

SUMMER NIGHT JUSTICE

Brooke Nicole Plummer

In the basement,
the air vents whirred and
“Easter” played in its entirety

On the counter,
a saucer was filled with chilled,
mango cream,
soon to be injected into the pastries
on a cooling rack

At the bottom steps of the porch,
my roommate and I flexed our
double-bladed words over analyses
of de Cleyre’s “Sex Slavery”

On the right side of the street,
a billboard mocked the
determination of equity —

a businessman was grasping
a bottle of Coors by his groin,
the glass rim disappeared in the lips
of a lemon-haired woman

(Children raise questions
like Cassandra Peterson
raises bumps in the night)

I went to the shed,
rummaged through some boxes, and
pulled out a head-sized
cherrybomb

My roommate and I climbed up
to the billboard to light the fuse

Three minutes later,
the faces were blobs of black,
a Rush Limbaugh mindset
in smithereens

Afterwards, we made our way
back to the basement,
where Smith was wailing and
dessert was celebratory