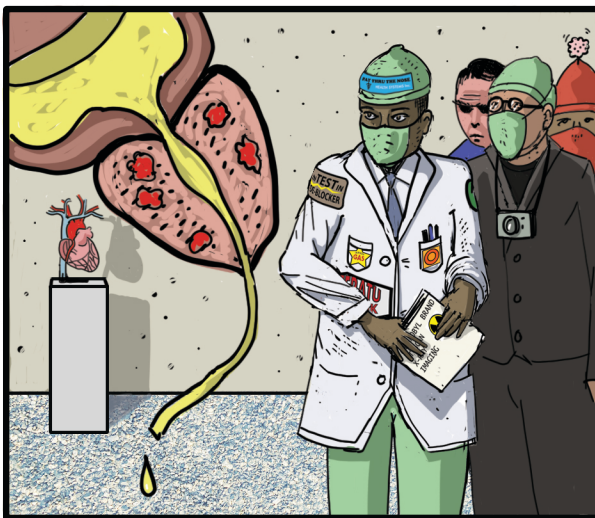


Solo Show

I have become transparent.
The masked mechanics have looked inside
with magnets and gamma rays
at the lesions that have come uninvited,
spray painted graffiti,
a wall of cells
the color of corruption.



I am the gallery
the doctor visits with his
assistants.
They photograph,
wander through my rooms,
soft soles squeaking
like rubber mice
on the hard linoleum floor.
We discuss insurance and
the price for my prostate,
which they will keep
when I leave.