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Poem: Black Hole

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Black Hole

There is a hole in my wall

Instead of my face-

A gaping reminder of past times

In a guarded place

Where darkness fills a void

That stares back at me –

While I study the recesses

Made ugly and rough to the touch

By fists and faces contorted

With anguish and shame.

No longer blank is the wall

Wounded with signs

Of a tortured soul.

By Leslie Arnold

Please note: This poem was written to accompany a pastel drawing I drew for an exhibition by women victimized by domestic violence.