

REBECCA LEHMANN

THE HISTORY OF YESTERDAY

Origins have no location in this history:
a story of who did what, and when, and why.
The impetus could be orange blossoms, or cockatiels,
or a short story set in Texas; it doesn't matter.
All we have are fragments—the aluminum
melted under friction, and the paint, rust resistant,
left a burgundy splatter. A man named
one poem *Yesterday*, and one *Pussy Juice*.

Schoolchildren fretted over spelling rules.
The zippers on their backpacks and jackets
broke as simultaneously as destructive orgasms.
Sometimes we remember the loud scream,
sometimes the loud scream remembers us.
Sometimes the sky is a dirty slut, sucking off the sun.

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