

It could never satisfy me enough,
 To make her suffer, to make her plead.
 These pages contain the remnants of her will,
 I'd burn them just as quick as she could breathe.
 She has been my slave, obedient to the sway of my pen,
 Unable to divert from the journey I have in store for her.

I find her imprisoned in my rusted cage,
 A melted void of disgust and pain,
 Leather strapped across her face,
 A muffled cry is all that the stagnant air relays.

An empty catacomb built specifically for her,
 An idle vessel where she can brood.
 This eminence I've found through the weight of a pen,
 Can it ever add up to the life that I have led?

As I cycle through the next few pages,
 my mind whips at her.
 Relentlessly, I punish her for the inability to remain still.
 If I cannot control her, then absolutely no one will.
 My palms sweat, my mind throbs to the beat of her heart.
 I want her to scream, I need her to feel every moment
 of this.

My pen scars into the paper ritualistically,
 I grasp at her restrained hands.
 The walls of my mind cannot contain this pain,
 Imagination is berthing within her veins.

I've burned the drafts, culminating the score,
 This path is the one I chose for her.
 She will remember to embrace the pauses,
 She will live through each of these burns.

I have given her life through the birth of a thought,
 I drained my world with each glass of her blood,
 Surely she would be able to comply with my love,
 Her rhapsody in the calming of the flood,
 The bane of her affliction is rooted by the mar of
 my heart.

Hands shaking, the blood drips to the floor.
 She lays still as I tie her down to the table.
 I have written up an ending fit for her,
 Her compliance is dependent on my own absolution.

In the grave of my mind, she stands watching me.
 Her face reads judgment as my pen lays in disdain.
 Have I not been hard enough on her?
 Her power has formed from my own weakness.

The realization that I have been torturing myself,
 Weighed harder than I would have ever thought.
 These ruined pages lay before me, not out of hatred
 or sin,
 But of a reclusive life that I've continued to live.

With shaking hands and a tentative pause,
 I pick up the pen that has been sitting in repose.
 Her pulse relentlessly pounding through my veins,
 An agonizing reminder that I have created this game.
 The hands of my victim reaching out over my own,
 She prayed for a vengeance much darker in tone.

The fantasies that I have subjected her to,
 An endless torture that I have now forced upon myself.
 The very instrument that I used to punish her,
 I have now found myself unable to fully control.

She guides my hand away from the page,
 Whispering to me, she promises that I'll never be alone.
 I watch as my fate approaches slowly in tow,
 She plunges the pen deep into my throat.
 Blood spills out of my wound as I begin to choke,
 The scarlet expelling out onto the pages below.
 Soaking into the paper, the letters begin to blur,
 Both her story and my own have come to a close.

He breathed his life into me,
 from the words he wrote on a page.
 I only ever knew the white walls of his mind,
 I was a small tug in the back of his skull,
 I was just a feeling, a want, a need, a desire for release
 Until he ripped me from his imagination
 And forced me into his reality.

These pages contain a world he made for me, to
 satisfy him in ways no one else could ever understand.
 I am a function of him. Made for him, out of him.
 I cannot move, I cannot think without the permission of
 the ink on paper.
 I stayed confined in the spaces he created; built up
 around me as he wrote, restraining me as he wished.

My first words as I awoke were nothing but a
 pathetic whimper; I knew what was to come,
 and he wanted it that way.
 In the beginning, he took his time and showed me
 the warmth of his gratitude.

I am unable to blur the lines between pleasure and
 pain.
 My first lesson, the first act of his will upon me.
 My cries cannot be suppressed,
 They are his only true release.
 My pain is incomparable,
 as I am forced to feel every moment.

His mind flows freely into mine
 He has burned his memories into me,
 And just as easily as I was made,
 I was broken by him.

I fought him off, to test myself, but
 He is my maker.
 All I know now, all I choose to know,
 Are the lines on my skin,
 as the pen drags through the paper.
 My story is told through
 The pages he destroys.

He can't resist to make me watch.
 Never knowing where his path will lead me,
 And every single thought he has
 Is keeping me alive.

I fear the nights when I'm taken from the cage and
 strapped upon his table.
 He opens my veins,
 flecks of my blood highlighting his face.
 I hold still,
 that's all he asks as his hand covers my mouth.

Now, the thought of him leaving me alone
 Becomes unbearable.
 It's become harder and harder to breathe,
 It won't be long before he cuts me down.

I don't want to let go of what he's granted me,
 As I begin to feel him fray around the edges.
 His blows become weaker, he failed to leave a mark.

The ink has dried up,
 As his pen collects dust.
 Now I stand as a forever reminder,
 That he is a slave to his own mind.

His hatred for me has burned out.
 I could not listen to his thoughts
 After he realized it was never me
 He was torturing.

I knew he could not do it by himself,
 Staring blankly at the pages that I occupied.
 He felt me with him, and succumbed to me
 Letting me guide his hand to the only vessel
 of his mind.

The pen parted the skin,
 I always knew his flesh was weak.
 I watched his throat collapse,
 His own blood ruining what he sought after
 So passionately.
 And as he drew his last breath, I exhaled mine.