

Here

I'm laying in a hospital bed, bruised up and weak,
My right eye socket is shut and I can't see.
By the looks of doctors, I don't know if I'll see out of it
again,
Surgery is imminent for all of the injuries I sustained.
You're probably wondering how I got to this place,
I wonder about myself and how my life ended up this way.
I start to reflect on my life,
How I'm going to be perceived after all of this is done.
See, this is not an easy story to tell,
Because I'm a man, beaten, battered and broken.
My wife has been abusing me physically,
Along with mentally and emotionally for years.
I'm a victim of domestic violence and I'm a MAN,
The world discusses the women as victims in these cases.
I'm not here to take away from women who have been
through this,
It's just nothing is ever discussed when it comes to men.
I guess it's because men are given the image of being
strong (physically and mentally),
What are the chances they're dealing with any sort of abuse
in their lives?
The perception is a man would fight back,
But I didn't, for years and I should've left.
I wasn't strong enough mentally to do it,
For numerous reasons as you will find out in this story.
My jaw is broken, lacerations on my head which are being

patched up as I write this,
I'm quite sure I have other injuries as I'm in a lot of pain.
Waiting for this morphine to infiltrate my bloodstream,
As my vision from my left eye is all that I have.
My lip is busted as I'm listening to the doctors read the re-
sults from my x-rays,
My family members have arrived as I see tears in their
eyes.
They were asking me all of these questions,
What happened, who did this to me, how did this happen.
I was in too much pain, anguish and embarrassed to tell
the story,
Flashbacks of all that's happened the past few years.
How I hid my life from the whole world,
My family, friends, acquaintances, everyone.
There's one thing that I'm feeling and experiencing right
now,
Lost.....