

Tin Woman

Dismantle me.
Replace my organs
with mechanical parts.
Oil the gears
so they move
like the hands of a clock.
Tick, tock—
precise.
Meeting expectations.
Tighten the bolts,
constrict my movement,
and place me on a shelf
where I can be seen
but not heard.
Fiddle and tweak
until I'm just right—
original parts disposed.

“If only you had a heart.”

I am what you made me.