

The Girl Who Lost Her Will To Speak
By Michael Wong

There is a girl who lost her will to speak,
Her class sees her as a negative freak,
She sits alone with no friends to see,
She stands in the hall alone like a neglected tree,

Nobody knows the horrible truth,
To many she is a teen pass her youth,
Like a flower who is wilting from neglect,
She is a glass that can't reflect,

The dullness in her heart,
All she wants is a brand new start,
But she knows she can't forget the past,
That moment when she was shoved onto the grass,

Drunk she was that frightful day,
When the man grabbed her like a startled prey,
Nowhere to escape and an inevitable rape,
No screaming for her mouth was bound with tape,

The nightmares never stop to give her a break,
Her heart and soul a polluted lake,
If only she could find a clue,
A wall that cannot be run through,

All she can do is tell the truth,
But how would others react to this poor youth,
Will they act with pity and sympathy,
Or will they see her as filth who can't escape captivity,

All we know is she spoke graduation day,
That was when she found her way,
The path opened to people who felt her pain,
She found people to keep her sane,

This girl who lost her will to speak,
No longer a negative freak,
Now a bright beacon for everyone to see,
She is now able to stand up as a beautiful bloomed tree.