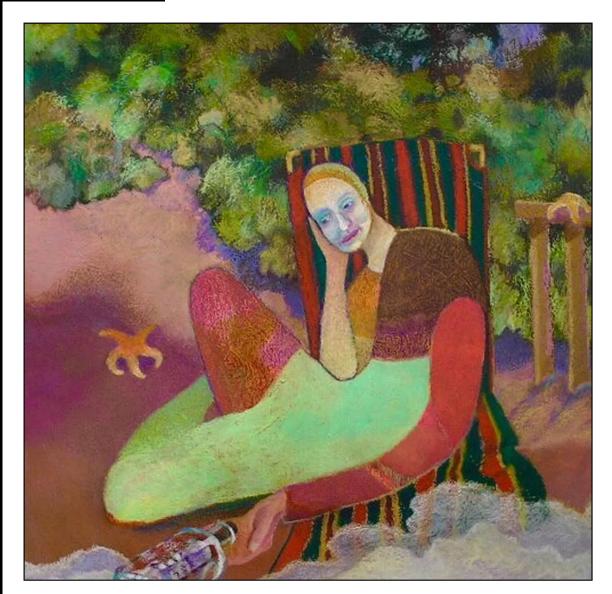
JEN NINNIS



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JEN JABAILY-BLACKBURN

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.