

myself on top of the
hairbrush? Is it a

dirty feeling? Is it a
torn feeling? Is it

electric? I can't see my

father's face. Could this be
the grain of his terror

before I felt
my own? Perhaps

we were all raped. Initiation
into humanity—the

hairbrush up your butt.

SHOE REPAIR BUSINESS

“This shoe is shiny
as a nigger's heel,” his
customer burst out
approvingly; then, remembering
the owner is black, he
tactfully appends, “I mean
shiny as a *Negro's* heel!”