Stranger

By Bethany Zelent

Choked under the curtains deemed holy
Shackled with no way to be free.
Years go by
Incessant sty
I have become a stranger.
Not what I'd hoped. Who are you, Stranger,
laying next to Unfamiliar man.
Open and spread
This part I dread
I have become a stranger.
The perversed and pillaged, penetration and pain
enslaved by my own domain---
handcuffs, leather
blindfolds, feather
I have become a stranger.