

*Dispatch from an Inland University*

First thing they do:  
they rust  
the bright out of you.

Your uniform almost  
a tourist's,  
color-corrected

to minimize joy.  
You're rewired, and then  
to imagine

you don't know it,  
you dirty bomb, you,  
excites them.

A hand raised up  
to the ear  
mimics boredom.

They are so pleased  
to be launched  
ahead like this,

so delighted to play  
sailor, to lay  
groundwork. So charmed

to be met, to get to speak  
and speak and wait  
for no reply.