

D.I.D.

by Jodie Intilli

I'm a did
made up of multiple parts.
Sarah, 8, 12, and Tommy
to name a few.
We were born out of insanity;
torture, neglect-
created to survive an unbearable childhood.

DISSOCIATIVE.

Escape the rolodex of memories;
his sadistic games,
my mind would leave my body.
My mind was all that fled.
My body-
it lay lifeless, captive prey.

IDENTITY.

Twelve,
Jodala,
boy,
girl.
All of us grieve.
We surrender to become protectors.

DISORDER.

Confusion,
fear and suffering-
chaos.

D.I.D.-

ultimately a label
to tell the world my mind
is undone.
Crazy I am not.
I try to piece back the fragments;
find integration,
Become one.
I am a did but I am not done.