

Little Eva

by Bob Boucher June 2014

Twelve year old Eva was wheeled in
she had the body of an eight year old.
Her tiny body seemed frozen in place.

Eyes closed, silent and perfectly still
Eva did not speak or move a muscle
except by My direct command.

Terrified of making any decision on her own
she dared not even the slightest movement
her psyche seemed totally devoid of free will.

When left to herself Eva would curl up
on the floor, frozen in the fetal position
quietly whimpering.

Her skeletal muscles had begun to atrophy.
Her joints and articulations had begun to calcify.
Her skeleton was slowly turning into stone.

Only her panic expression revealed
a trapped and suffering Ego
floating in a sea of Pain.