

JO (cont.)

God, Arthur- How'd I get to 37 still here? I want a tattoo of every place I've lived. I want it all over my body.

My mom was always going to leave too, you know? Said the same thing every year. She was gonna do it. Had all her money saved up to go and then the doctor gave the diagnosis and that was it. And now all that money's gone to health bills and her funeral. The damn property went to the health bills.

Haygen's off the map and all I can think is how much I want to gooooo. I think I understand him being gone. He was always "go go go."

I'm a lot like him, I guess.

Except how can you go anywhere if this place is barely cutting it beyond rent and food? So solve me that Arthur, solve me that. I guess there's loans, but I've seen what those do to people.

God, give me an inch to talk and I'll apparently run my mouth a mile.

You know what I'm kicking myself for? I burnt all my extra cash on a poetry class. A goddamn poetry class. Yeah. I used to sneak off on my downtime to Iowa City. They have this summer Week of Writing. I took a week off to take a poetry class. And all it got me was this sense of being haunted. Like, haunted, actually haunted by a line I wrote.

Pick an inanimate object.

You got one?

ARTHUR

The Shake-a-Day cash jar.

JO

Now imagine it speaking. That was the assignment.

ARTHUR

What'd you pick?

JO

Guess. I memorized the damn thing. Because it haunts me.

One flash and I was gone.

I disappeared into a canary-colored box.

And STOP took over.

I am Go. Going nowhere.

I'm here even when I'm not. Just unlit.

I am Go. I am made of go.

You look at us and see contours. Angled arms and straight edged legs. Leaning forward.

A display of momentum.

All us Go men going nowhere.

You see verbs between the lines.