

## My Fallen Angel

There was a time  
when I hung on your every word  
like a marionette  
The strings, my veins  
pulsing with blood  
to the heart in your hands  
as you twist and tilt me  
into a dance

I severed those veins  
with a rusty knife  
freed myself from your prison  
I stood up straight into your eyes  
viewed your true form  
horns and all

I do not cry  
I laugh

You can twist and jerk  
that bloody pulp  
in your hands  
but I am done  
with dance