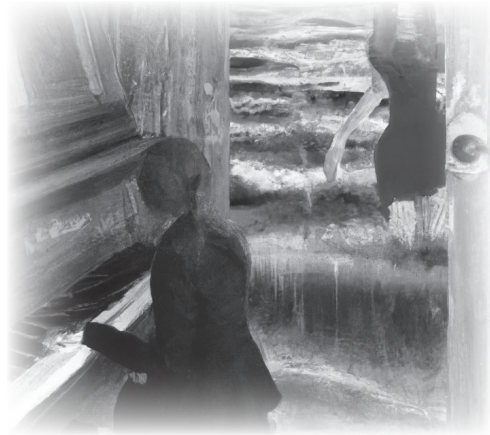


# ME TOO



*A Poetic Timeline*

TERI SCHURE

## TO THE READER

*Me Too: A Poetic Timeline* is about surviving  
abuse and navigating through its lifelong,  
interminable aftereffects.

It's an emotional roller coaster of a read, and  
I hope you won't judge me negatively.

But I know some of you will.

And that's okay.

Because I also know that I'm not alone.

There are a lot of us out there.

Too many of us.

That's why I decided to share my trauma.

For them. For us. The survivors.

For all the "liars," "sluts," "troublemakers,"  
"black sheep," and the ones with big  
mouths who talk too much.

And for those who are afraid to talk at all ...

I see you.

And I'm with you.

Because I am you.

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## The Teller

She's a brooder, but she can be sardonically funny.

She's a storyteller, but spreadsheets were her bread and butter.

She's been through hell and back, but she's not bitter.

She started out poor in an all-female world, living with  
Grandma, Great-grandma, and her teenage mother.

A dead man's collection of classical books changed her trajectory.

But even before the books, her hard-wired brain was  
chock-full of words writing themselves.

The twenty-six letters in the alphabet served her purpose well.

She took those letters and created reams of writings and  
untold thousands of diary and journal entries.

And she was adeptly genius at writing in code.

Her Me Too poems go as far back as 1967  
before the MeToo movement was even a thing.

Although she knows all too well that Me Too was always a thing.

This is her story. This is her tome.

*1967-2024*

## Theresa

Theresa. What a beautiful name.  
That's what you said when we first met  
in my chaotic, poor-girl era.

You promised you would  
provide me with a stable life.  
You promised a lot of things.

Now, I'm not Theresa  
with a beautiful name,  
but someone to ridicule,  
bully, and harass.

Now I'm Theresa the Greaser,  
the Mod Martian, the one who  
quickly blossomed before your eyes.

You told me I was safe and sound,  
but oh, no, I wasn't.

You yanked me out of the simmering embers  
and threw me into a raging fire.

9/28/1967

## Footsteps

I'm reading by the dim glow of  
the hurricane table lamp.

But my body is shuddering, and  
my trembling hands make  
reading impossible.

So I turn to writing and pen  
the words in quivery code.

First reading, then writing,  
all the while waiting ...

... for the footsteps ...

... for the shadow of two feet at the  
bottom of the bedroom door ...

Shhh ...

*10/16/1968*

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

**Teri Schure** is the founder of the international news website Wordpress.org, a freelance journalist, writer, blogger, and business consultant.

Her blog, The Teri Tome, attracts over 30,000 page views per month, plus an additional 50,000 on Wordpress.org.

Teri has been an executive director at Newsweek, a publisher and COO of World Press Review magazine, and in 2007, was Commentary magazine's first female publisher since its founding in 1945.

Her first novel, *Our Romantic Getaway*, was published in 2014; a children's book, *The Day It Snowed Popcorn*, in 2019; and *Tarot For Beginners*, in 2024.

For more information about Teri, her life's storms, frailties, shortcomings, and random musings, go to her blog at [blog.terischure.com](http://blog.terischure.com) or her author website at [terischure.com](http://terischure.com).