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108 Double Stitches

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108 DOUBLE STITCHES
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So tightly I’m wound,
I recoil when struck.
Compressed like a spring.

I’m constantly fondled,
Examined and lifted on high.

A pale white complexion,
red lines all over my face.

I’m beaten repeatedly,
A club of ash, or metal,
will do for some.

A crack so loud,
Heads turn in awe.
So hard I’m struck
I am half my size,
for a moment.
Then I uncoil into action.
I’ve traveled a great distance.
Short lengths at a time, once
In New York I once soared,
Over barriers, into seats,
I hit the ground, rolling
at my lovers feet.

The pain of a hundred collisions,
the joy of thousands is heard.
I endure this agony, for
the greatest of sensations, is
I am the center of attention,
between the lines.