. The grammar and punctuation may not meet one's standard, but once I put it on paper I never changed anything in any poems I wrote. I am hoping that I can share my style with other adult children. Please take what you like and leave the rest. Thank you

### Daddy's Hitting You

Don't hurt me you big monster! Don't hit me any more!  
Just wait till I can hit you back. You'll see what I'm crying for.

You left your welts all over me as I can still feel them sting.  
They faded away but are in my head.

Did you get hit as hard as me? Did you want to die too?  
Because the one who hit you hard was your dad who you loved to?

Did you feel so hurt you wished he were dead? Because that's how I felt,  
When he hit so hard it made a welt.

The bathroom was where I could lock myself inside.  
I'd sit down on the bathroom floor and cry and cry and cry.

It turned to sobbing cause my spirit was so worn out. I'd want to curl up and die.

How could someone so big and strong, attack their child like me?  
What did I do wrong to make him hurt me?

Does Daddy know I love him with all my heart?  
But my soul he broke when he was hitting me so hard.

Those welts were bad but I really felt no pain.  
The pain was deep inside where my soul and spirit live.

They were broken with each hit so hard I felt no pain. I always wondered  
How could I make myself be, so he won't need to hit me.

Now I know this is how it had to be.  
Cause his daddy hit all of his kids the same way he hit me.

The need to die is twice as strong because I passed it on. How could I hit my children? What broke inside of me? As they cried and cried and cried just as me.

Mommies are supposed to be gentle and nice and love all their kids to.  
But when mommies were hit real hard, they didn't know what to do.

This stops here! This mommy has a great fear that as her grandchildren begin to appear, their mommies will know nothing else, but to yell and scream and hit real hard and not know why.

A way to stop this hitting here will be to ask  
my God to gently help this bruised and battered mommy.

The spirit needs to be healed first inside myself. This will be slow for sure.  
It will be years before the tears will help wash the pain away.

Daddy who damaged me will keep his same old ways.  
He needs to know I hated him so. Then I will forgive the hits he made.

As I progress I'll need to address my children one by one.  
I'll ask them for forgiveness for all the hits they had.  
No matter if they forgive or not my life will go on.

I'll watch my grandchildren playing as all happy children do  
free from the pain that comes when  
Daddy's hitting you.

Toni P