The mannequins

by James Knight

I try to enjoy my book
but the mannequins
  keep tapping
    at the window
    When I look up
    they vanish
          Outside
fibreglass clouds
  are kept in place
by invisible wires
    ——
    Sometimes the mannequins
   get behind my eyes
    I feel them tugging the strings
              of my nerves
playing with my mechanisms
    They make themselves at home
in the lumber room of my skull
    ——
    Asleep
     I'm most vulnerable
    Last night I dreamt that
   after a stock-take
the mannequins murdered the staff
dressed them in fashionably ugly clothes
     and displayed them
          in the window
        The night before
cold hands placed plastic flowers
       on the graves
of fashion designers
    ——

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My persecution
isn't all bad though
It has its benefits
When the mannequins
possess my hands
I tap out little poems on my phone
The index finger
of my tweeting hand
pecks the touchscreen
like a nimble bird
Words chirp
in the kingdom
of their cage
But the hand
holding the phone
is made of fibreglass