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The Paper Doll

Stripped of its cutout clothes
the paper doll stammers
 its insecurities. The indifferent child throws
 its crinkled body who-knows-
where. From some forgotten corner it clamors
to uncrumple itself. It hammers
 its paper fists against the walls, but the blows

are futile. One would suppose
 the child would hear the paper cries,
recognize the naked woes.
 But he doesn't. He lies
on the bed and coughs and cuts out paper tears
 to paste in the corner of his eyes.
The doll, who hates to hear the boy sad, rips off its own ears.