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## Title

Puppets and Strings

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## Puppets and strings By Charles Conklin

Custodians mop tear-filled floors in the halls of Wal-Mart. Crystal auras rip apart like innards and gore on tile floor.

Screams of a child echo, rebounding off the cardboard boxes of Pepsi, Sony, Lays... Their scaled claws seep into

The mother's meated eyes. She stands as the sandfilled doll scans and dimples from its sewn-threaded lips.

They leave in their steel-barred mobile car that heaves at the blood-red light. These shiny metal cells

locked behind thick glass where trenches of asphalt and fumes of carbon smoke parch their rusted bars. In one steel cell, a teenage couple laugh. Behind another fat glass, porcelain mother, cheeks cracked.