

Good Girl
By Kaitlin Fitzgibbon

She loved the way they looked at her,
and they all looked at her the same.
With a fiery hunger ready to devour her,
stretch her wide open and
bury themselves deep in her warmth.

She was born with an obedient nature.
They admired this and fawned over her,
obsessively.
They loved her:
bright begging eyes,
her sweet young face,
and her sly seductive smile.

They especially loved her eagerness to drown
herself in their torturous desires.
She was a surreptitious siren whose wicked
secret lay at the moist mouth of her arousal,
waiting for curious tongues to lap up every
ounce of her shivering body's silent demands.

Her sultry submission captivated men with ease.
As she knelt on her knees she searched
every pair of dominating eyes
for everything she needed –
but was never certain she deserved.

She let them forcibly wrap their rough hands
tightly around her creamy neck,
like serpents strangling suffering prey,
until the warm choked breath slowly escaped
her restrained throat through muffled moans
and salted tears rolled down her flushed cheeks.

She let them play out their animalistic fantasies
and appease their instinctual voracious appetites
through her whimpering painful pleasure –
leaving lustful bites and amorous bruises.

She so badly wanted to be loved,
to be seen and to be heard.
Her cold caged heart froze to metal bars
like a prisoner of her own despair –
writhing in her agonizing loneliness.

She wanted to be known for her dark witty humour,
her unwavering loyalty and ambitious creativity.
Not for her large, perky, milk-white breasts,

her firm, well-rounded bottom, thick thighs,
or her little wet mouth and generous pouty lips.

She allowed herself to please them fully
and be used like their little play doll –
in hopes they would show her affection,
care for her and protect her.

She longed to feel that energetic touch
that would send pulsating ripples of loving
desire through her soft, supple porcelain body.
She wanted a touch that would complete her,
that would feel like the euphoria of a warm embrace.
She craved gentle kisses, the slip of fingers filling
the gaps of her hands and strong arms pulling
her body closer in the middle of the night.
She craved a love strong and encouraging.

She yearned to feel completely herself
in another's arms, to be vulnerable,
build the ability to trust again.
To share her darkest fears and weaknesses,
all of her mysterious inner thoughts,
her boisterous laughter and wild spirit
without the daunting gaze of judgement.

She didn't believe she would ever find it;
that certain someone who would see past
her unfortunate flaws or her layered walls.
Someone who would understand her complexities.
She didn't believe she could be loved anymore,
or that she was even worth loving anymore.
She sought out temporary validation of men
who told her she belonged to them.
She felt wanted and needed
when she was owned.

Such liberation
comes from another's desire
and control over you.

She felt like she mattered
when she could leave her body in their hands.
She was trusted with their pleasure
and that gave her a sense of power.

For brief moments she could pretend that
hearing the words "good girl!" and "you're mine"
would be enough to fill the loveless void inside of her.
For brief moments she could pretend that she was enough.

But she never really would be.
Not until the day that she decided
she no longer needed their approval.

She was enough on her own,
And once she found that love for herself,
all else would fall into place.
She now knew,
a man could never fill that void.