

"HE DIDN'T HIT ME  
by Emily Cutshaw

He just went through my phone every time I was in the shower,  
Provoking fights that would last for hours,  
Always apologizing with a bouquet of flowers.  
He didn't hit me.  
He just hated all my friends.  
Told me they were no good and that I should just stay in.  
He was careful to always remind me I was unworthy,  
And any time I spoke to a man, he would accuse me of being flirty.  
He laughed, saying no one else would ever love me,  
Making me feel nothing but useless and ugly.  
He didn't hit me.  
He would just break my things on the rare occasions I decided to go out,  
Coming home to his aggressive shouts.  
He just deleted all my contacts who were men,  
Telling me to never speak to them again.  
He didn't hit me.  
He just wouldn't listen when I said no,  
Every day stealing a little more of my glow.  
He would criticize my appearance,  
Calling me stupid, every day weakening my resilience.  
He didn't hit me.  
He would just threaten his own life when I would try to leave,  
A burden no 19-year-old should receive.  
He didn't hit me.  
He just made me hate myself every day.  
Worried how the hell I would get away.  
He didn't hit me.  
Until one day, he overheard a call.  
Hearing that I was leaving, he pushed me toward the wall.  
But, he didn't hit me."