

The Doppelganger's Ars Duplicata

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It's not enough to have raiment. Someone must dab iridescence gently onto the colloquial's crystalline gears. We look at ourselves. Would anyone have us? I mean *really* have us, affidavits and all? It's tempting to retreat to the wax bungalow with our doppelganger and annotate root vegetables, poring over a relief map of the Tuberculosis Authority. My doppelganger knows I can be cruel and aloof. Worse: prone to glottal stops and misspellings that smell like scorched hair. And the bloodwork, the crying jags, the triplicate stippling—all very difficult. We resemble ourselves, and therefore must be consecrated as suspects in the tributary of musk as it issues anonymously from the fissure in the earth. The air-conditioners come on in order to keep the proper nouns cool, and their intricate sequins become sequential: *Miss Anaphora*, *Mr. Otherwise*, *Mistress Meta* . . . In this jacked-up, tricked-out, spot-on stanza, we offer the best transgression, we bathe in an arpeggio of electrons zinging about, and wait, now as the doppelganger wakes from its dream of plural and parallel blurs.