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Amerika

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AMERIKA

The K we wrote into America was like prying apart the jaws of the 60's and inserting our heads. The teeth were the 50's—white, enameled like the fridge. Hanoi was where we were headed, headless as we were, and fuck Dad eking out his dying. We took the K from him, Republican golfer that he was, like Ike and his klan. It was too late to go to Selma or San Francisco, to be clubbed and dogbitten and loved. Writing it had the dizzying thrill of self-strangulation or sin. We were never sure if he heard, upstairs, but fuck him on general principles. Each accommodating consonant we'd make awkward, hammering the K's of the folding chairs with our fists. Apparently he never heard the manifestos and position papers. Softly, safely, we let the drugs come over us—experience was florescent. We took the K from neocolonial khaki, Yankee, kike, stroke, bunko artist, the Judas kiss.