

THE FARM:

“Trying to calm myself, I slowly made my way toward the stairs, hoping no one would notice me as I crept out of the family area. The kids were all deeply absorbed in what they were watching, and I could feel a lump forming at the base of my throat. Don’t cry, don’t cry, don’t cry, I chanted to myself as I climbed the stairs. If I cried, someone would ask me what was wrong, and I would probably be in trouble. When I got my urge to cry under control, the chant in my mind changed to don’t puke, don’t puke, don’t puke.

Once in the light and safety of the upstairs, I found my mom among the rest of the adults in the living room. I went to her side and sat down quietly, begging God to put it in her head to just let me sit with her and not ‘shoo’ me back to the basement. I promised God I would be good, and I would behave, if only my mom would let me stay. Under most circumstances, she would have shooed me away to the basement, but on this occasion, she let me sit by her, even though there were only adults around. I sat there as quiet as a mouse, not making a peep, hoping to blend into the carpet.

We ended up leaving not too long after that, and as our car left the drive, I could hear the cattle again, and smell the sweetness of the hay and the putrid stench of manure all blending into one stomach turning scent. That is what raw cow’s milk tasted like to me, that is why I couldn’t stand drinking it or smelling it. That scent took over a part of my brain associated with being forced to fondle an older boy’s p***, and I loathed the memory.”

Excerpt From
Aria of a Brown Girl

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