

Make an Effort to Remember. Or, Failing That, Invent.

—Monique Wittig

i do not remember a life without guns there was no yesterday
into which i can make my escape no homeland to go back to except this one was
i always so afraid when did i learn to make up this face to pretend a
call a whistle from across the street doesn't make my skin crawl do i really
have to paint the picture of a man with a gun it doesn't matter if it is bad
form to say i do not want to punish him it doesn't matter what i want is a day
where any of us out for a jog at our jobs sitting at our desks at school watching for
the bird that flew past still hear its song let it arrive without a thought of him
the man with the gun coming for us consider what it means to say he was *fed up* and
at the end of his rope i am also not without hope not without compassion
this
spring day where the sun is merciless does not spare us as we march again what is
ever enough what will satisfy this hunger to be just left alone for once what
can i offer my aunt my grandmother worried to go for a walk this is what he
does even now we watch out for the bird it must exist we saw it we did we did

Jennifer Perrine