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November 1992: Washington, D.C.

Karen L. Morris

When your name is read,
there will be a reverberation
in the thin, late autumn sunlight,
like the echo that follows
the scream of a jet
or the dust that settles in the first seconds
after the firebomb in the Saigon cafe,
before the girl delivering fish
starts to scream.

It began with the rattling of a black, beaded curtain
hung in the doorway at Crazy Jim's.
a May night, soft stars like moths against the screen
smoke, green eyes,
your fingers on the Gibson's strings

It ends here:

a cold black wall
your name.