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## Looking Up Times Vol 4, No 1 (1988)

Looking Up Staff

*Looking Up*

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# THE “LOOKING UP” TIMES

**By Maine Survivors of Incest**

*With Guest Contributions from Survivors In Other States and Countries*

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Vol. 4 No. 1

Spring, 1988

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## **No Need To Cry Anymore**

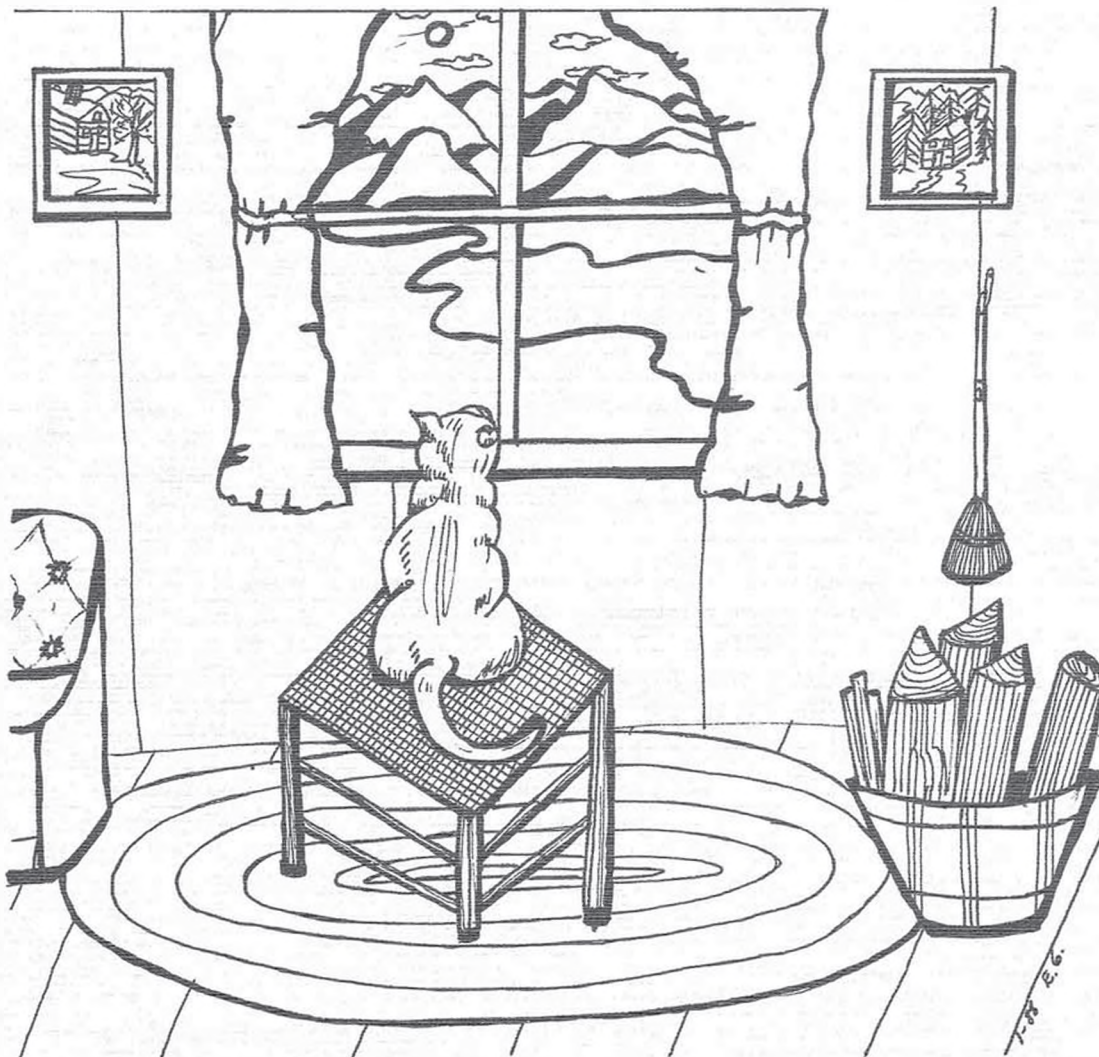
I finally am free for once. I may not have had a choice, but my insightful young mind and determination helped me to fly away from barriers with broken wings, throughout my healing. It takes a great deal of courage and strength. To be strong is such a great feeling.

*Sketch by Eileen G.*

## An Excerpt About Recovery

...and as I watched a great white bird appeared whose wing span tip to tip was as broad as the ancient ice sheet and whose feathers were as soft as new snow. As her feet touched the land, winter to its vast recesses began to warm and melt, and it was Spring. The earth took on the color of Sunday with the blossoming of the apple, cherry and wild pear. Cold hard ground gave way to damp dew and pink trailing flowers laughed throughout the woodland. In her shadow wild birds were warmed and hearts were mended, and children who long ago forgot how to dance did, indeed, dance. Their eyes loved with unleashed merriment long guarded in the secret heart, and tears flowed freely.

— Nona Famous



Sketch by Eileen G.



# — THE MUCK

## What Is Love?

I asked my mother one day, when the depression wouldn't go away, "What is love, Mom? I need to know, because I feel so ashamed and all alone for the sin I feel I condoned."

She must have been confused herself and wondered why she had never had feelings. "But I'll show you in my way," she must have said, "the answer to your youthful quest. So one night when the lights were out, she began to teach me all she knew of love and thrills and guilt and shame and pain that never went away.

So this is love. My searching is at an end, but why do I think of killing myself, and always get beat up by my friends? If this is love, then why so much fear of being found out by my peers and worrying about getting my mother pregnant in my teen years?

What is love, Mom, can you answer your son? Is it having sex with one's mother, or is it having no controls on one's lover? I have now learned what love is not, for it is not a secret meeting at night in the dark with flesh and blood that should know better. I know it did not go on for such a long time, but if it's love, then there should be no end. No end to caring, trusting, protecting, listening, accepting and being a mother, not a lover.

— L.C.

## Daddy, Just Love Me

Daddy, just love me. Hug me, hold me without hurting me. I know it's our special secret, but Daddy, I have to tell. I don't want our special secret.

Once upon a time, nobody cared. People didn't hear or see me. Nobody hugged me or loved me. Then you came into my life. I thought you would love me. I don't want you touching me. Just love me.

You showed me what love is. Now I don't know real love. Is it a hug without touching, or is it giving my body over to you?

Someday I have to love my children. How do I love them? Is it how you love me, or how other people who called themselves my family, loved me?

Daddy, just love me. Show me real love. Don't give me a special secret. Those special secrets hurt and I always have to cry alone.

— Theresa

A

N

D

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E

## Childhood's Demise

Darkness sits on night-haunches,  
Seeking out its prey,  
Seeking sleeping victims  
Before the light of day.

A small noise rings out loudly,  
Paralyzing fear —  
And terror rises, choking —  
My panic still lives here.

Shame, revulsion, dead despair,  
Trembling fear and dread.  
Memories, silent, haunt me —  
My pain from incest bred.

Screams of silent agony,  
Crying deadened tears,  
Hurting, never to be free,  
My childhood's death was dear.

Darkness sits on night-haunches,  
Seeking out its prey,  
Seeking sleeping victims  
Before the light of day.  
— Alice L. Lewis

*Sketch by Sally B.*

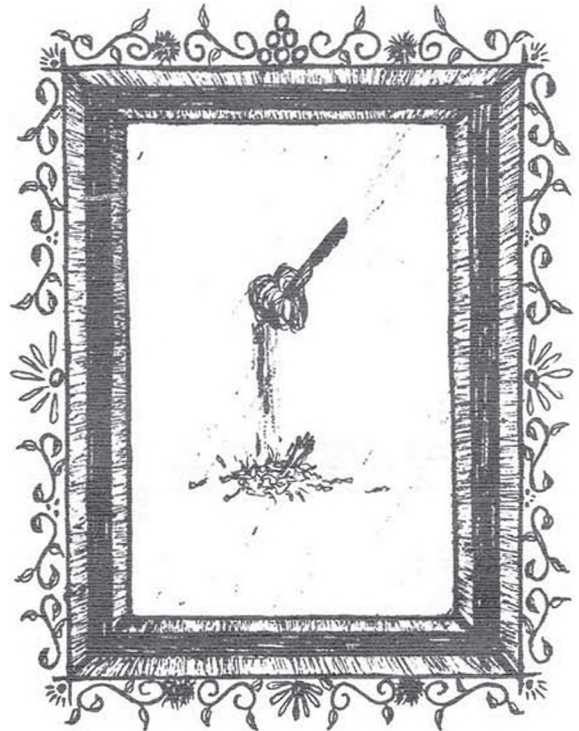
## Survival

DON'T TRUST.  
Deny, detach, don't say how I feel.

KEEP IT ALL INSIDE.  
Hope it just ain't real.

PRETEND IT NEVER HAPPENED.  
Don't show the pain.

AND MAYBE, MAYBE, MAYBE,  
it won't happen again.  
— Bob Garrecht



## The Child Within

She cries in silence. Silenced by her adult world. Silenced by her tormentors. She longs to cry out, to stop the pain, to stop the hurt.

She cries in silence. She lives in fear, living each day as it may be her last. Paralyzed by fear.

She cries in silence, yet she longs to be held, to be heard, to cry out, to be cared for, to stop the pain, which wounds her soul.

She cries in silence. She wants it to stop. The pain, the hurt, the fear. All she wants is love. She wants to trust, but can she? She trusted, she got hurt. Again, again and again.

She wants to cry out:

"I am me, I am alive! I want to be free. Free to love, to be loved, to rejoice out loud. I am alive. I want to be free. I will be free."

— Theresa

## Soiled Soul

I need to tell you my deepest feelings at this time. Why? I feel safe. I need to share with you the deepest part of me that touches my soul. It is my soul that cries out; the core of my being that has been soiled by the scars of the unforgiven touch. The touch of mistrust. Unseen scars, known only to the soul.

What's it like to have a soiled soul? The pain comes and goes. When it goes, life is good and kind. When it comes, the soul is like a running doe; gentle, gracefully running over and away. Big brown eyes look at you as if to cry out, "Pain be gone. I command you to leave my memory."

Pain stays. Pain reminds you, this is your lesson for this life: Trust. What you most need to learn: Trust.

If I was my partner, I would ask, "What's it feel like to be a soiled soul?" I would reply, "Like the child in a bubble."

The child accepts the bubble, knows the bubble is the only way the child can sustain life. Oh, at times the child steps out. Finds a way to put it all in perspective and lives happily, for awhile.

Then pain arrives, disguised as a Trojan Horse. It sneaks up on you in the middle of the night. The door opens, out comes love, desire, passion, intimacy, acceptance, pressure, lack of love, sadness, pain and finally closure.

Must this go on? I can't do it alone. I can do a lot of things alone. I cannot do this alone anymore. What's it like to be with a soiled soul? The universe knows.

— Joyce Slone

### He Made of Me His Wife

Such a grand  
father  
my  
Grandfather was...  
He took me to his  
bed.  
I could tell how much  
he loved me  
by how much  
I wished him  
dead.  
I knew he loved my  
body  
I knew he owned my  
soul  
He gave me ripe  
tomatoes  
Twas sex from me  
he stole.  
He told me what  
my breasts  
were for.  
He took me  
under cover.  
He made for me a  
nightly chore.  
To be his young  
child lover.  
His hands were  
rough  
and weather worn.

His body —  
it was cold.  
I cringed when he  
touched me.  
Twas I that  
soon grew old.  
I remember now  
his dying —  
The death-knell  
in his touch.  
He had to take that  
one last feel.  
He loved me  
that damn much.  
He took me to  
his garden,  
He bribed me with  
rich food.  
His thoughts were  
sick and ugly.  
His hands were  
gross and lewd.  
I remember now,  
his funeral.  
I saw him lying there.  
Relief and joy that  
flooded me  
Were more than  
I could bear.  
I know his bones  
are rotten —  
No more than he  
in life.  
I couldn't be  
his grand-child.  
He made of me  
his wife.

— Alice L. Lewis

### Father Is Quite Far Away

Father,  
when you were drunk  
I undressed you and tucked into bed.  
Where did you lay my little head?

Father,  
when I was small,  
I cried alone in a darkened hall.  
How did you come to comfort me?  
In the dark no one can see.

Father,  
when you finally died  
by your own hand and without pride,  
why did you tell a friend or two  
'twas your daughter murdered you?

Father,  
when you're in my head,  
fears swell and tears are shed,  
but I can still breathe deep and say,  
"my father is quite far away."

— Sally B.

# ANGER

## Lies My Mother Taught Me

Ma, these are some of the lies you taught me to believe growing up:

- (1) My mother is perfect and I am no good.
- (2) My body is bad and should be covered at all times.
- (3) I am no good because I am a boy who will grow up to be a man. ("Men are pigs.") I used to wish I were a girl so you'd love me. When I was a toddler I remember you dressing me in Joan's hand-me-down tights. I was humiliated and felt so worthless, **but you wouldn't let me even express my protest. You shut me right up.**
- (4) I am to be a "good boy" (obedient to mother) at all times, **or else I am worthless.**
- (5) I am bad because I have a penis.
- (6) Anything connected with going to the bathroom is "dirty." I am dirty because I pee and crap.
- (7) Sex and human sexuality is bad. (It must be terrible, the worst of sins, because it is forbidden to speak of it.)
- (8) Nothing "bad" ever happened to me because you and Dad "loved" me and were the best possible parents. And if anything did happen that made me feel bad, it was my fault.

You lied to me, abused me, made fun of me, called me a liar, and threatened me. Then you set me up to be molested by Dad too, by having us share the same bedroom from the time I was 2 years old until 15. I don't have to believe your lies anymore or take your abuse of me, but why do I still find it so hard to let go of hating and abusing myself?

— Tim

## A Drunken Rampage: Dear Daddy

Thank you for invading my life and raping my dreams, taking control with your force and punishing me. I deserve to live beneath your feet and under your skin. I have no being, no sense of self. You took this from me long ago. You left me vacant and exposed to the forces of evil in this world.

Oh, but you have taught me well. Sick in body that also rots the mind, I search for a thorn to burst your all-encompassing bubble. Do not feel for me, for I do not feel. You took that away along with myself. And now my anger shouts at deafened ears, like rain upon a window, tap, tapping to come inside. It's shut out to ride out the storm.

Memories of nothingness cloud my head. Now I wonder if I'll ever be able to fully remember. Should I consider me the fortunate one? The one so worldly and wise? Empty of promises and unfulfilled dreams. You took from me the child of innocence and left a shabby replica of a barren woman searching in disgrace.

— Carrie

## Self Pity

Self pity comes in waves  
Crashing in breakers  
Upon pain  
boredom  
loneliness

And leaves me angry  
For being the shore

— Cheryl Marie Wade



## Child Sexual Abuse Prevention

I try to look dowdy, plain, awful,  
to avoid him in my bed.  
(And her telling me  
I want him there.)  
It doesn't work.

I eat like a hog.  
Everything edible.  
Balloon.

I develop acne again,  
hair like a mop.  
I look like hell,  
and still it goes on.

Asexual.  
Living in church,  
reading about God all the time,  
getting callouses on my knees.  
It doesn't stop him.  
My death stops him.  
— Maire MacLachlan

## J.R.A.\*

Bones of my child hands  
dried to the frail of a sparrow's wing  
working  
to reveal the secret  
of his hands,  
that soothed  
and ruined.  
Innocent graceful bone  
to gnarled stub twisted  
working  
struggling to reveal the secret  
of the sureness of his hands  
as they loved  
and ruined.  
My sweet girl hands died  
giving birth to the truth  
of a father's  
gentle murderous hands.

\*Juvenile Rheumatoid Arthritis  
— Cheryl Marie Wade

## Silent Cries

How can a world be so blind,  
As not to see our children cry?  
Why with all the terror around,  
People are more ready to fight for the lie?  
.....No one hears the silent cry.....

How can one take on, and win,  
To keep prayers out of our schools?  
How come the seed of life can be taken  
With instruments and tools?  
.....Silent tears turn into pools.....

Why must we yell so loud, for people just to hear?  
why are simple laws passed, yet ones so big  
take more than a year?  
.....Silent cries of fear .....

How can we teach our children to listen,  
When ears for this we lack?  
How can our system stand so firm  
With such a horrendous crack?  
.....Silent tears held back .....

How can we look into the eyes of our children  
And see the guilt upon their face?  
This is what we've given them —  
Our proud, so-called human race.  
.....Silent cries are picking up the pace .....

When will we ever learn what children are really for?  
When will we take it on and settle up the score?  
.....So silent tears are no more.....  
— Jeanne

The minute  
her two nephews (15 and 18)  
left the house  
Ava  
put her clothes back on.



## Healing Through Process

In the silent solitude of  
Candlelight-shadow reflecting —  
Endlessly flow the tears of PAIN  
In an unfamiliar PROCESS.

Entirely unprepared was  
The CHILD of INNOCENCE for the  
Harsh reality of existence  
To endure incomprehensible —  
Piercing violation  
At the mercy of trusted ADULTS.

Entirely unprepared was  
The CHILD of INNOCENCE for the  
Traumatic inescapable effects of  
Betrayal, suffering and isolation  
Brought forth so conveniently  
At the mercy of trusted ADULTS.

Entirely unprepared was  
The CHILD of INNOCENCE for the  
Extreme EMPTINESS and loss of IDENTITY  
So cruelly extracted by the  
Actions of irresponsibility —  
At the mercy of trusted ADULTS.

Entirely unprepared was  
The CHILD of INNOCENCE for the  
Repeated abandonment, FEAR and  
Intense rejection experienced  
That consequently shatter the SOUL —  
At the mercy of trusted ADULTS.

Entirely unprepared is  
This CHILD of ADULTHOOD for the  
Perplexities and tribulation of  
HEALING that is inevitable in  
Reclaiming the ESSENCE of SELF —  
Through a fearful-unknown PROCESS.

Entirely unprepared is  
This ADULT of CHILDHOOD for the  
Buried denied emotions of youth  
That inexhaustibly surface unrehearsed  
To challenge the integrity of EACH —  
So that BOTH may SURVIVE and LIVE.

In the silent serenity of  
Candleflame-light dancing —  
Gently flow the tears of HEALING  
In a PROCESS of GROWTH.

— Mouse

## Hail!! Hail!!

I have already proven to the world that I possess many  
qualities, tested as a child like many adults will never be.

HONOR — When my breasts were ravaged I went further  
and held my heart — piece by piece I work to put it  
back together. Kindness to myself was learned.

PRAISE — When I close my eyes I can see what others  
can't; smiles in the sun. Insight was learned.

RESPECT — When hands slid through my legs I became  
stiff. Would I be able to walk away when he was done?  
Strength was learned.

GLORY — When my ears were filled with sounds of  
moans, I listened for birds to sing of future times; pa-  
tience was learned.

SALUTE — When all this happened I protected myself  
without a formal "how-to" class. I used my own mind  
and body and survived. Confidence was learned.

TRIBUTE — I will not hang my head, for shame does not  
do me. Well I will hold it high and let them see how a  
spirit was not broken.

— Robin R. Devino



Sketch by Sally B.

## Take This Job and Shove It

"All eventually cope by accepting themselves as lesser people than they are." This remark from an article in an early issue of *The "Looking Up" Times* has passed through me many times since I first read it. It comforted me with its understanding and bitterly outlined the central issue of my life now. At 40, I have just gotten to the point where a healthy 15-year-old might be.

Until now, the only work I could do was to struggle emotionally. The standard opportunities for what is called "work" in society filled me with distaste and even a quiet panic, deadening and stupid as they are. I couldn't face allowing even more of my precious life energy to be deadened after the childhood I'd had. The life I'd had so far wasn't worth living, let alone slaving for. As far as I was concerned, being chained to a desk in some office was the equivalent of telling a concentration camp survivor they could "pay their dues" to society by taking a job in a labor camp. I'd take a few paychecks and run. My self-image was so poor and I was so swamped in misery that despite the fact that I had an education which should have made it relatively easy to develop a decent, even an interesting, way of earning a living, I was unable to avail myself of such opportunities. A large part of me had rejected life. Like so many of us, I was just alive enough to suffer all the more from my accumulated energy that was stuck without an outlet.

So here I am at 40, my usual pain and loneliness in waking being temporarily supplanted by fear of running out of money. I'm still undeveloped, just at the stage of "Wow, jewelry-making! I've always wanted to try that, why don't I take this course?" and "Gee, I always wanted music lessons; I'm finally starting." (My family was middle-class, by the way. I wasn't deprived of these things by poverty and ignorance but by two parent perpetrators who wore the masks of respectable scholars and who destroyed all my self-esteem, hope and self-confidence. My co-survivors, you have expressed the nightmare so well in these pages that I feel I can just leave this to your understanding.)

Society gives no weight to the work I've been doing: dragging my soul wrapped in a burlap bag through wastelands of rubble and dark water and through daily attacks of terror at sunset. You don't get a \$100,000 paycheck for the agonizing process of turning yourself into a healthy human being. I must continually remind myself, because socially this is invisible work, that although I have not yet found a fruitful, income-producing outlet for my energies, I have already accomplished a great work. I broke the chain of abuse! Not only patriarchs found families. I have. My daughter and I are out alone in the wilderness, but we are a new family, a first generation of love and self-confidence.

I exult over this and feel I have accomplished the most productive social work anyone can do. Still, I'm also a member of a society that can see me as only a starving wretch and a failure. Fighting that message alone everyday ain't easy.

The way is not yet clear. As I struggle with my financial situation, I find myself continuing down the hopelessly familiar path of looking up stupid jobs so I can survive. I need to make a break and forge a new path, but I'm still poised on the brink, unsure of the direction, my talents still half-buried.

Yesterday I met the young woman we all could have been: 23, involved in interesting work, taking good care of herself. For a few minutes my ego threatened to collapse under the despair and wretchedness I felt about my own situation. This morning my best recourse seemed to be to share it with you.

— Valery

## Seasons of Growth

She is becoming beautiful inside, even though it is very painful and it seems the pain will never end. Someday she'll spread her arms only to let the world know she's no longer captured by her tormentors. She is becoming free.

Only if she reaches up can freedom come through such pain.

Growing from a victim to a survivor; remaining free from pain. Continuing to climb each day with inner strength. Trusting beauty within herself, knowing she's beautiful.

— Theresa

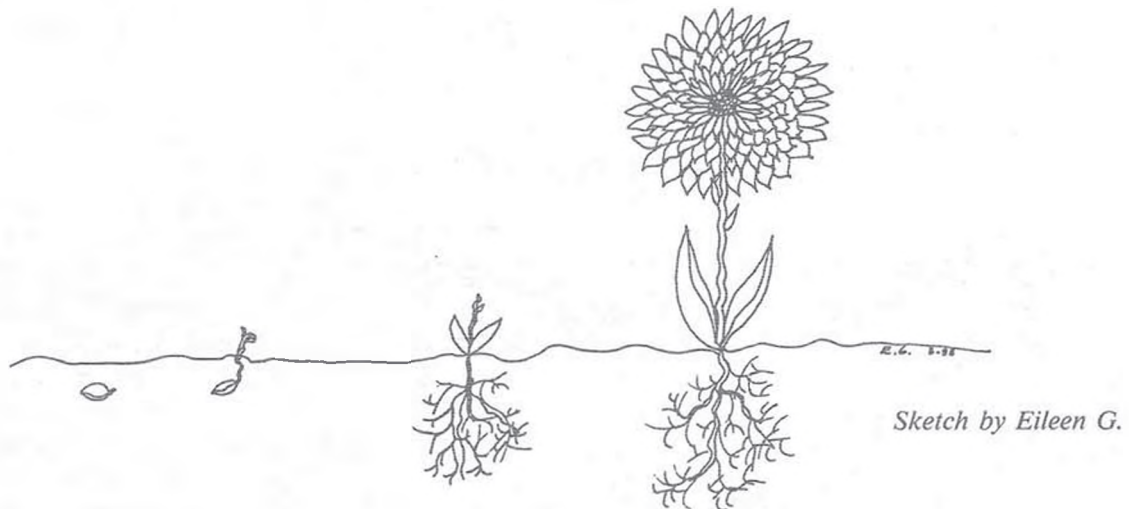
## Driftwood

We are much like the driftwood about the beach. We are tossed, dunked and passed by the tide. Our lives can be twisted like grains of wood, with worry, turmoil, memories and hurt at our side. There's little we can do to repair our past, but learn from the mistakes we tend to mask.

Like the driftwood, we are tossed about in life, never knowing just where we'll wind up. We travel blindly like waves to the shoreline, only to be picked up by the next tide and carried out.

We must all strive to be unlike driftwood; getting hold of our lives before being washed away. We must show all the colors of our personalities for all to see as we progress from day to day.

— W.D.



## The Road Goes On

I've been in emotional pain for what seems like a very long time. Healing fills me with hope and fear all at once. "Survivor of Incest" feels like a character trait, and I guess it has been in some ways. There are times when it more aptly describes me than the typical descriptive words one would use such as dark hair, brown eyes, etc.

If I took away all things and people in my life that I have known because of the sexual abuse, there wouldn't be much left. I wonder what it would be like to relate to people and leave the victim behind? I wonder what it would be like to live as an adult who has come to acknowledge that inner child? I imagine the journey will get easier in time, but it feels like I have to learn a whole new way of life.

Sometimes I get angry, because it seems so unfair. I feel like I have so many issues because of what I went through as a child and well into my teen years. Then, if I'm really experiencing a lot of denial, I try to obliterate it from my mind and live my life as I imagine it would have been without the abuse. But it can't be erased. Only acknowledged and worked with. Integrated into who I am today and who I hope to become so that I can make peace with it and eventually with myself.

— Lori D'Amico



## From My Journal January 4, 1988

And so now, at last, I have a name for it. This craziness, this incessant, endless unrest, this walking, waking insomnia, this drive to self-destruct. And so I have a name. Pain. Well, my orphan, my little, lost-in-the-wood standing apart and alone, helpless, needy, tender and baby-soft orphan has a name. Well, that's something. This stranger, this close as my breath stranger, familiar as lilac scent and close as woodsmoke smell has an identity. She is not slipping and sliding and hanging so much. Perhaps I will rest some to know it is she behind those other eyes, peering, lunging, lurching, whispering, nodding, questioning, snipping and withholding. What a solitary and despised place, the human soul in pain. What a place, an eternal dark and endless starry, starry night.

— Nona Famous

### The Issue

If the issue isn't joints gnarled like ancient oak  
isn't leaden legs  
or deadened legs  
If it isn't air that won't come in  
or pain I can't let out  
Then the issue is memory  
the blank the aching blank  
the sudden flash —  
his face no no  
If the issue isn't buried truths  
If it isn't insecurity's chokehold  
Then the issue is the pasta I swill  
the chocolate I gorge  
(Ah, blessed fullness)  
for I never feel quite full enough  
Or the issue is the chardonnay  
that soothes and rocks like grandma's hands  
Or it's Percodan  
Or Valium  
Or Seconal  
swallowed to allow that bridal veil to drop  
between you and me  
and me and me

The issue is  
Do I stay in this body  
Do I stay with this body  
knowing her history  
knowing her struggle  
knowing her sorrow

The issue is today  
Can I hold her promise  
and stay?

— Cheryl Marie Wade

### Incest

I walked down the gentle streets  
My mother must have walked  
So painfully  
As a child.

Her innocence removed with  
Her father's hands  
Spring, 1988

At five,  
Walk with her and me.

I stood in front of the  
Meat Market Store once a  
Dry goods store where  
She could play with the  
Register but not the other  
Children because they weren't  
Jewish.

Her mother and father are  
Not as she remembers  
Them — him, saintly; her a tyrant.  
Sorry Bernice, it was not  
That way. My Uncle  
Then in his twenties remembered  
Him domineering; her, fearful, tired.  
Of course.

And when your mother's gall bladder  
Attack began after you were  
Born, He touched you  
Incestuously  
And then you touched me  
Incestuously.  
How sly he was and how  
Sly was your  
Unconscious.  
Having its way with your body.  
Showing it off naked.  
Taking off your clothes.  
You told me everything about  
Your body that was inappropriate  
For me to know.

So I am returning where  
it started, to help me  
End it now.

I walked the street that  
You walked as a little girl. I took  
Your small hand,  
And for the first time  
In my life we walked  
Together.

— Michael Sterling

# Trust

It really hurts to allow someone to get THAT close; to touch you in places that make your body smile, laugh and your heart sadden and ache.

Where did the trust go? Why do I not feel? I'll never be able to let that part of me go. It's too vulnerable. Damn them, damn them ALL. They took away that part of me that I need so desperately: trust. Trust that you'll be there the next day, next week, next month, next year.

There is no trust for human nature. Only the spirit things. You have to give in to get the love. It's like going out on the limb to get the fruit. Before you get there, it drops to the ground.

— Joyce Slone

## Still Hurts

"This beautifulness..." she said,  
Touching my shoulder.

It hurts to remember.  
I doubt my memory.  
Beautifulness in me?  
...In me?  
I want to believe it,  
I want to like myself.  
I have been trying all my life.

It is hard even to think it.  
Beautifulness in...  
...My body??  
Something about my physical presence  
That is not a blot,  
Not a handicap to another's interaction with me?

It hurts because I can almost believe it.  
I am beginning to overcome those childhood lessons.  
Hard work, that.  
Maybe my body is not just for abusing,  
Not just my ball and chain.  
Maybe my spirit is expressed  
In more than just my voice, eyes and hands.

Maybe...  
But it still hurts to be touched.

— Stephen Bies

## In The Cavern

Turning inward,  
self into self...  
into the stab wounds,  
deeper and deeper...  
where reality is a cave  
seeping red blood  
into caverns of coagulation.  
One could easily suffocate  
from lack of air,  
or noxious fumes.  
Drowning is  
a danger there —  
in pools of blood  
you must take care.  
And climbing walls  
so slippery and smooth,  
is hard to do  
without the proper tools.

— Sally B.

## If You Only Knew Me

If you only knew me deep within. I only want to love or to be loved. I only want you to know me. I'm like a withered left hand hiding behind someone's back. I want you to see me, but if you do, you may run and hide.

This mask I must wear wants to be taken off, but will you accept me or will you run and hide? If you only knew me. I want to care about you and for you to care about me. But do you really want to know me?

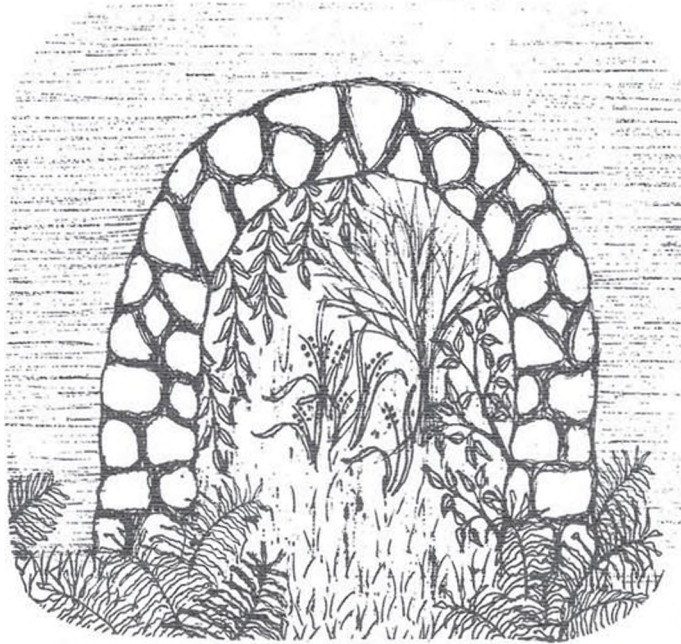
— Theresa

## Like Talking To A Brick Wall

Parental rape peels the soul like an onion. Image of being stuffed in a food processor. Marrow, blood, bones fly in all directions. Destiny and shape changed irrevocably.

The worst part was never being able to make him understand what he'd done to me. I, too, a human being. He never understood that, no matter how I worked to explain it to him or how my life turned out.

— Maire MacLachlan



*Sketch by Sally B.*

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## Intoxicated Slumber

The primal scream pierces the darkness and shatters the past, waking me from my dream. Thoughts of your steel eyes and cold fingertips haunt me in the deep of the night when my mind is not held a prisoner of my control.

The blood rushes to my feet and my heart stops. Hatred rises from deep within and envelopes me as I fight for my own survival. Consuming guilt overwhelms me while fear of reality hits hard in the pit of my stomach leaving an empty, hollow feeling.

I drown in alcohol to smother the fear and numb the pain while the secret, held safe, wrestles deep within, evoking still more pain in its struggle to be set free. Tears of freedom roll down my face and sting my eyes, blurring the images of forgotten memories, which are slowly washed away.

My memories of dreams fade with the dawning of the day. They disappear into forgetfulness with the rising of the sun.

— Carrie

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## Now I See

I would sit at the dinner table and listen to you talk. I thought you were a hero because of the wars you had fought. Now I can see that you were nothing but a coward. However, I am not. All the nights I lay waiting for you to come in, took more courage than you could ever comprehend. Now that I can see what you truly are, I will no longer be taking the fall.

— Linda Dowe



## To Myself And To You

January 4 and i long for more  
i want the Gathering now, brown cow  
this pain this pain this endless pain  
that goes away to come again  
i'd like a dance, oh, i'll take two  
one for me and one for you  
we'll dance on clouds we'll dance up high  
we'll float grabbing apples going by  
we'll munch and brunch and wait for lunch  
we'll lean and lounge and never scrounge  
i'll make you daisy chains so long  
we'll both forget the wrong so wrong  
there'll be not stirring from our sleep  
there'll be no ache to make us weep  
there'll be stars and diamonds enough for two  
some for me and some for you  
there'll be white fur to warm us up  
and something warm in a favorite cup  
we'll hummm and hummm a song to sing  
and search for roses for a ring  
i'll love your hands and how you live  
and i won't take what you don't give  
i'll shore you up and keep you warm  
and light the candle in the storm  
i'll turn your blanket up on high  
won't let you freeze won't let you die  
i'll love your paintings with my eyes  
and buy you lots of chocolate pie.

— Nona Famous

## Constant Reminder

Little girl, child within,  
It's safe now to cry aloud,  
To remember the terror, the pain.  
Feel free to mourn and rage.  
Come, child of mine.  
It's safe to feel.  
It wasn't your fault.

— Ann D.

## Picture of A Woman

Filling in the spaces  
Making pieces fit  
Remembering the faces —  
Working bit by bit.

Finding where the tears flow  
Seeking hidden pain  
Seeing how I need to grow —  
Building grain by grain.

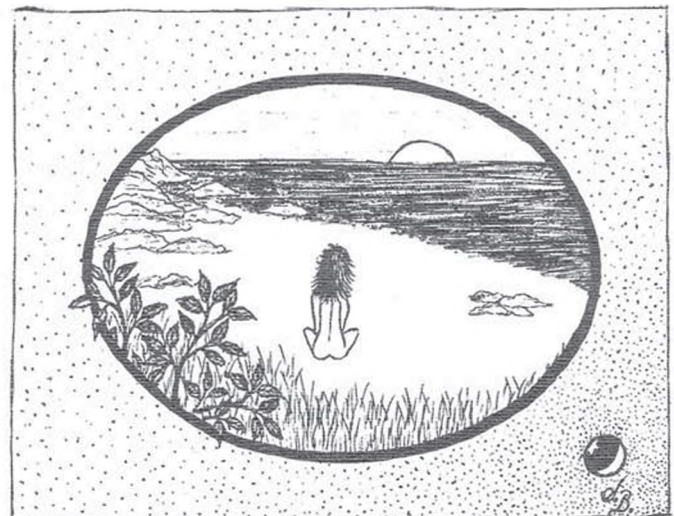
Watching where the fear flies  
Learning anger's mask  
Living while my soul dies —  
Which question do I ask.

Learning how to nurture  
Daring to be free  
Making one whole picture  
From fragments that are me.

Feel how I am healing  
Then how I stand still  
So easy to stop dealing  
When I've had my fill.

Finding out my courage  
Finding where to start  
By the time I'm old of age  
I might just find my heart.

— Alice L. Lewis



Sketch by Sally B.

**"LOOKING UP"**  
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Telephone (207) 626-3402

"Looking Up" provides a variety of services to survivors of incest and those who care. Services include telephone/mail support counseling and referral; consultation and training; outdoor challenge activities; workshops and conferences; advocacy; and more. We are a non-profit organization which spends most of its money on direct services offered at little or no cost to participants. We depend largely on donations from the public to continue our work. Please donate what you can.

We invite all survivors of incest to send contributions for possible publication in the *Times*: essays, letters, poetry, artwork, anything of a literary nature. We edit for length, clarity, spelling and punctuation. Our intent is to publish survivors' own words and not to alter their meaning within these quality/length guidelines. If you have questions or requests concerning this editing policy, please let us know and we will be happy to discuss it.

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DEADLINE FOR CONTRIBUTIONS IS SEPTEMBER 1, 1988

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Gayle M. Woodsum, Editor

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