

Tied Hands

Somewhere between
my half-removed chest

and the two-mile long
skin scar on my back

which borders my broken heart,
I'm taken prisoner to times
and elements of these moments

when pain digs its ugly claws
into my core making some parts

sticky and gooey with strings
holding it together what

some might call obligation,
and others domination,

but wherever I turn, I feel locked up
inside my wrinkled skin of torture

wondering what it might take
to be set free from this prison
I inhabit while awaiting you.