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Dank Memories

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Moonlight Aubrey Tinch

Dank Memories

J.D. Isip

The one with teeth
The one with mushroom clouds,
A kid in a hoodie laughing
Gripping his head,
The Scream repeated
Screen after screen,
"That's racist" boy,
Am I reaching out for
Or running away from them?

Oprah sitting on a beige divan, sun setting on cue, RuPaul told her the secret of keeping brown foundation off her cream turtleneck and it is immaculate, all of it, the ice tea, the mint, women knitting her every word into pillows, scarves, a kaftan with a menagerie marching around the arms and neck line, she places the stones in my hands and signs a copy of *The Secret* the page opposite her foreword, the only part anyone reads, she's so patient except when she has to ask for more ice.

People of Walmart, nobody's got no time for that, "Hide your children, hide your wives," Y Tho? The dog is still on fire, "This is fine"—the Angry Muslim Guy, determined baby, stock photo woman crying, Boromir warning "One does not simply" Forget them. They're forgotten.

The one where I win, my triumphal entry, the palm fronds, village girls, muses, divas on rotating stages, a white-haired shaman cupping his wrinkled hands beneath my chin singing the victory song, legend of me the way I forgot me, unbroken ranks of soldiers, twenty-one-gun salute, blam, blam, blam—loud enough to make it real, stave off the rest of it, the garden, tears of blood, the one I brought back from the dead, pigs rushing the cliffs, porcine bodies splashing against the shores the smacking sound like skin on skin and Judas' kiss on kiss.



Papa Legba Kathryn B. Helton