

The Chains

The chains grow heavier, I can drag them no more.
Clanking and banging as I heave them across the floor.
So weighted and heavy, with each step I am exhausted.
My body and mind all twisted and contorted.

These weights, this burden, it was never mine to bear.
You caused the trauma that put them there.
On and on I have battled to continue, whilst weighted down.
Getting driven further and further on my knees into the ground.

But no more shall I carry the weight of my past.
Freedom from your burden, I seek at long last.
Realisation that the pain and hurt, I did not cause.
Time to stop, reflect, realise and pause.

The blame was not mine, an innocent child as I was.
Your power, control and abuse, was the cause;
Of the chains that have gripped me so long in this fear.
But no longer, as my chance of freedom grows near.

And so I wrench free, one at a time.
A victim no more, but now a survivor sublime.