

CONTROL ME.

Ems

I do not belong to
you.

Or even my mother.

She created me, but
she does not own my soul.

Neither do my friends.

Tell me,

why do people act like I am a possession?

My eyes are not glass,
my lips are not paint,
my hair is not copper wire,
and my heart is not an engine.

So why do I belong to you
in all eyes other than my own?

Is my flesh plastic?

Is my body a machine?

Am I a toy you unwrap on
Christmas morning?

I can really move my arms! You can dress me however you like!

I will be quiet.

Is that what you want me to be?

Quiet?

I am nobody's but my own.



My brain is powerful,
I think more so than yours.
My father tries,
but he can never own me, truly.
My teachers wish they could.
My mind is too difficult to grasp so they deem me
not good enough.
Why is my autonomy threatening?
Why does my self frighten you?
Because you cannot control me?
You cannot
control me.

