

Poetry Series

Whitedoves Nest
- poems -

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Whitedoves Nest()

Whitedove currently resides in Australia.

Her poetry reflects the feelings and emotions while healing from a childhood of sexual abuse by her father.

Her poems discuss hate, anger, love, betrayal, graphic scenes and sorrow. She runs a website for other sexual abuse survivors with resources and contacts at .

A Child At The Beach

As she runs along the beach
Her thoughts hurt; out of reach
Her feet dig into the soft sand
She runs; she hides; her life planned

She looks out on the distant sea
Her thoughts lost; where is me?
Why do I have to live this life
The pain cuts like a knife

The buildings stand resolute
Above the beach; their silence mute
The waves crash on the shore below
Her thoughts whirl; everything slow

What would happen; she thought inside
If I just ran to the waves to hide;
If I just let them take me in
If I just let them hide my sin

What would it be like to step away
From this life that held her at bay
To stop the pain and anguish beneath
To belay the misery; internal grief

She continues to run, full speed ahead
Just one step to the right; she's dead
The waves would take her; problems gone
She would not feel the guilt; it is the norm

Why you may ask is she here
Running the beach; terror near
Wanting to end it; wanting to hide
Wanting to take relief in suicide?

Her father molested her for many years
Her father brought forward many tears
Fear was beyond mention; ever there
Back in the car; she knew no care

For she would have to continue on
Hiding, dreading; happiness gone
She would have to deal with her dad
Touching; taunting; eternally sad

For now years on the pain is still there
But now she has found others that truly care
She remembers back; the moment gone
She remembers of this time; forlorn

For if she had taken her life
She would not be a loving wife
Her kids would not be now and here
Others would live with this frightening fear

There would be no tears tonight
She would be forgotten; forever in fright
No one would know what lay beneath
The fear; the awful pain of grief

This poem would not be read to
Spreading the message of grief to you
She would be a tombstone covered in moss
Laying beneath a large wooden cross

Her life fulfilled now; many years on
The pain still there, but the horror gone
She worked through what it all meant
And her father now; reported, 100 percent

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A Message For You

A sadness dims, it was a while ago
The adult thinks back on the child she knows
A time of horror and of pain
The memory keeps a grip; like a chain

A child in a car, making the trip
With her father; the horrid prick
Her father molested her in the car
The journey short; it is not that far

The road he takes is a common one
Feeling horrid; she is gone
What do you do, when you are a child
To have to face this; horror not mild

Of knowing each week, that he will touch
The feeling gone; terror too much
Where can you run; where can you hide?
Can one take relief in suicide?

What do you do; when your protector is gone
Replaced with this monster, not the norm
Internalised guilt, fear repressed
No wonder she is so bloody depressed.

Facing this scene every week?
It makes her feel ever so meek
And where is society to help her out
She knows nobody helps; she has figured that out

She has told a few people and they just stare
Do they not help her; do they not care?
Her mother asked her what can she do?
The fathers probably molesting her too

What chance has this little girl got
But to stand there; with this monster grot?
As an adult, she continues on
Knowing there are many that sing this very song

She decides that she must walk this road
Take a small journey; and bloody well release this toad
What would it be like, to go back
Walk this road; but now take a different tack?

See it as a release, a journey gone
Not be so upset, not feel so forlorn
Would walking this road, take away the grief
Make her feel better; stronger beneath

Would it take away the memories of years ago
Would it disappear; making her feel so low?
She knows she is still the child
Feeling like this, she is so riled

What can you do to help her out
To make her want to shout?
Many live with the memory of this
The scene changed but nothing a 'mis

But the best thing she can now do
Is to write this poem, a message for you.

- a site for sexual abuse survivors and those that support them

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How Can You Tell?

Through the crowded aisles
I push the shopping cart
I wonder why I feel this way;
At the local mart

I look forward with such fear
Reaching high; is he near?
Is it him over there
Wandering around without a care?

Is it him, is that his head?
Why does it fill me with such dread?
Why does my heart begin to beat
He is the person not to meet

Why is this girl freaking out
Why does she just want to shout
Who is this person? you may say
Who is spoiling this ones shopping day?

What kind of monster brings this out
What kind of monster brings such doubt
Is it a terror that makes her scream
That makes her change, that makes her mean?

It is a man, who is meek and mild
Who molested this lady as a child
Who took an innocent little girl
And made her just want to unfurl

He made her want to hide
He made her want to commit suicide
He made her just freak out
He made her just want to doubt

He took her soul;
He took her life
A dreadful nightmare

A horror strife

And now as she just shops
Her heart starts, her heart stops
It might be him; who will appear
Causing horror, causing fear

What can she do; where can she go
The memories follow; a horror show
Can she hide; can she run
Can she find happiness, can she find fun?

Is he marked, how can you tell
Will you meet him; discover his hell?
Does he carry a big sign
Saying pedophile; awful swine

No they don't; they are all around
Causing strife; they can be found
They are small; they hide well
Causing this horror; this awful hell

What would you do if you saw this guy
At the shop, as you did buy
If you saw him in the street
If you did happen if you did meet?

I doubt you would ever glance
This monster given half a chance
For he looks the same as you
Shopping like you are too

- a site for sexual abuse survivors and those that support them.

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Little Girl Gone

The winter wind blows against my face
The tear weeps, it leaves no trace
My heart expands when I see you gone
It is for you that I will ever mourn

That little girl I once used to be
The quiet girl that was me
Has disappeared, and I cry a tear
Forever in my heart; forever near

I look at photos now many years on
I see the look that is now gone
The tears of sorrow, downward gaze
The darkened avenues; the grey haze

For now I fit another mould
I see rainbows and pots of gold
I look up and see a bright blue sky
I see happiness standing by

The time for joy is here at last
It is here, it comes so fast
The smile of love shows its face
A greatness now in sorrows place.

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She Is Alone

She hides alone beneath the bed
Her tears fall; nothing said
She stares up; the springs all rusty
The room dry; dark and musty

Why is she there you all may ask
It is her one and only task
To hide, to shelter in fear alone
To hide from her father; the old crone

Her fear surmounts as he walks the hall
The footsteps louder; strong and tall;
She huddles closer under the bed
She is quiet; for nothing will be said

She hides because of his unwanted advances
She is a survivor of his awful glances
The hands and stares; the indirected trust
The violation; fears a must

Footsteps by the bedroom door
She is caught up in a dreadful war
Between her and him; hiding and scare
She is alone; lifes not fair

Her heart continues to pound aloud
She is far from the maddening crowd
The footsteps pause; she huddles near
Her one wish; to be without fear

He continues on down the house
She is quiet; like a mouse
Scared and huddled; her mind fast
She does not think that she will last

She stays there for quite a while
Her face does not show a happy smile
She does not know what to do
So she huddles there; her teddy too

She stares out the window sill
She thinks of him; his iron will
Fear rules her life; for now and years
To be filled of fright and many tears

Her daddy should be a stout supporter
Not frightening his own daughter
With his touches and his taunts
With his awful glares that daunt

For now thinking back on this scene
I could see what it does mean
She is strong; she could hide
Protecting herself in her stride

The years of abuse took its toll
The hiding; made her feel so small
But now she has a loud voice
It is her one and only choice

That no child should cope with fear
For the memory years on; still so near
But she knows this scene is unending
Hidden from society; never bending

Next time you see a child fear
Remember this rhyme; it could be near
Think that this could be happening too
Perhaps closer still; even to you.

Protect your kids - 1 in 3 females will be sexually abused by their 21st birthday;
mostly by family members.

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Something I Have To Hide

From far away I here you call
It is like a whisper; saying you will not fall
Like a butterfly softly swaying
As a breeze flows through my heart

The thought of your name
The twinkle of your eye
A silent email
I am never the same

My fears are gone
You are now here with me
I listen to love songs
They convey love to be

Inside I am a mess, full of
Fear and loneliness
And now, I see a glimmer
I see such hope
For with you I will be able to cope

I cannot gasp my breath
I cannot see straight
I am forever smiling
And my knees and heart shake

When will we meet,
When will we talk
I think of you constantly
My nerves are so fraught

I wish you were here
To experience this with me
I know you feel the same
I wonder if he will ever tell me.

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To My Dad - Thank You For My Victory

It was you that wiped away my tears
It was you that protected; allayed my fears
It was you that always understood
It was you that I turned to; as I should

It was you I was with at a young age
It was you I looked up to; like a sage
It was you that was there when I scrapped my knee
It was you that moulded a little one; into me

It was you who took me on these adventures
It was you who gave horsey rides and such ventures
It was you the provided me food and water
It was you that took advantage of your loving daughter

It was you who molested; who made me thin
It was you who frightened me with one grin
It was you who broke my innocent trust
It was you who I hated; it is just a must

Sure you're sorry; you ought to be
I was crushed; I was not me
I wanted to commit heinous suicide
I wanted to just run and hide

The thoughts in my head are now gone
I'm recovered from this awful scorn
However, you want me in your life
You and my mother; your giving wife?

I look forward now; confidence soars
I cannot understand your troubles; your scores
You have missed out on your daughter
It hurts you; just like it ought-a

I hope you like life alone
Sitting back on your self proclaimed throne
For me I look forward; ever so fast
Knowing I have victory; finally at last

- a site dedicated to sexual abuse survivors and their supports. Read how I recovered.

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Touched

My mind wanders back
Through the years and the tears
Taking the journey that
Was to be forgotten

The pain rises, and then falls
Like waterdropp crystals in the rain
The memories leap forward
And then die, tragedy to be erased

The night it happened, my soul died
A thousand times over and fear became
My constant and dwelling companion
Swiftly replacing the love that I felt inside

The curtains were closed and the
Darkness outside enveloped the sun
The television hammered a show
Watched a thousand times by others

I wore jeans, and a jumper I think
The memory fades as I journey through
Years of distance in my mind
Years of horror and of pain

I was so innocent, I did not know
The pain was to start the instant
My father said 'Come and share the couch'
I loved him for an instant

And then the pain and the scare
The horror and the nightmares started
The hiding and the tradegy
The loss of my family

The loss of my friends, the crying
The hospitalisation, the therapy
The arguements, suicide,
Not eating and refusing to talk; confusion

My soul took a dive that day.
It hid beneath the pain and the misery
Shining like a beacon saying
I am here, when you want me

All I needed to do was listen
And to understand I was always there,
That is was the fear that held me at bay
That crumpled me into a thousand pieces

Memories of a sexually abused child, aged 10.
The first time I was abused, it was to last 6 years.
- a site dedicated to sexual abuse survivors and their supporters.

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What Love Does

If only I could tell you; what you mean to me
then I would not explain; for you could truly see
My life was in turmoil, full of pain and fear
then you came flying in; just to be so near

My pain was unbelievable, the light was nearly gone
The soul was tormented, dark and dreadfully worn
My thoughts were overflowing; crying waterfalls of tears
But you were there beside me; releasing all my fears

If only I could tell you; then you would know for sure
Fear was a barrier; I wanted to give you more
Experience had told me; that life was hard indeed
That there was evil everywhere; it had sown its dire seed

My heart forever vigilant, terror so close to me
The fear was raging; unable to let me be
You were there encouraging; being on my side
I did not want to fear no more; I did not want to hide

If only I could tell you; to let you glimpse a bit
Of the fear that touched me; the candle that you lit
Burning deep inside me; the anger was there to see
I was unable to face the fear; without you there with me

Carefully I moved forward; It took quite a while
It was your encouragement; your jokes that made me smile
You held my hand so tightly, your hugs so very close
Your love internally needed; for the pain that hurt the most

Now years later, after the day that we met
I remember the pain; the pain I will not forget
With you by my side, I can be forever free
Thank you from my heart, thank you from me.

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Where Is The Justice?

How does one reconcile
Something that is so vile
How does one continue on
When all hope is but gone

A pain that laid within
How does one start to begin
To explain to those outside
Something that one must hide

An innocents life taken
And have left others shaken
A little girl left alone
Many are her clone

What happens to her today
Its years on; some may say
The little girl remembers
And seeks justice; burning embers

A dream; a resolution crushed
Because its all so hushed
Society does not care
It does not seem that fair

What the little girl endured
It cannot be easily cured
The memory will not go
Thoughts too and fro

What is this evil you may ask
What makes her cry; where the mask
What has taken away her dreams
What is the mighty sounds and screams

The father many years before
Made her hide in fear; and more
Scared, crying to huddled small
Hiding; daring she may fall

Scared of his unwanted advances
Hiding her fear of the glances
She wanders through the world
Rose coloured glasses; now unfurled

She thought that the world was fair
Seemly far off; if she would dare
Take on the courts or seek a trial
For this known pedophile

For today she has lost her hope
She has learnt that and cannot cope
That the trial would be a fast
Because injustice is here at last

He would not spend prison time
He would not pay for the crime
Of taking 6 years from her life
Of causing all this awful strife

The little child is so sad
As I explained what is so bad
She must cry in pain
Sick and dreadful must remain

What can I tell the little child
That adults think that it is so mild
That she lived in fear for years
Injustice fills her tears.

There is one last compensense
For poetry makes so much sense
She can release it in this rhyme
Crying for the unknown crime

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