

Metamorphosis into Bureaucrat

Marge Piercy

1971

My hips are a desk.
From my ears hang
chains of paper clips.
Rubber bands form my hair
My breasts are wells of mimeograph ink.
My feet bear casters.
Buzz. Click.
My head
is a badly organized file.
My head is a switchboard
where crossed lines crackle
My head is a wastebasket
of worn ideas.
Press my fingers
and in my eyes appear credit and debit
zing. Tinkle.
My navel is a reject button
From my mouth issue canceled reams.
Swollen, heavy, rectangular
I am about to be delivered

of a baby
xerox machine.
File me under W
because I once
was
a woman.

fifth Estate

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