

# The Whipping Post

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Here I stand bound to you, Chained by history, Restrained by love.

Your words strike me, Ripping through my flesh, Marking me with your pain.

I alone take it, Welcoming your rage, Encouraging the hurt, All for your comfort.

She is rebellious and mocking, Backing you into a corner, Needing to lash out at her, Yet punishing me instead.

The poor provincial whipping post, Take, take, take, Leaving me scarred and bleeding.

She sees nothing, Her back is turned, Unfocused on the gift I give.

Never aware of the trauma, The sorrow that I endure, Neglected and left to heal, Licking my own wounds.

You leave me untethered, Bounced around, Forever floundering in your wake.

And for what, her happiness? Your satisfaction? Would she care if she knew? Would you?