

then i felt his breathless gaze
and knew someone was there.
he told me of his name
and it became my sacred prayer
victor
i whispered, and it flowed out like air.

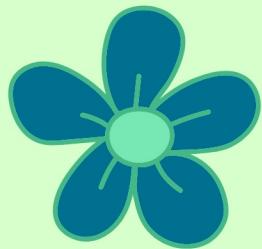
then, the joy.
the feeling so shocking
that i had become someone's boy
—perhaps just a toy—
but no matter, i was soon walking.
no talking yet, for that's a later time.

but soon he grows impatient
and all i can do is whine,
as silent as a mime,
repeating the word that has become my lifeline
victor.

he yells and hurts and ties me up in chains.
the dark, it feels so cold,
as i breathe in, my lungs filling with mold,
and what little light i ever had drains.

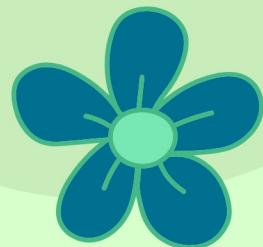
throughout it all,
i sit up tall
and listen to the water run.
the only one who liked me,
who loved me as a son,
has become a foreigner, wanting nothing but to run.

and so i cry and stare,
hoping someone will start to care,
chanting my first and only prayer—
victor victor victor.



Wildflower Post

Newsletter



TODAY'S WRITER

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the puppeteer//the creature

a series of two

AYA GOLDWASSER

playing god, that's what they call it.
i call it fixing stuff,
making the world anew, how i wish it to be.
my hands sculpt the flesh of time,
bending reality until it submits at my feet.
the memories scream as they are altered, electrocuted
with new evocations, fit to serve my wants.
i smooth out each and every wrinkle, meticulously
cutting and sewing the fabric of dreams together.
i work in this fashion for a long time—but eventually, it
happens.
the fruits of my labor arise and the puppets smile as
they behold their maker, basked in artificial truths.
they stretch out their souls, feeling and feeding into
the delusion,
unaware that they are helping reality shift, one
movement at a time.

i awaken as a child,
blinded by the sun.
my beginning was not mild—
i understood no one.