

## Other Versions

Of me parade in my fears  
Of what you might dream.  
I have seen their photos & the magnified  
Negatives. I have read their mash notes &  
Only in print (illiterate, tedious), does  
The resemblance disappear.

Baby, am I also the carbon copy of some  
Long ago ghost's ache?  
If so, bless the aggression of my jealousy  
Working your clay flesh.

If only the soul were so malleable,  
The mind, the heart.  
All of mine is the Karma Sutra melting  
In abandon beyond technique  
In the creed of ironing your surgical scrubs:  
Open aortas full in our look.

Are your other loves as aware of such need  
In our time, the passing headlines death  
Spectres of ink?

I put blindfolds on statues, red ribbons  
On chests, black arm bands as custom  
For the unseen purple hearted legions of regimes.  
I take your seed & wonder if it's spit mixed  
With the liquor of another.

I iron, darling, I iron our scrubs  
Before we pass, doing duty, in the stalwart  
Wards of so many who are us:  
Wheeled pietas

Peeling