Rape of the Dear Memories

A loving, trusting child
    I was.
But now I find,
As Plato once divined,
    That truth
Is oft a specious shadow.

Though youth's eyes would fain perceive,
Its ears alas believe
Draped words of shame
    Which build
    Delusions.
Then parents part.
The piece of me
Which they comprised
    Is torn
Between the hating eyes.
    And all to do
Is don disguise, and cry
    With silent tears.

Sweet moments of forgetfulness
    Bring forth
Those precious few
    Reliefs—
Til healing wounds pour blood anew
From the swift and searing lance
    Of grim realities.

But, God, I Fear
My fiendish laugh
    When I revere
The profaned memories
    Buried here.