

It's In My Head

By Ron Bulla

It's in my head
My talents
If you can call it that
should have been nurtured in my childhood instead of being beat out of me
Me being made to feel ashamed of intelligence or creativity
My soul was compromised very early on
I'm damaged goods
make no fucking mistake about that
Anger can be very motivating
it is my constant companion
My Precious
most of my life trying to escape
that huge fist coming at me again
The hospital rooms
I was never called by my name my entire childhood
I was never called by my name my entire childhood
I was never called by my name my entire childhood
I was called the same derogatory name
In the same contemptuous manner
Always
Never my name
Not once
I was never touched except for being hit
I was never touched except for being hit
I was never touched except for being hit
It's in my head

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