

Suzanne Cody

Adultish (Yes)

Ah. You want to be a stripper.

We can't stop you, can't say "No." Not anymore, no more no. Just

strip it down, yes, slap on those pasties, yes.

Shake what yo' Mama gave you. Yes. Poke a hole in your labia tongue lip nipple any of many potential holey spots that you may want to poke holes in, hole poking is a go, yes. From now on the answer is yes.

The Constitution is applicable.

Yes to guilty/not guilty.

Permission forms, parental signature unrequired—go see a porno, giggle and jack off

under your coat: "Ma'am, did you order a pizza/call for an electrician/need a plumber to plunge you?" Yes. Kill a man in Reno just to watch him die. Yes to cigarettes. Yes to fireworks.

Yes to bridezilla temper tantrums skydiving scratch tickets apartment commitments writing checks

debt. Divorce. Tucking dollar bills into g-strings at hootchy-kootchy bars voting, yes. Go to jail go directly to jail do not pass go do not collect \$200. Yes. To internet

dildo shopping and live-nude-girl peep shows. Yes to driving at 2 a.m. Wal-Mart gun shopping lung cancer ink wings on shoulder blades flowers

on thighs. Sell your soul.

Yes to being shipped off to

burnt lands to shoot brown people. Yes. "Please sign here" Yes.

Suzanne Cody's (MFA, Nonfiction Writing, University of Iowa) recent publications include poetry in *Gambling the Aisle* and *Crack the Spine*, essays in *Queen Mob's Tea House* and *Pithead Chapel*, and flash fiction in *Blink Ink*. She currently serves as the creative nonfiction editor for *Crack the Spine*.