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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.