Halcyon + on + on

Aarron Bodbyl

Where Bon Jovi meets Belinda Carlisle
In the age of pan-and-scan, the age of regret
Woe be the day
Laser imaging, virtual reality
Robert Picardo
What will come next
But, cut to the remix
Live, in concert, behind the turntables
China Beach meets the Wonder Years, too
Fred Savage, do you know what that's worth
In the age of wide screen,
Paul becomes the Anti-Christ Superstar
But, I prefer the Belvedere theory
Go-go, sing it again, this time, in reverse
Oo, baby, heaven is a place on earth

Rite of Passage

Dan Peretti

My dad is so cool. Every day when I was little he used to walk up to me and stick one hand up in the air like he was going to hit me. Then, as my attention was focused on that hand, usually his right, he would jab me in the stomach, not hard, with his left hand. This caused me to double over and make a strange “doulph” sound.

Well, inevitably my intellect and coordination grew. I began to block the left hand. My dad reacted in the only way he could to maintain dominance. He would raise his right hand as if to hit me, jab at me with the left, and, as I blocked the jab, he would knock upon my head with his unobstructed right hand.

For years I was dumbfounded.

Then, one fateful day, a miracle occurred.

My father, the great and wonderful man that he was and is still, raised his right hand into the air as if to hit me. As my attention was diverted to blocking his jabbing left hand with my right, he struck with his right hand. To the amazement of all, that hard-knuckled right hand met with a new resistance: my left hand.

We both stood there, frozen by the symbolism of it all.

My dad never attempted to hit me like that again.

Every once in a while, I will be talking to someone and I will get struck with the urge to raise my hand as if to strike. A hand always moves to block the oncoming attack, only to fall in futility as my left hand jabs into the stomach. I can only think: “that one is not yet a man.”