

Doll

by Emerson Bloomfield

There is a doll with—
brown hair
(that is a little too long)
bangs that grew out
(to be blunt and such a bother).
Freckles that leave in the winter
Legs—covered in bruises
Nails, bitten til it hurts
and her mind is split in focus,
her glasses are smudged,
her heart is heavy
(and if you find her)
Please do not batter her
please do not harm her.
Take her hand in yours
and pull her close
let her melt in—
and when you let her go
please clean her glasses.