

Alone, you stand  
in that glass cage  
a price on your head  
and the rest of your body  
your gaze lost to the rest of the world  
turned inward to some safe place inside  
because outside you're for sale  
clearance- priced flesh  
a segregate, a cast-off  
unsuccessful, returned for refund, unwanted

But here I stand  
my wallet open as my heart  
I see you standing alone  
the last one in display  
and you move me  
I choose you  
above all others  
below market price  
a store's trash is a woman's treasure  
I buy what's already mine  
not proper Y  
I bought others before  
unsuccessful refunded unwanted

bit not you

you are perfect

in that glass that makes your walls

i wAnt to give you a different works

mt world

i buy you

a paper bag your womb

to a new world

I'm now you world

your ees, cast down behire

rise as pulled by the threads of my height

stature of mountain, casting a shadow of promise

rgat things will be different now

you are no longer in nesbted

you are no longer for sale

i own you and the threads of that sale

weave your pyrpise

youre here for me

you exist for me

evert cell body belongs to me

liftbtee corners of your mouth

eeturn blood to your lips

theyll ve kissing me soon

wether you wants to it not

I'm not here to reason your purpose

ive given it to you

acceot it or fight it

i donguve a fuvk

becausr now at least

your heart beats in flesh

wben it never beat in glas

wEn you werevtobfor sale