

paper dolls

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he is the waves of the ocean  
and i am the sand underneath,  
whimsically kicked and tossed around,  
"i'll be your paper doll, baby, i'll behave."

i will be as quiet as the wind between the mountains tall.  
you can have me, all of me.  
every piece of my feminine glory a bastard offering to you,  
raised upon a spike and splayed out for the world to see.

i will shake my leaves off like the tree does  
and brandish my branches.  
he will pluck the fruit from my bosom and scarf ravenously.  
i will not scold him for not showing gratitude.

the past haunts the hallways of my home  
like a specter long forgotten in time.  
angered by the loss of memory  
and the gain of consciousness.

i will never be made of enough substance  
to be human myself.  
the specter and i are alike in that manner.

i have danced with her in  
ballrooms,  
in alleyways,  
in bedrooms.  
she lingers around this house like a disease.

dear God,  
bless the hands that scrub me of this affliction,  
and curse the ghost who poisoned me.