

## *Father, 1970*

JULIE DANHO

Outside Sip-N-Dip Donuts, he and Drag and Crazy Andy down Cuervo until their blood runs gold, until Charlie lazes by, back enough from yesterday's bad acid to do his Tony Bennett for the troops. He smooths his storm cloud curls, his torn Doors T-shirt, even sways as he butchers *Put on a Happy Face* to boos, a beer can clocked at his head. They drink more. Crazy Andy seduces two dozen jellies from the countergirl, and they eat until they're powdered white. Nights, those boys are still there. That lot's so hot they sweat standing still—not one complains. Three are heading over, and my father's number is coming quick. I know who will die, who will live. I'd never tell. They're all practicing, and they've got to be ready when it comes.