

TRUTH THOMAS

DREAMGIRL

A zaftig sister with iPod ears and a dandelion
dress sings while waiting for the 90 bus to
Congressional Heights as Duke Ellington
hums along from the front porch of his

mural here above the Green Line Metro. Her
hair is a velvet lounge of black—waves
pulled back into an obedient teacher's
bun, shining under the follow

spot sun like the vinyl eye of an old school LP
or Armor All glaze on the tires of a maubi-
colored Escalade, now double-parked
and being towed in front of Ben's

Chili Bowl by one of DC's finest. At 100
degrees Fahrenheit, humidity is thicker
than grease on chitlins—still the
sister blows—sings like every

stranger passing by her is an American
Idol judge—sings as if this urine
baked sidewalk, freckled with
its flattened wads of gum

and crumpled up McDonald's bags is the
polished stage of the Apollo—sings
as if Carnegie Hall is calling her
name and she knows this

garbage that surrounds
her, will never be
her home.