

Heartstrings

*Why couldn't I be what
you wanted me to be?
Changing myself, like an
old toy painted over, an
old train given new wheels, a
puppet who found his new strings*

*You and your little gestures
and playful manipulations of
my ere-ticking cuckoo-clock heart
gave me my motions,
staging for me my emotions*

*But now with cut silk strings,
can I move without you,
can't I move with you more,
can I move on from you, oh
can't I move on with you?*

*Lifeless the toyed soul lays as the
impact of that aimless fall
triggers inner strings to tripwires,
transforming finely-tuned turns
of ligaments and nerves into
passionate throws and fits!*

*Oh, just let me be
your personal little dummy
for you to hollow his throat
out with your own script and plays*

*Pleading, just let me be
your own little automaton
for you to tie my hands into
whatever time you desire*

*Crying out, just let me be,
oh just let me be for you!*

*You played my heartstrings,
and now across the room they
splay and spread, scattered
from the alarmed springs and
ticks of my arrhythmic, stringless,
shattered little heart!*

*Play with me again! Put me back
in your cupboard for another rainy day!
Let my painted smile give you pleasure
in ways I can never display for myself!*

*A web of acoustics now knotted
over every single surface.
You played my heartstrings well,
and now maybe, just maybe,
you can be tangled with me too.*