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Untitled

Shelby Dixon
Nova Southeastern University

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Forgetting, Forgotten, For Good by Gillian Newman

A present from a relative,
Injecting her liquid love into a doll.
Needed presence when conversations consisted of whispers,
Solidifying secrets into her plastic skull.

Havens lie in the small arms of a yearning heart, In juvenile hands are a home.
Reciprocated complacency and dancing sighs, Finally, a being in which to confide.

I redefined the eyes of an innocent, A sincere friend masked in plastic.

Personality, imaginable, and decor, changeable, But realer than what life ever gave credit.

Observing off to the side, and often tugged away. Willingly giving into dwindling child's play.
Dropped countless times and in seconds retrieved. In a queue of companions, you always
picked me.

No memorization of a number to dial,
Because the presence of my being always lent you a smile. But eventually, content became
unreturned and new.

Your loud beating heart—beating love so untrue.

But somewhere in the midst of times cruel sin, Promises become inhabitants of a discarded
toy bin, With all the other mangled pieces of manmade creation. Soon to be torn and
bent—overused and spent.

Unmatchable warmth freezing over—faded plastic peeling. What happened to forever knitted
within the clothes that my creator made With which you matched your attire, flawlessly
maintained?

But now your imprints on my past, I realize, foreshadowed our future. At the time, I didn't know it was going to be exclusive.

My plastic broken—my one sided pain unspoken. Because my lips were imagined sealed, So they remained.

No matter how many arrows were drawn towards me on the directions that life gave, I waited unnoticed and entirely scathed.

Watching the transformation from my playmate, Into a being so unrealistically fake.

I've made a frantic effort to avoid rejection, Now foreseeing pending separation.

And no matter how many times cold warmth was unsatisfied, I longed for you to find comfort in my button eyes.

But my eyes no longer shined when you looked at me. The dust impaired my sight of your once forever beauty.

Because you saw past my torn dress and loose button eyes. You saw into my beatless heart, and with acceptance, it was revived.

Although my brokenness is an immature representation, My fate doesn't hold true to retaliation.

So my peeling plastic, beatless heart, and tears I could never cry Give you all the more reason to say good-bye.