

Puppet

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Submitted: February 25, 2008

Updated: March 3, 2008

*well...its a poem...with words....and.....rhyyyyyyimes....and....wait no thats about it XD anyways
comment...oh and if you figure out what the hand is lemme know...actually just everyone guess anyway
XP*

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/bookworm369/51514/Puppet>

Chapter 1 - Puppet

2

1 - Puppet

The world is a stage,
Or so they say,
Leaving little room
For doubt.
They also say
Its a kind of a play,
Beginning to end
Planned out.
And with everything gone,
The curtains are drawn,
The stage having
Now been set.
It now appears
The stage is cleared
Except for
A marionette.
Though surrounded by none
The solitary one
Does not seem to play
A significant part.
A vessel in disrepair,
Left hanging in the air,
Suspended by the strings
Of a thousand broken hearts.
The hand that rests above,
A shadow cast thereof,
Moves the being
Devoid of will.
With all freedom now removed
It follows every move
That the hand creates,
And then lies still.
The soul that hides inside,
Trapped in empty eyes,
Tries desperately
To be heard.
But try as it might
It loses the fight,
And no one
Hears a word.
So again it starts to try
To learn how to defy

The mighty hand controlling
All its movements.
But so fragile and frail,
'Tis to no avail,
It continues,
But with no improvement.
But now and again
The hand begins
To loosen
Its mighty grip.
And only then,
As the strings grow thin,
Does the doll
Begin to slip.
One by one,
Until its done,
Each string is
Cut in two.
Because from the start
It had the heart,
Although it
Never knew.
With soul returned
And lessons learned,
It finally
May walk free.
At last relieved,
The puppet leaves
To create
Its destiny.