

## Abused Arpeggio

A crescendo of ranted insults and revulsion  
punctuated by the sound of cracked ribs,  
plosive fractures a sickening staccato  
as the other fist insists on harmonising.  
My ears ring with each rhythmic hit.  
We used to have so many songs,  
none of them destroyed with such discord.

You still waltz confidently into all situations  
while statuesque, I quiver and quaver.  
Your infectious hook a distraction,  
the audience remains captivated by you –  
your baritone the star of every show.  
The spectators see comedy where there's only tragedy,  
trapped in this never-ending opera.

Your steps clunk out an erratic drumbeat,  
staggering like notes across the page;  
their tune scarred in bars on my eyelids.  
Every Good Boy Deserves Fun.  
An inevitable march headed my way  
as your fingernails sing out for my blood –  
my veins the guitar strings you'll shred.

I've learned that screams are pointless,  
my voice lost in a gradual diminuendo –  
rendered mute under your calloused thumb.  
My allegro heart in a panicked race,  
the slightest and last sound left.  
I scurry behind the refrain of locked doors,  
begging for the dissociation that comes with silence.