

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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