

## **The Burden**

He takes off my clothes,  
peels away my skin,  
pries apart my ribs,  
reaches in, past lungs,  
snaps away the aorta,  
opens the jar of formaldehyde.

He bores holes through my ears  
to drain my brain of  
thick green fluid thoughts,  
drinks them down in gulps,  
chews and spits them out,  
flushing them into oblivion.

He pops out my eyeballs,  
glues them to his mirror,  
“Your eyes only for me,”  
staring at my lips swinging,  
wired shut by black curling hairs,  
on the chain about his neck.

He chops off my hands,  
wears them as plastic gloves,  
flings my arms around his neck,  
my body hung like a sack from his back,  
as he audaciously asks,  
“Why are you such a burden to me?”