

2016

The Other Toy Story

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Recommended Citation

deVincent, Lin Marie (2016) "The Other Toy Story," *The Tuxedo Archives*: Vol. 2005 , Article 8.
Available at: <https://scholar.dominican.edu/tuxedolit/vol2005/iss2/8>

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The Other Toy Story

By Lin Marie deVincent

"Don't toy with me," Barbie bleated.
"It's in my jeans," Ken pleaded.
"Don't be a blockhead," Barbie entreated.
"You're my model woman," Ken conceded.
"I'm not a toy!" Barbie repeated.
"Then let's play Scrabble," Ken greeted.
"That's sooooooooo boring," Barbie tweeted.
"I'll save the day!" G.I.Joe interceded.
"Oh! A hero!" Barbie needed.
"We'll break the mold!" G.I.Joe secreted.
"Buzz off, plastic man," Ken reheated.
"Nice erector set, Joe," Barbie deeded.
"Hey, life's a game," G.I.Joe creeded.
"Hit the road, Ken," Barbie impeded.
"There'll never be another you," Ken retreated.
"Got the rubber duck, Joe?" Barbie sweeted.
"No, but don't worry," G.I. Joe preheated.
"Stop right there!" Barbie deleted.
"You shot me down!" G.I.Joe seceded.
"My mother was right!" Barbie heeded.
"You're not for real," G.I.Joe depleted.
"I've seen the light!" Barbie proceeded.
"Get a life, babe," G.I.Joe defeated.
"It's the new me," Sister Barbara completed.



Lin Marie deVincent

Hum Graduate Student, performance poet, non blond and proud.