

## The Chains I Bear

The chains that bind me

Are not iron and do not magnetize with my skin until my blood decorates metal like rubies.

Do not drag against the floor and produce cacophonies of grating noise.

Are not worn across my neck as subtitles so that all might know the trials I suffer.

The chains that bind me

Are hands that only ever hold me when no one else can see.

Ring as threats when I falter and remind me of my wage and income.

Burn the doors I have built with children my age. Burn the people, the balm to my injuries.

The chains that bind me

Are heavier than metal ought to be

Are adults that buy my body and trample my mind

Leave marks on my skin where others won't look

Remind of ropes tied to livestock.

Afraid to speak now

An animal in their eyes,

But the chains that bind me are heavy

And my pulse quickens and chants in my ear,

They sold my body and trampled my mind

But I grow older and chains weaken and crack

Oppressed and sold. My resistance is near.