

RED - FOUNDATION

“Behind my simple Southern upbringing and underneath, the blanket of unconditional love were dark secrets that went unnoticed. No one in my white, middle-class, church-going, family knew what was going on. In part because I never spoke about what made me uncomfortable or who for that matter when I was a little girl. I didn’t have a choice to speak. The unthinkable acts I was faced with happened before I was old enough to articulate the words. The abuse had become so much a part of my world, I’d never know any different.

I never felt there was a safe space to talk about those events that took place and how my white rose was painted red when my innocence was taken from me at an early age not by one, but two people in my life very close to my heart. The very idea of becoming a statistic of sexual abuse is not for the faint at heart, yet so many carry the weight. Thankfully for me, neither one of my abusers were in my bloodline. Yet my tears, at the age of three, shed blood red.

Red. The color of foundation. The filth of my abusers and their dirty little secrets sealed my foundation, silencing me at a very young age, an apple shoved in my mouth, roasting. A voice dying to be heard shut down as I attempted to sell out those who trespassed against me. The words never found their way to my lips loud enough to speak the harsh realities my toddler body endured.

The truth was that I knew who was guilty, but my three-year-old soul gave me the gift of blocking out the physical memories along with most of my childhood memories as far as I could see. As I continued to unearth my story, I was reunited with these memories and forced to face the truth sold to me through lies.” © Sapphire Rain