

Rape Trial Poem
[transcript]
Judy Battaglia
Loyola Marymount University



A pulse? A purpose? A piece of me(at).
Second chances, skipped beats.
Interrupted
Day-Dreams.
Night-mare making.

Skin searing.
Leaves falling.
Identities disappearing.
Among the forest
Of destructed women.

All open wounds.
Only orifices.
Edifices.
Ruins.
Rising,
Inspiring.

Lord (please) forgive those
Who trespass against us.
For they know not what they do?

There they see redness, pulpy,
Fleshy pupas that instead of just beginning life have had their futures destroyed.
Obliterated, without agency.
You have made of them, an endangered species.

They are always present, always here, in the moment, you see.
Always aware.
But still getting raped.
Still getting sexually assaulted.

She walks with purpose.
With her phone,
Her pepper spray,
Her whistle, her keys, her alarm.

She is always yet never alone.

While the moon watches her wish,
to not get eaten alive
by any werewolves tonight.

Never apologize for taking up your rightful space
In this world.

Young thing,
You earned it by being born.
Although, you never asked to be.

One choice,
One voice.
Stolen (from you).

Do not let it be another.

And as you down your prescription pills
To dull the pain of all kinds,
Coming endlessly,
relentlessly,
from all sides,

Yet another thing
You will be blamed for,
Shamed for.

While vindicated boys
Get deployed
Obstinate futures too,

PTSD'ing it
All the way home,
To a place that can never be the quite same again.

Give me a moment,
To stop,
Take a breath,
Take a shower.

I need to wash this rape culture off.

Nothing has any taste any longer.
For each and every "not guilty" plea,
I see the self-injuries.

So take your metaphors