

Thursday, 17 October 2019

...hard hand...

We're a couple and I love him, he's made me feel special,
I've had his children when he's asked me, he's always grateful;
I do what he asks of me: his ironed shirts there all in a line,
Then sometimes it hits me - his hand hard - and I think how can he be so hateful?
I've given him everything, and I mean everything!
Taken his name just as he asked;
He's made me feel sometimes like a princess:
But I hate when he calls me 'slag'!
It's 'cos he's jealous; can I blame him for that?
Maybe he don't know any better.
When I leave him, I'm gonna tell him to his face,
Not gonna write it in any letter;
I might leave in the middle of the night when he's asleep from too much booze,
Then he can't say: 'no you're not!' and probably hit me with his hard hand fist,
I'm gonna tell him that how he treats me is wrong,
And that what he does makes me feel I don't exist!
This way of his puts prison bars around me,
I can only talk to the people he tells me I can:
I haven't been out with my girlfriends for years,
And woe betide that I have a conversation with another man!
I had a mobile phone before we were married,
When it broke, he said he'd organise for it to be replaced;
I'm still waiting for that: he takes the laptop to work with him,
So, I have no way to contact my friends without him being able to trace;
I'd love to be able to capture moments of the lives of our children,
Without a phone that's really gonna be hard;
Perhaps I'll risk going out to get one for myself,
But it'll have to be when I can catch him off guard;
I can't afford to do anything about this really:

Peter Longden: ...hard hand...

I only have as much money as he gives me to buy what we need to live;
Am I making too much of this?
Perhaps it's me and I should accept him for who he is and just forgive?
Maybe I should have left years ago,
I know he doesn't mean to hurt me, but there is only so much anyone can take,
He always finds me and tells me he'll change and that he loves me,
But with my children there's so much more at stake;
He'd need to believe that I do exist and I owe it to my children to make the break,
Break away from what they see, it's a cycle for them not to replicate;
I know he will think, what he would do if I was to stay,
We need him to understand safety is our human right and it's his temperament toward me is
what we hate!

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