

## **Citizen Permutation**

I am not usually a dizzy man. I have dodged the nights that urge me not to leave with my life. I am the son of a son and a daughter. I am awash in some desire of novice appeal. I have noted the solid craft of my windshield wipers. Retribution snakes around me like a forgone disease. There is a knot of apricots fraying in my skull. I know that I am neither normal nor extraordinary. I live on the contrary side of town. I have smoothed out my body under bossa nova sunlight. I have wandered down soggy paper trails in the rain. I believe that every border should be replaced by a big sloppy kiss. My chopped hair is shaped into a monument. I have aired human sacrifice on television. I have wound a procession of rope around willing lovers. I have viewed the profile of my body through the eyes of a satellite self. I have signed my own petition to consider a new set of primary colors. Spontaneity cannot be overstated, but nothing is really momentous anymore. My heart is a hidden beach in central Arkansas. I have ripped away the perforated part of my soul.

**Bee Morris**