

My Paisley Quilt

There are worse rapes than this.

He did not threaten my family or beat me with his fists.
He simply prised open my thighs, shut his eyes to my tears.
There are worse rapes than this.

He did not bind me with Gaffa tape or hold a knife to my throat.
He simply ignored me when I said no, every time I said no.
There are worse rapes than this

in the comfort of my own bed
under my favourite Paisley quilt
by the man I love.
Loved?

There are worse rapes than this.

Poem by Becky Cherriman.

Image by [Donna M Martin](#).

