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## Our Slaps

By Meenakshi Verma<sup>1</sup>

### Abstract

"Our Slaps" raises the question of whether and at all traumatized mothers, who once used to be abused daughters, can confess and escape their psychic hinterlands without being tricked into becoming abusive by subconsciously switching their role identity from a victim to a persecutor. The poem achieves this by boldly offering that rare chance to one such mother who ultimately dares to lay the first cornerstone of intention for a healthy legacy of unabused women. Despite being trapped in a hopeless vicious cycle, this mother struggles to allow her young daughter to keep her innocence intact by deliberately curbing her demonic instincts and breaking the toxic pattern. Thus, we witness a woman- once a daughter, now a mother, earnestly trying to forgive and apologize for the years of abuse, collapsing the cycle of violence that feeds on itself for many generations.

*Keywords:* Mother-daughter relationship, Victim-persecutor, Intergenerational abuse, Role identity, Trauma-healing, Transcendence, Emergence, Forgiveness

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**Contact:** Instagram: psychological\_mind\_therapy (Inspiring you to be worthy of the life & essence you command.)

## **Our Slaps**

### **I**

I slapped her.

### **II**

There  
on the floor  
she lay.

Her wound had opened up  
as her knee had hit the floorboard.

(The Wound  
that she received having fallen off her first bicycle ride  
without those support wheels.)

It was our first slap.

### **III**

Yes!

### **I**

did slap her  
(no running from that fact)  
to stop her from doing what I could comprehend  
would end up badly for her.

### **IV**

And now,  
as she lay on the ground  
(to be precise,  
crouched  
by the big blue vase that decorated the corner),  
I had no idea of what she was feeling.

Not  
because  
I could not imagine what she must be going through,  
but because I was busy  
feeling my own set of emotions.

And all I could feel was-  
Guilt,  
Remorse,  
Hate,  
Fear,  
and a deep desire to somehow justify my act.

I knew not why,  
but  
in  
that  
god-forsaken  
moment,  
I just did.

**V**

(So intense was the desire that  
I had to look away,  
to be able to do so,  
sin conscience).

**VI**

But,  
as soon as I turned,  
(paralyzed

by memories),  
I was taken aback  
to witness the infinity of abuse,  
reflected  
in the mirror,  
hanging there,  
solo,  
that held my vision captive.

## VII

*No!*

*I am not some old version of what ideal Mothers once used to be.*

*No!*

*It can't be!*

*I can't be the old version of what monster Mothers used to be.*

## VIII

You have no idea,  
how much of  
Guilt,  
Hate,  
Remorse,  
and Fear had had me.

## IX

I feared,  
abusing her.

I feared being her God.

Feared,

this moment repeating

some

past.

**X**

I feared she would never be able to forgive me for what I had done,

for,

trust me,

no one can ever forgive the doings of their God.

Not because they cannot, but because they do not know if they could,

for would it not be blasphemous, in the human eye, to do so?

**XI**

When I finally saw her,

my daughter,

among million others,

cry and crouch

(by the big blue vase

that annoyingly occupied the corner),

my insides screamed:

*STAND UP!*

**XII**

*Stand up and*

*see my shallowness*

*before*

*justifying it as something that parents, being parents, ought and can do,*

*before accepting it as normal to be thus abused.*

*Stand up!*

*Before fearing someone else-*

*someone*  
*abusive*  
*like me*  
*(someone like my mother*  
*and the one before she).*

**STAND UP!**

*Before*  
*you let*  
*one crime,*  
*invite many.*

**XIII**

For several moments  
when nothing happened,  
I felt toxic fear  
helplessly spreading through my veins,  
numbing my hope-  
to afford to set her free.

**XIII**

But the frosts of pain  
began to dissolve  
without forming icicles,  
(almost as if in response to my genuine regret  
than my desperate screams),  
when she raised her earthly brown eyes  
full of innocence  
intact.

**XVI**

I fell on the white floorboard

with a thud,  
repeating incessantly-  
(for generations to come and those gone by)  
“I am sorry.”

**XV**

“I am sorry.”