Vulnerable

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I need to apologise,
I'm sorry.
You were so young, you didn't know who not to trust.
If I had of known what I do know now,
I would have saved you,
Protected you from his greed.
You were innocent and naive, trusting and unloved.
You were used and abused,
Stripped bare of your dignity, hopes and dreams.
His puppet, his toy.
Promising nothing but love and safety,
Your heart held on a string.

Emerald eyes,
Capturing your soul, luring you in.
Cold and deceiving,
Always watching and waiting.

His mind maniacally plotting.
You, unknowing or seeing.
His smile menacing,
Ears tentatively listening.
His lips opening. . .
Whispering words of comfort in your ear,
Promising love to fulfil his sick need.
Your soul slowly devoured,
Nowhere left for you to hide.
Four years of capture,
Not a soul to hear your pleading, nor screaming.
Your first love a user; an abuser.
Consumed by his darkness,
You suffocate.
You pray for strength.
How does he sleep knowing?
Knowing he stole a piece of you?
Once locked away safely, now missing.
Is he satisfied?
Her naivety lost, the child is gone.