

Seven Years

It's been seven years.

The rumours are still alive.

New country, new laws, new home.

Truth is, I came here to survive.

Beat daily for a sin that I didn't commit.

I had a daughter.

A little angel, innocent and frail,

Whom my husband refused to father.

If I ever dared mention our girl,

He seemed to become a beast.

Always left with bruises and scars,

The beating never really seemed to cease.

The day I'd had enough, I ran,

I ran from the devil himself.

Not looking back once,

Depending on no one but myself.

Starting from scratch,

Facing a new world on my own.

I wasn't welcomed in the society,

Having to raise my daughter all lone.

Today I am here, seven years later,

Holding my daughter's hand.

Through thick and thin,

Strong and independent I stand.