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.

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/johnsienoel/the-last-voodoo-doll»*
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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.