

## **Release Me**

Tom Brinck

6/29/03

In one firm and gentle hand  
she held my heart  
while with precision she pricked it  
like a voodoo doll.

I grabbed an iron thorn  
and pierced deep into my chest  
at the point that said Release Me,

but all I got was a gaping wound  
that gushed rivers of blood and despair,  
and she cried from the pain  
of a withered hand.

Quickly!  
Water these words with bitter tears of betrayal.  
I think I will never love again  
and soon will die.