

Fallen

by: Samantha Lê

Perhaps
it is because I too,
have felt the sting
of a father's fingertips
slashing
across my tender face,
and the kick behind
the well-polished,
black leather shoe
when it struck

my unsuspecting
stomach, that I love you.
Was there any doubt
that we would be
writers today?
The playground storytellers;
who hid behind heroic deeds
and amazing adventures—
our secret excuses
for the unforgiven bruises
tattooed across

our otherwise,
untainted bodies.

That was our truth,
as it is now.
For this hand
that just struck you
and brought you to your knees,
it belongs not to me,
who kneels
before you now,
humbled by regrets.
Can you forgive it,

or are you unforgiving too?

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