

## **To Rozanne**

I could give a fuck-all about your grammar, ok, and I feel like a weirdo basically anywhere I go. By the way, it's did, not done, and no e-d, or just e-d minus done or did. But never mind. I wonder what it's like being you. Do you get sick of all these heads? What's it like to hold them in your hands—empty, buzzing, aching, stoned and would-be wise? You could drown us or stab us, if you wanted. You could make us laughing stocks for weeks. At the very least, you could take a little off an ear. You have no idea the power you done aquired at Joseph's Beauty School in Fargo. Today when you rinsed and conditioned and finally swaddled my head in white, my brain lay down and went so still. Thank you. Thank you.