

The Murder Dubs Recycle

When I get out of my car
My neighbor from across the street is waving
his English is bad
but he's asking if I heard the gunshots the night before

I did
My mind racing to my son in the front of the house
his face to the glass catching a hot one
ripping through wood glass flesh
my neighbor's son was studying too
when bullets pierced the front of his house
luckily over his head

A lot of words volley across the street
and I gather only a few
he says the police told him a man in a white SUV
shot into six houses in our neighborhood
as we yell back and forth

A buttoned up white man cruises through in a Prius
like Christopher Columbus
He eyes the lot next to mine
I shake my head No at him
point to the bullet holes
He hums off in his hybrid
only interested in investment

An aggressive old lady almost gets run over
on her way to sift through my garbage
I shake my head again at her relentless pursuit of bottles and cans
and sing along with Erykah Badu thumping from the back of my trunk
Bag lady you gone miss your bus draggin' all them bags like that

Cassandra Dallett

Cassandra Dallett lives in Oakland, CA. Cassandra writes of a counter culture childhood in Vermont and her never ending adolescence in the San Francisco Bay Area. She has been published widely online and in print magazines such as *Slip Stream*, *Sparkle and Blink*, *Criminal Class Review*, *Chiron Review* and *Out Of Our*. A full-length book of poetry *Wet Reckless* was released from Manic D Press in May of 2014.

