

# Puppet

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*a poem I did for an anthology*

# 1. Puppet

puppet

strike a pose,  
take a glance  
this is how the puppets dance  
pull my strings.  
i'm in debt  
this is for the marionettes  
i take hits  
danger lurks  
this is how a puppet works  
closed in fishnet  
i won't forget  
this is for the marionettes  
as a symbol  
make me lethal  
this is how a puppet is vengeful  
tie my strings  
or cut them short  
these puppet thoughts i must abort  
no pain can i feel  
as well as the carving knife  
i'm immune to all the strife  
play the right card  
ace or joker  
i'm a dead rollercoaster  
just to run, a little faster  
as an order from my master  
erase my thoughts,  
sew my mouth shut with knots  
for all who know well  
as for better use for a sharpnel