A Broken Heart

by Sibia Kwamboka In the webs of the heart The voices shake the membranes Pain pierces like a fiery arrow Women don't rule my home *I* am the man here with muscular hands, he lifts her butt and has his way Tears, the struggle is inevitable He squeezes her, palm on her mouth Then, like one distributing gifts, A punch on the face A twist on the hand A bite on the back A burn on the thigh A kick on the stomach And a pinch on the ear Leave me alone...uuuuiiii Maybe he will Neighbours are flocking. One calls the police Maybe they'll teach him a lesson