

Beautiful

I stuck stars to the ceiling: a constellation of five points glowing green like Daddy's *Indiglo* watch—when I asked for the time, when he told me

I'm fishing from a sliver of moon, taking a cartoon running start before tackling the hill. Don't I know, Dad, that I'm singing into speakers, spinning

my wheels when I should be sleeping. It's not so easy, now, to stamp-out Mom's Marlboros at the bottom of the stairs. The first time I saw Grandma receive news

of death, she did somersaults on the carpet—a howling pinball bouncing off of couches in our living room. Strange what we leave on the floor...but wouldn't it be

hauntingly beautiful, Dad, to console a rolling, Italian boulder? I see my daughter, Bella, picking up crumpled toilet paper with her toes, and think, maybe that's beautiful.

I know it's not women naming babies inside their bellies—an accelerated relationship with their seed. Maybe beautiful is my bride's breasts when she exits the shower,

when she puts on mascara and nothing else. I told her manicotti meant *cooked hands*, and that's what you get for curling your hair—for thinking you could become

more beautiful. But Dad, I haven't stopped pumping gas with the engine running, and one day I'll blow up you, me, and a whole city block—couldn't that be beautiful?