## The Last VooDoo Doll

## by Johnsienoel

```
I pinned it
there
  and there
  and
  there.
  Then stood back
to survey my handiwork.
The truth stared
blankly
with crossed out eyes
  a red stitched tongue
lolled to the side.
Arms and legs prone
spread eagle
ready to receive
another.
  Where was the
pop when I pricked
with the pin?
He was too stuffy.
I wasn't happy.
  Somewhere in there
  and there
  and
  there
  was the gray matter.
My worth fluffed
up in the tidy confines
of a remnant
man
loosely stitched
together.
```

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So I lopped off his head and reworked the creation by adding a heart to his sleeve.

Then I burned him.