Poem

White coat

Its feigned objectivity
 crisply ironed with the cost of ignorance.
 Unstained
 by the wearer's lack of intention.
 Far from pure —
 with calculated aloofness.
 How soon it forgets,
 though rarely forgives
 our shared history.
 Priding the consumer's need
 in its sustenance and power.
 Its fabric no longer delicately woven
 from dreams of multicolored shepherds
 set free,
 seeking to heal.
 Now mass produced,
 fit to provide
 for an economy of its kind.
 Forgetting that without you,
 I am not.
 May wrinkles and stains fall upon it,
 graceful reminders of its truth.

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