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Standing Room Only

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Harmon: Standing Room Only STANDING ROOM ONLY

JERMAINE HARMON

-for Aviva Bumgardner

1.

I saw my grandmother in you. She, too, wears her Sunday best to every occasion, and says inappropriate things to unfamiliar people. Costume furs and a bottle of Elizabeth's diamonds are her favorites.

2.

When you spoke to her I saw a recognizable melancholy in her eyes. The black of the tunnel matched perfectly the black of your voice. This black has played us both. Dusted everything with an ambiguity marked with a certain scent, bananas going bad, or hummingbird must.

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I hear a baby cry. She spits a mutual foreign language into the condensed car air. She passes out her crying while looking for her father in the faces of men rushing to empty seats. I've done this.

> The town where our parents noved a immed a tall and darkstome city.

> > Not the town they promised. My sisters and I grew furious.

We grew like thistle in the steady north's shade. We stole and shattered glass

at every chaote, slammed our lathar's three pound sledge on Mason jurs.

we would from all the pointy shalves. When air mother's back was furned

trom her work at the stainiess double stake and the high-set kitchen window instruct

> out lets thredding air past the solings, we reactized the middle finger.

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