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Strings

She opened my box

Lifted my rods

Operated me from above the stage

I was her marionette

She pulled a string, I laughed at
I cried over
I hated for
I loved her

She controlled each motion
emotion with a string

At the end of each day

I was dropped into a heap
a broken harness
a ripped apparatus
a useless toy

She wanted one to dominate

I needed her to control me
to operate me
to decide for me
what my actions would be

A want that she created within
around me

She was my master
ruler
leader

Whose string does she hold today?