

# Something Happened Somewhere Sometime Around Dinner, April 26, 1986

Jessica M. Lockhart

Maybe I refused my spaghetti, my peas. Maybe I warred Skeletor against the Princess of Power and watched *Splash* on rented VHS. If only Daryl Hannah, tanked fish-woman, had She-Ra's magic, plastic-stuff power.

In your time zone eight hours different, maybe you heard the explosion. Maybe you soaked up big bangs and Hiroshimas, barren test deserts, pulsed with generation, enough power

to keep the Ukraine running. Maybe a call rushed your father to the plant, and you slept. Maybe I rose from warped trailer floor to push rewind, stood there to press stop and shove power

with a deconstructed ball-point before the tape rewound, so our VCR wouldn't eat it. Maybe you saw your dad again, insides about to twist out like an eaten tape, swollen and red and sick from raw, rough power

and he said power tasted like metal air, and you had to pack a few things. Maybe you rode a bus driven by an itchy man who didn't know how long you'd be gone. A couple of days, maybe, upwind of power.

Maybe your little brother and the deer you could have eaten grew up bent and sick or maybe they didn't grow up at all. Maybe there is prayer, you maybe thought, with corrective power.

Maybe you were turning six in June, and you just did kid stuff like I did. Maybe your one toy for the road was not too dosed to keep. Maybe even Soviet girls could have She-Ra's magic changes, Adora's sword and gold-cuff power.

Maybe in June you did turn six, and maybe you got clean toys. I hope so. Here they sang happy birthday to Jessica, cake and ice cream, many more. Maybe your breath in metal air drove candle smoke and spread protective power.

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