

You know, a past—sweaty bed sheets, bars, triple beams, cigarette boats docked on the intercostal next to the now-demolished restaurant where a woman sat eating clams next to the cheeky sixteen year olds flashing Rolex Presidentials, a longago when tanning with baby oil was *de rigueur*, not horror, when a person was too busy to notice the conflagration of sun, the moon on the ocean, the breeze across her bare legs and farther north the crosses burning in front yards or ice on the inside of the kid's bedroom window, when mountain festivals featured reedy sopranos, when her house featured Safeway boxes nailed to the studs and wall papered over, feather-fragile days in which she ate well because of food stamps and wore Wal-Mart and men's hands and drove an old Volkswagen and maybe had one night out to see Rocky with her straight hairdresser so stoned on hash brownies that when he put his pretty hands on her she didn't flinch and now doesn't remember what came after just the relief of being in a movie theater she couldn't afford, the treat and the escape. She cried. She admired Sly. That.