

It does not matter

It does not matter my friend can throw a punch or that her superman kick can put a 6-foot man on the ground. I am always waiting for this call. I'm always thinking about alleys, guns, boys we call our best friends until. There is no perfect day in green grass, dragonflies, jumping rope in Astoria Park. A girl grins at me across the track while I shadowbox. She's 7 or 8. She wants to know how to throw a jab, a hook, an uppercut. I'll show her though I want to make her promise a list of things she won't do, but I don't. I don't want her to be careful. I want her to flick her fists into the sun like she's strong enough to dent it. I want her to make the sun a donut and look through it into another a world where my friend has never called me today, weeping, where I have not had to wonder what it is I must say. I watch this girl's fists, the first of autumn caught in her hair. "Thumbs down," I say, "like this like this like this."