

# 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  
lolloped 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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Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/johnsienoel/the-last-vooodoo-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.

