

Straw Man

Kristine Wagner

You have made me a straw man,
Interpreting all my silences for bitterness,
Stuffing my head with opinions not my own.
When I tried to speak my own thoughts
You sewed up my mouth and would not listen.
You stitched on a pair of shiny button eyes,
Calling me unperceiving in your own denial.
All these pinpricks day after day
Do not garner the response you want,
For the straw man you attack
Has none of my blood left in it.

