

# ISBA STUDENT

# Poetry CONTEST

## 11th Grade Winner

*By Isabella Z. Defoort, Kootenai School District #274*

### *“A Victim’s Confession”*

*There’s something I need to say  
It happened months ago yet it feels just like yesterday  
Do you remember that night?  
The night I tried to fight  
The night you stripped my soul of all its sanity  
Stripped it to the point I couldn’t look into the mirror  
sitting atop my vanity  
You’d say my body was a temple but that night you broke  
every brick that made up my so called palace  
And as I lay there, my one desire was to rip out your cold  
heart of malice  
You made me feel as if my body was not my own  
Only yours, never to be shown*

*I would squirm and I would twist  
But no matter how hard I tried I couldn’t get your  
filthy hands to release each wrist  
I want you to feel how broken and used I felt  
The way I’ve felt every day since the moment you undid  
your belt  
In your book, “no” means “yes”  
“get off me” means “undress”  
So when you sit there and brag to each friend  
I want you to know you’re the reason someone wants their  
life to end*

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\* ISBA understands that this poem may be difficult to read. We reached out to the student and the district before publishing. With her permission, her superintendent stated the following: “The incident she writes about is not recent and has been reported and she is getting help. Her writing about the incident is therapeutic. I hope her poem is accepted and judged on its merits. She did not write it for “shock value” and she is a worthy kid.”