People think I could

make another Dolly

but they don't understand

that there would never be

another sheep like her

a copy of copies imprinted

I wanted so much

to grow wild

branching out in

contradictory time zones

where the hills were dead

it's all wrong but it's

all right at least I could run

losing myself in disposable

bodies no longer animal

not yet machine

common and close

neither dumb nor blonde

and turning back you glimpse

a species receding in so many

versions you can't count

or failing the lookalike contest

for being false enough

to seem completely real