Barbie Doll

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But when he tried to stop the basket to look at the view, plunging a twig down toward the sea floor, he saw that half of his basket had come away in the salty sea.

The basket began to sink and the rat woke with a start, holding his half basket and blinking away the flies under the cold shade of an oak tree.

The rat decided to keep weaving.

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Barbie Doll

Kayla Suvak

When you look at me, I am reduced to nothing more than a Barbie Doll
A voluptuous blond with big eyes
A toy that should just be lying there, waiting to be picked up at your heart’s desire
Something plastic, not even real
A beauty without a voice or a soul
To you I am just another toy
Out of possibly hundreds that you’ve collected
You put us all into a box of “been there, done that”
In your eyes, we are just bodies lying in wait for someone to love us
Those girls that are mocked by all passersby for being too tenderhearted
You are the little kid in the store screaming to their mother
“I NEED ANOTHER TOY”
As though you are so bored you cling to the idea that something will fix it
The boredom that you feel in your life is not the fault of my sisters
But the fault of your inability to love them as a human
Yet you think that being a man means that you have the right
Even the privilege to take, take, take,
The American philosophy of “I want what I want when I want it” is your motto,
No questions asked. For a poor boy you seem pretty entitled
YOU were the one who picked me up off the shelf
Maybe it was my own fault for even being there
But you ingratiated yourself into my life
Knowing exactly how to play so that “play time” was just enough
Just enough for me to think that I mattered.
In regards to you and me, darling, I cared so much more for you
I remember everything you ever told me.

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But unlike Andy in Toy Story you don't remember the plotline
Without the bond of love and so many other toys
We all blend together in your warped sense of humor
You don't ask questions, you don't care to know
You pick and choose and never discriminate on your choices
If Barbie has a decent face, you mark your territory
You aren't the type to share your toys
Making it impossible for anyone else to love them.

You make sure to play in such a way that we are still whole on the outside
But if WE care too much, we slowly die on the inside
No fault is yours, it is all OUR misunderstanding
We were the ones to fall, to make ourselves available
We are too nice, too giving, too naïve
To think that you would make us your exception

But the thing is you are NOT MAN ENOUGH
You cowardly sit behind your desk
Thinking you are God's gift to women
You are under the delusion that you can do no wrong
Hiding behind the façade that you're a badass
Where in reality the stories you're writing are all the same
Since you never give a doll a chance to surprise you
The relationships are on your terms and your time
Making it impossible for us to learn how to speak to you

But that's the way you like your girls, isn't it?
Silent.
Saying nothing more than "Yes"
Never contemplating "No"
You like your dolls to do exactly what you tell them
If one of them strays, they're out of rotation

As the puppet master you're never gonna be happy
Never even learned how to feel something
You give empty emotions and use the "downstairs" brain to do all the heavy thinking
Man, how do you answer questions like,
"What are you studying?" or
"What are you doing with your future?"
I bet it sure gets awkward at Christmas dinner

So the reality of your situation is
That while I may look like the Barbie Doll
You are the one missing the voice and the soul
And I have to ask
Does that make you Ken?