Stranger

Bethany Zelent

Choked under the curtains deemed holy

Shackled with no way to be free.

               Years go by

               Incessant sty

I have become a stranger.

Not what I'd hoped. Who are you, Stranger,

laying next to Unfamiliar man.

                  Open and spread

                  This part I dread

I have become a stranger.

The perversed and pillaged, penetration and pain

enslaved by my own domain---

               handcuffs, leather

               blindfolds, feather

I have become a stranger.