trapped

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trapped by Annie Mitchell

If you’re in a body without control,  
it’s like when your teeth choose to chatter.  
If you aren’t there, then are you whole?

We say to lose weight is a divine goal.  
The loss of matter might make you matter,  
if you’re in a body without. Control.

But you will grieve the body they stole,  
entombed with words intended to flatter,  
if you aren’t there. Then are you whole?

Don’t they know that Phantom’s toll,  
slicing synapses with his dagger,  
if you’re in a body without control?

Paralyzed, trapped, in a six-foot hole.  
Can’t stop the shivers, no choice but to shatter  
If you aren’t there, then are you whole?

A battle between body and soul,  
you have no idea where your ashes will scatter.  
If you’re in a body, without control  
if you aren’t there, then are you whole?