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In the summer of 1982, as told by dad

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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.