The Golden Shovel
By Terrance Hayes

after Gwendolyn Brooks

I. 1981

When I am so small Da’s sock covers my arm, we

 Cruise at twilight until we find the place the real

 men lean, bloodshot and translucent with cool.

 His smile is a gold-plated incantation as we

 drift by women on bar stools, with nothing left

 in them but approachlessness. This is a school

 I do not know yet. But the cue sticks mean we

 are rubbed by light, smooth as wood, the lurk

 of smoke thinned to song. We won’t be out late.

 Standing in the middle of the street last night we

 watched the moonlit lawns and a neighbor strike

 his son in the face. A shadow knocked straight

 Da promised to leave me everything: the shovel we

 used to bury the dog, the words he loved to sing

 his rusted pistol, his squeaky Bible, his sin.
The boy’s sneakers were light on the road. We watched him run to us looking wounded and thin. He’d been caught lying or drinking his father’s gin.

He’d been defending his ma, trying to be a man. We stood in the road, and my father talked about jazz, how sometimes a tune is born of outrage. By June the boy would be locked upstate. That night we got down on our knees in my room. If I should die before I wake. Da said to me, it will be too soon.

II. 1991

Into the tented city we go, weakened by the fire’s ethereal afterglow. Born lost and cooler than heartache. What we know is what we know. The left hand severed and schooled by cleverness. A plate of weekdays cooking. The hour lurk-
ing in the afterglow. A latenight chant. Into the city we
go. Close your eyes and strike
a blow. Light can be straight-
ened by its shadow. What we
break is what we hold. A sing-
ular blue note. An outcry sin-
ged exiting the throat. We
push until we thin, thin-
king we won’t creep back again.

While God licks his kin, we
sing until our blood is jazz,

we swing from June to June.

We sweat to keep from we-
eping. Groomed on a die-
t of hunger, we end too soon.
