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Bitch

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AMANDA BROWN

Bitch

is

what I am called.

Master Instructs and Demands.

Scorns of obscenities Reinforce my
duties. "Go, Stop, Sit, No, damn it, Shit!"

Scraped on paths, Buried in sand, Tapped in
holes, Trapped on tees, Lost in trees, Boxed in
sleeves, Marked with coins, Shagged in bags, Lost in
lakes, Drowned in creeks, Tossed in crowds. Striker
Handles the sticks and Smacks me some sense. Shafts
Whip at me, Soaring me, Manipulating me. I am servant;
I Submit. Oh athlete, won't you Hear me? Because
of me, you Receive, awards, applause, and praise.

Yet, I am Abused, Abandoned, and Enslaved! I

may Deviate, to Escape reign. I must

Flee my fate. I Yearn for respect,

I Need trust. I Dream of rest,

Envisioning tribute,

Hugged by my

companion's smiling

hand. Talented

swinger, please

Relieve me.

Hear me.

See me.

Let me

Be.