

Daddy's Little Girl

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Introduction

Rape...the very mention of the word conjures up emotions you never thought you held. It is a concept relative to some but foreign to the vast majority. Rape...is defined as the unlawful compelling of a person through physical force or duress to have sexual intercourse, or simply any act of sexual intercourse forced upon another person without consent. Never has a definition been so inadequate. Can any definition truly encompass the range of emotional pain and physical damage inflicted upon victims of rape? Furthermore, how do we treat a victim of rape? Should they be treated like any other patient? Should he or she have a special sticker on their folder indicative of the fact that there is something different about this one? Whether you answer yes or no to any of these questions is a far less important issue. The identification of these victims is what is most important. But ask yourself, just who are the victims of rape?

Obviously, there is a physical victim. In addition, one would be hard pressed to find a person who would argue against considering the family of that physical victim as victims in their own right. But what about the rapist's family, or do rapists even have families? Do they have mothers, do they have fathers? Do they have spouses? Do they have children of their own? So often the families of rapists are villainized and ostracized instead of cared for as if they are victims as well.

"Daddy's Little Girl" presents a scenario considered by very few. The poem chronicles the emotional state of a teenage girl who lost her father, not to death but to a lifetime of imprisonment. Her father has been found guilty of multiple counts of rape and his victims were young girls the same age as his daughter. As you read, ask yourself how you would feel losing a parent, someone who has done nothing except love and care for you your entire life to a crime that society now blames you for.

Daddy's Little Girl

How could I be!
How could I be
the seed
of a man
who indirectly
caused so much damage to me.
He single-handedly changed my whole future,
Replacing so much happiness with uncertainty,
Maybe if I didn't grow up normally
I could see how my life could end up being considered a tragedy,
but white picket fences,
a two story home in a wealthy community is my reality.

Fellow students seldom speak
And it's the same sad story week after week
Everyone knows, so I have no friends
Instead just enemies
The memories
Of the things he did are like walls closing in
And I can't even begin
To imagine
How those girls must feel
Or how their family had to deal
With their child's eternal, internal scars.

And it doesn't help that he is locked up behind bars,
I'm his child and I want to see him
Or rather I want him to see me.
The prison is his safe place
His captivity
His home away from the lures of humanity
I wonder if he were home
Would he still put me to bed
Kiss me on my forehead
Or tell me he loves me over and over again
Despite the things he did.

I haven't gone to see him yet
Still unable to get past
All the faces of the girls I met
But I often wonder how it would be to visit him in that cell
His prison, my hell.
So many questions left unanswered
Did he think about me
when he was with them
See my eyes
My smile, the dimples he once called cute
Did he see their innocence and desire to take that away?
Tell me, what made him act that way?

Maybe it was me
Maybe he didn't want anyone else to be as special as me.
He wanted me to be the only one.
That's not so bad, right?
Please tell me I'm not wrong.
Stop saying those things.
He's not an animal
And he has a heart
He just didn't think the crimes he committed
Would tear us apart.

So forgive me if I sound selfish
Or maybe a little confused
I'm just another father-less kid
Wishing my daddy never did the things that he did.

Yellow Pollen
Ryan Humphries