

Women Against Violence Sunday
Additional resources

Getting flowers

We had our first argument last night, and he said a lot of cruel things that really hurt me. I know he is sorry and didn't mean the things he said, because he sent me flowers today. I got flowers today. It wasn't our anniversary or any other special day.

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Last night he threw me into a wall and started to choke me. It seemed like a nightmare, I couldn't believe it was real. I woke up this morning sore and bruised all over.

I know he must be sorry 'cause he sent me flowers today.

I got flowers today, and it wasn't Mother's Day or any other special day. Last night, he beat me up again, it was much worse than all the other times. If I leave him, what will I do? How will I take care of my kids? What about money? I'm afraid of him and scared to leave.

But I know he must be sorry because he sent me flowers today.

I got flowers today. Today was a very special day. It was the day of my funeral. Last night, he finally killed me. He beat me to death. If only I had gathered enough courage to leave him, I would not have gotten flowers today. . .

If you are against domestic abuse, please pass this along to everybody, NOT just women.

Ostinato Staccato

I've got a rhythm in my head

"You'd be better off dead"

It's a rhythm like a train

A constant refrain

Ostinato

Staccato

"You'd be better off dead

After what you've said

You'd be better off dead."

It's there all the time

A rhythm, a rhyme

Though the train changes line

Though my thoughts lose time

Ostinato

Staccato

"You'd be better off dead

Why bother living?

You'd be better off dead!"

You've broken a marriage

Ruined a life

Ostinato

Staccato

You'd be better off dead

You've told fairy stories

Believed in lies

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Ostinato

Staccato

You'd be better off dead

You've turned them against him

You've lied about him

Ostinato

Staccato

You'd be better off dead

You're just a pest and a problem

No one wants you around

Ostinato

Staccato

You'd be better off dead

You only cause trouble

You want your own way

Ostinato

Staccato

You'd be better off dead

You will not be missed

Better dead than alive

Ostinato

Staccato

You'd be better off dead

Retain your dignity

Release him from hell

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Ostinato

Staccato

You'd be better off dead

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The rhythm in my brain

The rhythm of the train

A voice in my head

"You'd be better off dead."

Ostinato

Staccato

you'd be better off dead.

You'd Be Better Off Dead.

YOU'D BE BETTER OFF DEAD.

I'd be better off dead.

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Abuse is. . .

Abuse is power

Power to change someone else's thoughts

Power to reduce them to rubble

Abuse is fear

Fear of never being loved

Never being good enough

Abuse is fear

Fear of consequences

Fear of pain

Abuse is secrets

And lack of privacy

And invaded space

Abuse is time

Making others late

Proving your own power

Abuse is hidden

Leaves no mark

Cannot be proven

Abuse is avoiding responsibility

Blaming me

Everything is my fault

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Abuse is feeling unable to change
Too weak to fight
Too useless to win

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Abuse is not being taken seriously
Being laughed at
Being belittled.

Abuse is feeling dirty
Feeling unloveable
Feeling useless

Abuse is being shitscared
So scared that you daren't say no
To things you know will hurt
To things that are wrong

Abuse is looking at the ceiling
And praying that it will soon be over
Or wishing he would die now

Abuse is waking up
And swearing and crying
Because you haven't died
And neither has he

Abuse is words
Words that haunt
And tease

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Abuse is violence

Lack of respect

Lack of space

Abuse is destructive

Destroying someone else

Destroying life

Abuse is wishing you were dead

Because it sure as fuck beats being alive.