

The Doll

Her rough hair shook violently through the wind. The dying flowers wrapped around her head,
as if they were sucking the life out of her.

Her eyes closed slightly and seemed to be in another life. Her damp clothing stitched to her skin,
as she regained her consciousness, the ropes dragged her body.

She was an old, battered up doll,
who was buried beneath banana peels,
and half empty soda cans.
Her exterior was sticky, a piece of chewed gum was attached to her hand.
She could see a small opening at the top of her prison, but as she tried to get up her ropes snapped in half, and her fate was sealed.

She decided it was time,
and she closed her eyes with one last glance
at the exit of the bottomless pit.

She took out her batteries and she was gone.