Oh hard it is to wish goodwill on the one who hurt you the worst
Their hands roughly savaging as their greed and lust strengthened
Yanking the innocence from underneath your small child legs
Stiff like the Barbie dolls she never held
Because they were too grown-up for little girls like you
But little girls like you were perfect and doll-like for men
Who cannot remember the manners their mothers taught them
As little boys chasing little girls
But nonetheless, they are grown, men
Who see those little girls like those
Grown-up dolls she never held