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Roberts: I am an important person

I AM AN IMPORTANT PERSON

Andrew Michael Roberts

Today we escaped. No alarms, no dislocations. It went like this: your face and its bad song fading out in the opposite direction. Mine telling me, *Don't look back*. And, *This is what you get*. My tongue this pink anvil. My lungs all fucked up. Still, I am full of enthusiasm. I can walk. I am tattooed intermittently, the strip malls dwindling, the city beginning to swallow me. It sucks at my eyes and smells of fish sauce. I shoot myself through space. I am railing at some invisible machine. I squint and achieve great velocity. Overhead the contrails hiss. Though in all the rush I miss the skinny bed of my past. The becalmed tick of empty rooms. The moment I lie down and let my spine lengthen out. Everything everywhere else is what I really want. What I forget is the night birds squawking. Every other dreamer in the world parallel or perpendicular to me or at odd angles, evading their own sick sleep. All the utensils in their silent slots. All the world's fingers and guns and their great collective potential. Oh foreigner, your city, your missiles. I swallow them like knives and it's not enough. I'm too attached to the world. Come closer. Kill me again.