

In your image I am whole

I'll be a rag doll, a modern day
Frankenstein's monster. Decide what in me
is necessary. Tear out my guts and sew me
up with red ribbons. So I may be whole in
your eyes.

I'll be a marionette, an understudy
pantomime in the empty theater of your
heart. String me up to that cross you
climbed upon. Hollow out my mind and fill it
with expectations. So I may orchestrate my
love for you.

I'll be a mocking bird, a dependant and
captive songstress. Clip my wings so I may
never take flight. Request of me odes to
your saint like love. So I may sing of
platitudes you long to hear.

I'll be a good machine, executing with
perfect compliance. Program me with your
self serving directives. Render me
defenseless and enslaved to you. So I may
better assist your every desire.