

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.

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

Then I burned him.

