

Homicide: The Game
Presents
Painseeker

"Own"

by Raychel Wagner

Your eyes
I fear
are far from clear
and a dangerous heart
beats beneath.

You load the blade,
it bleeds,
singing,
sinking
down on me.

I wince
when you cut me.
Held fast
by metal clasps,
I cannot run.

This is your Heaven.
I'm hostage,
sedated,
medicated.
You're draining my pain.

You need me normal
you say.
I pray for relief,
and feel
false freedom.

My muscles are burning,
strength is returning,
soon you'll be learning
I cannot comply.
I cannot be what you want me to be.

I am my own.

Raychel Wagner
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