



SURVIVORSHIP

VOL. 3

A ZINE ABOUT SURVIVING SEXUAL VIOLENCE



CREATED BY SURVIVORS & SUPPORTERS
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF WINDSOR COMMUNITY



by Krishali Kumar

'I want you to know'

I want you to know
That when I speak out loud
And my voice is clear
And my words are sharp
Know that..
It is only because I worked so hard
To find my voice
And to not let it shake

by Sarah Griffin

June 9, 2020 at 4:40 PM

There is so much importance in going through it to get to the other side.

You are not a psychic. You don't see the future. Everything feels so intense in the moment and sucks,

trust me, I know,

but you just have to remember that time keeps going, things keep changing, and nothing lasts forever.

by Nikki Searle

I hope that people feel like
themselves around me,
and feel safe to be themselves
when they're around me.



And, maybe, that makes
people think that it's me that they love.
But, it's really themselves
that they Love

by Rainbow

'This is the truth I need'

I have to tell you something
A secret only one knows
I've been carrying it within me
Deep in my blood and bones
Like a pot boiling over
Running out of control
The water now so hot It burns. It scolds.
The only way to heal
Is to embrace that which
I refused to see
Though it hurts
It hurts more
Keeping it within me
I hope no one else feels the way I have
Working through memories
Night sweats to be had
A fear of loss
Scared to be told
An embarrassment of sorts
I lost my sense of self
Covering for your world
I can't anymore
Your story time is up
There is no denying
The truth within my soul
It hurts to acknowledge
What I was afraid to see
But a part of me is relieved
For this is the truth I need

by Sarah Griffin

Consent

You told me that I was a liar
That I agreed to satisfy your desire
It seems you have forgotten that day
But I remember it like yesterday

All these years
Do you remember all the tears
And the eyes of fear
Loud and clear
Or did you suddenly lose your ability to see and hear?

And now you tell me you did not coerce me
You tell me that you still adore me
And the dress that I wore made you lose control like never before

Now tell me what you call consent
A yes of discontent?
Or the will that you went against?
They say rape's an accusation that ruins lives
But what about our lives?

by Vera Kornilovsky

Public Property

By Dayanga Randeniya

Screening from top to bottom
Scorching through my clothing
As if you are already touching
Of course,
Without consent,
Since the female body is all yours
To play with and rightfully so,
Belonging to the '**omnipotent**' sex.

Words, whistles and songs
As I pass you or dare to make eye contact,
A curse I must carry with
For I am belonging to the (**un**)**fairer** sex.
It is my duty to hide it from you,
While yours is to prove its shortcomings
For we tempt your 'animalistic desires'
Please! Animals are not as lecherous as you!

My body: how ironic it is
To even use the word 'my'
When **you** decide what it should be
For years I lived disgusted
Trying to cover and denying the existence
Of breasts and buttocks,
Organs that **make** me a woman,
And how all I think, feel and do
Is somehow irrelevant to my 'womanhood'.

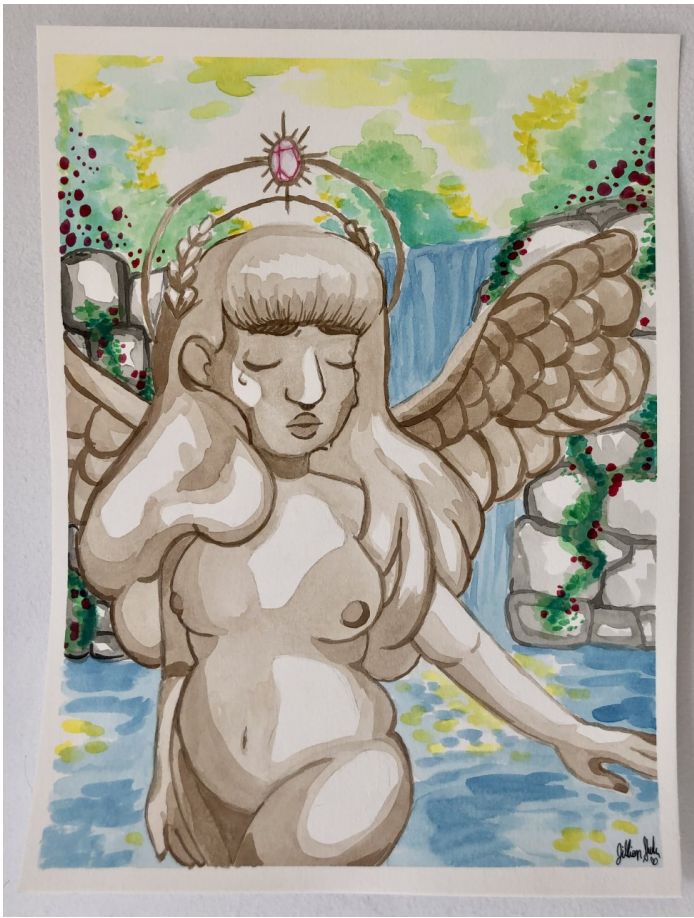
My body should only exist
As **your** pleasuring device.
And somehow to me
It is just a decaying cage,
That holds my spirit.

Years of self-blaming
Has finally ended,
As I embrace my every curve
No longer despising its existence.
But admiration and disgust
Lie along such fine lines,
Since '**my**' body
Confines and defines me
In the patriarchal world.

Your unquenchable thirst
Guided by unjust norms
Is **our** (yes, collectively) harrowing issue.
I must look in the mirror each day
And remind myself
That **YOU** are the problem
And not the body I own!



by Jess



When I was very young
I was bombarded with images from the media telling me that I needed to be loved
by a man.
That everyone would live happily ever after.
I was taught the greatest achievement for a woman is to be wanted by a man.

I was not attractive, Nobody is when they're 13.
Legs too long to fit in pants.
Breasts too big to not wear a bra but too small to wear an actual bra.
Hair too greasy, hair everywhere you'd look.
Was teased for not shaving my armpits despite being a child afraid of razor blades.

I went through a lot of changes earlier than my peers, and I was convinced I was fat.
And that being fat was bad.
Again that knowledge was fed to me by the magazines at the end of the checkout
aisle.
"Men will only want you if you stay small. This is where your value lies."

I wanted to be an actor so I volunteered at a local haunted house to get experience.
My job was to sit on a bed and scream.
It was taxing but enjoyable... and a little cathartic, too.
The scariest part of that haunted house were the times when I was silent.

An older kid had taken interest in my body.
He would get into the bed with me and fondle me and I would freeze,
And not from the autumn wind blowing through the broken windows.
The other older boys would come by to 'warm up' their hands.

I was a marble statue not in the sense that I was carved to perfection,
But in the sense that I was cold and still and my mouth was nothing more than decoration.
And this person, and the people after him, left their marks on me for the rest of time.

I think the worst thing is that I'm not mad at them.
I am angered instead by the society that let these things happen to children like me.
I never understood that it was wrong because I was told I was supposed to want that sort
of attention.
But I felt nothing. Like the cold room of the old school building I was put to scream in, I was
covered in autumn frost, too cold to feel anything.
Too cold to be there, mentally.
I did not feel loved.
I did not feel safe.

An older man saw the whole thing happen and thought we were a couple.
He looked into my dead eyes and saw my unmoving body and blamed me for 'fooling
around'.
He said if I wasn't going to take things seriously then I wouldn't be allowed back.
I could only manage to say that I was not this boy's girlfriend. I was embarrassed.
"I don't care what you are."

One of the boys tried to follow me home and I got scared. So I told an older woman.
I didn't have to say much, she knew.
She knew because these things happen too often.
I am one marble statue upon hundreds, upon thousands.
She told him to never show his face again.

I am 24 and still coming to terms with the impact this had on my journey to love myself
Like the velveteen rabbit, I wished to become real.
To have skin and fat and bone,
Lips and teeth and tongue for my mouth so that I could someday speak.

I still believe that being loved by someone is the most beautiful feeling in the world.
I love being loved, and more than that, I love loving.
But there are people out there who are tender and kind.
Who will be patient and wait with you while you find yourself.
While you find your voice.

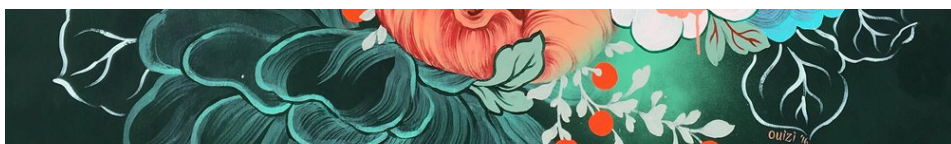
I refuse to let the people who have hurt me prevent me from experiencing and giving the
love I deserve.

I owe that to myself.

by Jillian Sheeler



Submitted anonymously



If you need support, you can talk to Dusty or Anne
at the Office of Sexual Violence.

What happens next is up to you.

Reach us by email at svsupport@uwindsor.ca
or visit our website: uwindsor.ca/prevent-resist-support/



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