

A Victim's Villanelle

A story told through a duo of poems

By Chandana Tetali

Part 1:

She was tormented by the sordid demons of today's time.
The victim was a petite, wallflower girl with too much trust,
And she was helpless as she fell prey to such crooked crime.

Every day she went to school and stepped into an attack,
Assaulted by taunts and names brimming with disgust;
She was tormented by the sordid demons of today's time.

Those monsters chose their weaponry with knack,
Malevolently planning their barrage of great gust;
And she was helpless as she fell prey to such crooked crime.

Look at those stones that were thrown behind the teacher's back,
Arrows of abuse shot by bows of betrayal unjust;
She was tormented by the sordid demons of today's time.

Quelled was the girl's voice when in the pitch black,
Crushed was the girl's hope into tiny grains of powerless dust;
And she was helpless as she fell prey to such crooked crime.

Under that onerous pressure, she did crack,
Letting the tears fall and under her rage they did combust.
She was tormented by the sordid demons of today's time.
And she was helpless as she fell prey to such crooked crime.

Part 2:

Yet she did not let this chapter be the end of her story.
This petite, wallflower girl with hidden fire,
She took a valiant stand, offset by darkness as a spark of glory.

Every day she went back to school with unwavering tenacity,
Wrought a shield of determination against their barbed wire;
She did not let this chapter be the end of her story.

Off went her masquerade mask as she accepted her reality,
A place where there was light quite bright among the ire;
She took a valiant stand, offset by darkness as a spark of glory.

Up rose loyal friends to stand at the girl's side with ferocity,
As she drew her own weapons that would never misfire;
She did not let this chapter be the end of her story.

She became the voice of other victims, speaking with veracity,
Blazing her own way, as a person to admire;
She took a valiant stand, offset by darkness as a spark of glory.

In the end, the girl was pure alacrity,
Since she became the phoenix, a symbol to inspire.
She never let this chapter be the end of her story,
And took a valiant stand, offset by darkness as a spark of glory.