

The Rapist

by
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English 4

Parenthood came as an accident;
Like diapers, lifestyles must be changed.
The Club and Cadillacs now must wait,
And an act of love becomes one of hate.
 He begs, touch-me.
 He begs, love-me
 He whimpers, please.

Boys call him 'dummy' and girls all laugh.
Learning comes slow, but he gets by.
His *Playboy* bible lies under his bed,
And slinking to him, inside his head —
 She begs, touch-me.
 She begs, love-me.
 She whispers, please.

A middle-aged teen lurks in the gloom.
the unknowing heels click in the night.
"Don't hurt me," she sobs, too scared to fight;
Expressing his needs with all of his might —
 He begs, "Touch-me."
 He begs, "Love-me."
 He whimpers, "Please. . . ."