

Proceeds from the  
sale of this book are  
donated to domestic  
violence and child  
abuse programs.

# Bruised Inside & Out

A Poem  
By Jennifer Beach



This poem was written in 1991 by high school junior Jennifer Beach to meet the requirements of an 11th grade English assignment. Jennifer had come across a situation that touched upon one of life's tragedies—child abuse. Upon noticing a young girl that had apparent signs of abuse, Jennifer contacted the authorities but was told that nothing could be done unless the abuser was “caught in the act” or unless more evidence came to light (other than mere bruises). Unable to deliver any further evidence of the crime, she was forced to live with the frustration of not being able to help beyond watching and wondering what else might be going on behind closed doors. The poem provided an outlet for this frustration. Over 2 million children are physically abused every year in the U.S. alone. This abuse crosses all family types and levels of education and income.

Jennifer died shortly after writing this poem, but her family is publishing it in memory of Jennifer's concern for others: to touch those who may be involved in situations of abuse, and raise funds for organizations that deal with child abuse and domestic violence matters. If the words in this poem help to make a difference in a reader's life, then no greater reward could be achieved. Proceeds from the sale of this book are being donated to the Eastside Domestic Violence Program in Bellevue, Washington, and other such organizations. To learn more about the Eastside Domestic Violence Program, call 425.746.1940 or 1.800.827.8840, or visit the program's website at [www.edvp.org](http://www.edvp.org).

To order copies of this book or to make a donation, contact the Jennifer Beach Foundation, PO Box 7036, Covington, WA 98042. The purpose of this foundation is to raise funds to help organizations that deal with child abuse and domestic violence issues, and other issues affecting youth.

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**One night her madness came about  
and then it all began  
A slap that stung her skin  
A shout that brought out tears**

**For all she did  
to doom her fate  
was arrive home  
a little late**

**As time passed on  
that punishment  
which was once a slap  
became a punch**

**The shout became a raging fight  
which always ended in a bruise  
For try as she might  
the child would always lose**



Stare after stare  
Whisper after whisper  
School was a bear  
For she endured a terror  
in which other kids  
were unaware

Excuse after excuse  
was all she knew  
because she couldn't tell the truth  
For if she didn't tell a lie  
she was warned  
the pain would only intensify

The bruises on her face  
may fade away  
and broken bones may heal  
But the cuts left on her heart  
will always bleed  
For those are much too deep



Her mother was implacable  
Everything the child did  
the mother found it wrong

And when she'd try  
to apologize  
and make her wrong a right

Her mom would say  
there's no excuse  
and strike the girl with all her might



When the thrashing  
came to an end  
she'd mend her wounds  
and go to bed

But before she closed  
her eyes to sleep  
she'd pray to god and ask  
Why me? Why me?

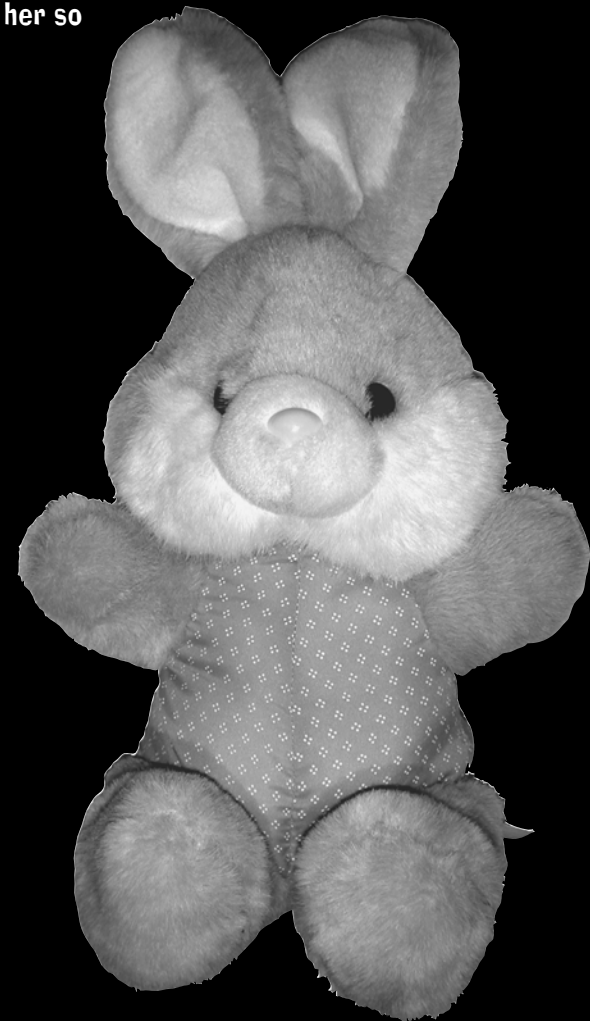
She'd wake the next morning  
hoping it was just a dream  
finding out her mommy  
really wasn't mean



A bat or a broom stick  
A hanger or a hand  
A little or a lot  
She couldn't understand

Why someone who  
claimed to care  
would shout and yell  
and pull her hair

What did she do  
to make her mother hate her so  
Pondering aimlessly  
she just didn't know



Regardless of her age or happiness  
where she's at  
or who she's with  
the daughter will forever be  
bruised inside and out.

Silent are her lips  
While her heart beats within  
ticking away like a time bomb  
or a hand grenade's pin

And when that bomb explodes  
or the grenade's pin is pulled  
the secret will come out  
and all will know  
what the mother is all about

And when the mother is put away  
and can cause her daughter  
no more pain  
everything will seem all right but. . .





## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Jennifer Beach was born in Kansas in 1974, and moved with her family to Redmond, Washington in 1978. She was an honor student and played softball at Redmond High School, was an active member of her church, and was involved in community activities. Jennifer died in an auto accident in 1991 at the age of 17. Jennifer had a love and a flare for fashion design and merchandising, but had planned on pursuing a career in law. She hoped to be a voice for those in social situations that needed help from someone who cared. Jennifer would be happy if this poem is able to help others as she so often did when she was here. Her family is publishing this poem to help raise awareness of domestic abuse issues and fund organizations that fight domestic abuse.

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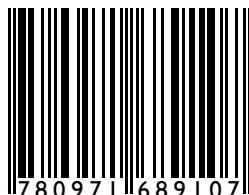
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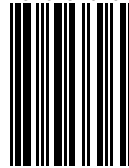
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