

He was nice and I was so young.
He was several years older than me.
He was already an adult.

He was nice and I was still a kid.
We hung around, we talked, we hugged.
He told me about his family.

He was nice and I was so naïve.
He told me he loved me.
I believed him.

He was nice and I was so inlove.
He took me to this park when the trees were so green.
He pushed me down on a bench and kissed me.

He was nice and I was so shocked.
I told him 'no', I told him 'stop'.
He didn't and went on.

He was nice and I was raped.
I told him 'go away' and someone heard me.
He quickly stopped, then pushed me down harder.
But he was so nice, I thought.

I measured dicks from all guys I've ever slept with.
My rapist probably had the biggest.