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In the summer of 1982, as told by dad

Sara Munjack SUNY Geneseo

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SARA MUNJACK

In the summer of 1982, as told by dad

Monday:

Take what I say with a grain of angel dust. James Brown on the radio in constant conversation. These are the days the D train filled its bodice with graffiti & tinny boom boxes. Underneath the Williamsburg Bridge, you were only buying your drugs the pop of a gunshot and the squeal of reality's response interrupts. Faith cannot exist on its own // you go home to your cream of barley soup and Al Green. Pretend you did not see the universe shatter if only for a moment. (its seams will reconstitute itself with heat waves off the pavement) Watch your chest, it still rises in breath like leavened bread.