The Invisible Bruise

It isn’t a blow that leaves a mark
Or a scar that the eyes can see,
But a steady flickering in the dark
Of who I used to be
It’s the quiet drip of cruel word,
A poison in the well,
Until the only voice that’s heard
Is the one that makes life hell

I learned to read the shifting air,
The tension in the floor,
To walk with heavy, silent care
Before I reached the door.
My confidence was stripped away,
A slow and steady theft,
Until by the ending of the day,
There was nothing of me left

You twisted truths into a knot,
And made me doubt my mind.
Until I questioned every thought
And the peace I couldn’t find.
The world became a narrow space,
Defined by your demand,
I lost the light within my face
To the shadow in your hand.

Though the wounds are tucked inside,
Deep beneath the skin
There is no place for me to hide
From the war you made me win.
It takes a lifetime to unlearn
The lies that felt so true.
And the strength to finally turn
And walk away from you.