

Whats tht on yr arm?

I wear many sleeveless shirts to beat the heat. They reveal my circuits, my hard plastic growths with all their quiet clicking and churning of insulin. The invisible hum of wifi between my phone and my arm keeps me alert of that fact the phone and I are one and the same. I read more studies about how wifi radiation is going to be the death of all of us "damn millennials." Our heads slowly, and surely, becoming tumors of information.

Sometimes when I go out I feel the needles in my epidermis shift as a stranger grabs my arm and asks fervently: "What's that on your arm?" "Is that a nicotine patch? Hell, I need one of those!"

This is how I know it's summer. This is how I know that I am a contemporary citizen. A cyborg, a clockwork orange, a threat to national security because I am not a "perfect being", I am too beautiful. Often when I travel, the TSA agent will roughly massage my arms, feel my pumps and say, "Well I guess they can't make bombs out of those yet!" Every time I almost laugh and wish to respond, sweet as candy, "*Oh! How lucky for YOU.*"

This makes me think about how I am a force of nature. How I am not separate because there is not a goddamn thing that delegates me as different from the trees or the asphalt except for some molecular shifts in the coding of the physical world. If "nature" did not want me to live, if the Darwinian view is so correct, why am I still here? Why is it that when I was two miles lost in the woods and my glucose crashed to 30, what would put most into seizures, that I felt the hands of a giant spirit cup my ass and spine, pushing me out of the sticky trees and into my car into a local McDonalds? I'd like to think that was some strange moment of divinity speaking directly to me, "Not yet young blood, we've got way too much to do before we're through with you."