American Husband

O, Empty-of-Hours, the doctor’s a clock. His hand is a serrated knife. Heavy his books, his medical meanings,

his pharmacological eyes.

Father Infallible, Doctor Indelible, Goat you’ve got, my goad–You, and your malpractice suits, your wingtips and tuxedoes.

Doctor Parenthesis, Father for emphasis, Stepmothers Must and Because: Doctor dismiss my dire diagnosis—my god’s

a blot—of implausible pause.

Dear Doctor, Dear Proctor, administer my test (Your office assigns your affections.) Dear Doctor, Dear

Forceps, my Father, forget this— I’ll ration your attention.

I’ll wait and I’ll wait. I’ll compile and I’ll plate an unending compendium of juvenile complaints:

American make me, American take me with you when you go. You do not do, you do not do— Faster, Bastard! American Fetch! you do not do—you don’t.
American Father, My General Boss
I am your father—and you
are my loss. Professor my lecture, mother
my tongue—I live
with a desk where nothing gets done.
Inhibit my habits and dress me in gauze—my god’s
a clot. Of unsolvable cause.

American Husband, American Head, nobody
stopped me, nobody said Surgeons
must be very careful/ When they take the knife!