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Dollhouse

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Dollhouse

By Maggie Burke

It was dark and she was late
He had been drinking like always
He was mad like always
She was only with friends but so was he
He had to prove himself as a man
The slap was as sharp as the icicles that hung from the roof
And as cold as the water he poured over her after
Locked out in the snow
No one stopped him
No one helped her
This wasn't new
Soon she left
But where she went –
He followed
Like a selfish child
Refusing to give up his toy
Just so no one else could have it
He didn't want to play
He wanted to punish
Eventually she made it out
Away and safe
But I know she'll always be scared
If not for herself then for me
She wants me to be strong and I am
Even if I had to learn how all on my own