

It took three years for me to walk around at night again.
To talk about the frightening without the tension heightening
Without my stomach tightening, without just feeling guilty
How stupidly I acted man he could have just killed me
Feel filthy, even though nothing really happened
He led me down a slope, before I knew it, I was trapped in
We sat and, he started to make his advance
He had seemed nice enough so I gave him a chance
But one "no" swiftly shifted his stance from romance
I rejected him firmly; he reached for my pants
I fended him off, goaltended with soft
Protests that he met with nothing more than a scoff
And offered no respite, continued to contest it
I kept saying "no," starting to get desperate
And restless, try to exit but he blocks me
Stops me dead in my tracks with enough strength to mock me
I'm not a jock, see, not athletic nor anything that entails
And on that day I cursed my body for being so frail
Pale but ready to run, look furtive for some
Other way to get out, but it seems that there's none
One moment sticks out, as clear as a flashback
I turn around to adjust the straps on my backpack
And crap that asshole had to face the fact that
I was gonna run or he was gonna have to whack that
He backtracked -- he started to apologize
I didn't wait to see if there was any truth in his eyes
I run past to his right, think of jacking his bike
But decide against it, don't wanna turn it back to a fight
Move fast though I might, he comes pedaling after me
Panic returns, stomach unsettling rapidly
Emphatically he claims it's all a misunderstanding
Same sincerity as corporations' pride month branding
Then he says sorry one more time, and just pedals away
I think he probably just went on with his day
As for me? I sat down by the side of the road
Felt a bit numb, a bit like my head would explode
To tell the truth, I still struggle to label the feeling
But that sense of powerlessness really left me reeling
So if you're dealing with the trauma of the could-have-beens
The hypotheticals, the things that you thought would happen
And you've figured it out? Then please let me know
Cuz he had me where he wanted, but he just let me go.