

Music from a Broken Record

Everything is greasy.

Grease on the gloves, on the plates, on their skin, on the pots and pans, and in the food. Fat drips off the raw meat patties on the grill top and sizzles, popping oil onto greasy napkins sitting on the countertop. Fried potatoes gurgle in the oil, while slimy customers complain of undercooked meat and melted smoothies. A salad sits on the greasy bar top and becomes a landing spot for flies, as dressing too salty for anyone's liking drowns the wilted lettuce. These sounds reverberate about the hamburger shop like a horrible beat sample. The clinging of dishes, searing and popping of French fries, mix the silverware-scraping hymn of her morning.

Six hours later, she saunters home through a golden doorframe etched with Gods.

She sits as liquid beads materialize in pools between the pink innermost junctions of her eyes. They drain beside a sloped bone

& drip

upon

dirty



jeans and graphic tees suffocating the
hardwood.

She echoes stories told on icy nights to a mirror beside an unmade bed.
Reflecting on two women:

Bachan is a great grandma whose house meant spaghetti and the smell of wood. Bachan is gentle laughs, knitting yarn blankets that shelter the couches. Reminders to not use straws and fresh mauve nail polish. Bachan is my dad's kiai getting off her chair. Japanese-American woman. Is playing the drums with a smile in the internment camp. Pale glassy skin and young eyes in a black and white photo. Bachan is rose garden-keeper and a mother who lost her son. Cards on every occasion and a kiss goodbye.

A smile assembles upon an olive toned and unblemished face. The second woman appears in her mind and the miserable story scratches at her skull like a caged rodent.

Over

And

Over

Huddled in a room six years old
& confused. Marched from home,
into a world whose lens is veiled
by a milky film of
grey.
Her father, captured & tiny eyes
still lost. Currency:
obsolete in the despair. Lives
struggle hopeless in the wickedness of
homeland.



The innocent suffer in heartbreak. Bartering for life.
Teeth rotting—she's hungry. No one knew how
horrific it was. But we know now.
We have seen what happened.
We cry.

~~She's distraught at the cyclical nature of man and scrapes a tear wedged
between cavernous eye bags. PRAY PRAY. There is time and everything can
be **heal**ed in time and through Him, who hears **our** voices. Clear fluid oozes
from brown eyes and drips from a pointed cupid's bow, **landi**ng on a Magnolia
coffee table book.~~

