

DEAR DAD,

That time you were cleaning your gun and forgot that it was loaded; shot a bullet right through your left fuck-you finger, got it sewn back together, got your sound back together, what a beautiful flying saucer across our living room, what a talking book. No judgment whatsoever. Actually I think every black male soul singer in the federation has to pawn love for 45s once-in-a-while, the Mississippi millimeter, the width between the me and the scene on the map made Ma'at, not that that's what it was, the swell of blood around our verses, versus the blood on the leaves, blood at the roots, where it gets tough, and tuff too, but you were, and are, our true wooden soldier; we wouldn't have sold that blast, that day, for the whole wide/white world, and the wound of it bloomed like longing flowers, longing to bleed for their beauty. *Swoon, swoon, swoon, win me back.* I don't remember the sound it made, I just recall the white cloth on black metal caped like magic and arose as compass, cupid arrows, so-what bliss. And that we knew you were not afraid and grew fearless with you. Catharsis, arson, total sanity overcame us like a weakness for stories. *Didn't wanna have to do it, didn't wanna have to do it.* Even now. Odd future. You do write, and we do write. Listening to Prog Rock, listening to you sing and watch, listening to the night close like a trapdoor as that vast calm makes us wish we'd been dreaming.

Fearlessly and with love,
Harmony