

**SUE D. BURTON**

**Bulletproof**

*for Spencer Reece*

Today it's Hopkins and *his obscure spiritual contraptions*—  
everything I read is heart-corseted, like a concealable vest,  
police surplus good as new. Some fanatic is packing a gun.

I turn to Hopkins—*living speech*—sprung,  
stressed, compressed—then I'm off again, help me, obsessed.  
O, restless mind—my own strange spiritual contraption.

Armor with a warranty: order it online—unless you're a felon.  
But a killer aims at your head when you're his holy pretext.  
Right to choose: third eye, bull's eye. Some fanatic is packing a gun.

Why is the body so feared, its physicality, its passion?  
Even Hopkins—*the beauty of the body is dangerous*—wrestling  
with God, that obscure spiritual contraption.

Last week I read we're wired for God: blessed evolution.  
We're (spring me!) wired to control—oil, water, sex.  
God help us: tonight a fanatic is packing a gun.

Another doctor shot. The killer thinks he's won.  
Bodies, ourselves—mere rhetoric? Beauty is the spirit fleshed.  
I mourn, I get ready for work, I put on my contraption,  
it presses on my heart. Some fanatic is packing a gun.