

Silenced Wounds

My mama taught me how to stop gossip,
She said just blow the names on your crooked lips off like smoke,
Then let the ashes of their lies rest,
Burn all that is not true, use your brain,
Or at least your heart,
One day you too will be a victim,
But my village is too small,
I can even hear the pummels of two asses clashing against each two houses away,
I can hear the voice of the drunk father demanding sex from his step daughter,
I can hear her screams as she tries to escape the abuse of her father's boot on her ribs,
But my mother taught me to convince my lips away from such 'lies',
She often said the names of people are not to be said,
Even the name of the teacher who raped my sister had to escape the rant of my lips,
This is the silence our mothers feed on our lips,
They say even rivers are silent, but they carry too much darkness at the bottom,
Then I believed secret is the name of the game,
One that we all play in the village,
Like when a woman abort and the man beat her to a pulp,
It's the same game we play,
I started hitting my girlfriend because I believed lips don't say these things,
Hands speak louder the lips,
She also grew up in a house where hands are the right lips to correct a woman,
When we fight, she covers her face to protect her lips,
Because those precious lips are meant only to keep the deepest of secrets,
Not to blurb how I broke her jaws,
That's not the game, the game is silence.

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