

## **Black Hole Sun (Won't you come)**

*After Lyn Hejinian*

*In space no  
one can hear  
you scream.*

They took a photo of a black hole yesterday. The nihilists were right. It's my father's birthday tomorrow. He takes his coffee; black, every morning just as he has everyday since abuelo died in 2003. Fifty-two: years in the making, weeks in the year, cards in a deck, keys in a piano  
Khelga Link left her piano to me in her will, but I was away in college that month so Vladimir had it pawned to a vintage shop. I'd let a black hole swallow me whole if within it was that shiny Yamaha waiting for me. What's 52 to a lifetime? Ripe but not ripe enough to ruin a flavor. "you've left those mangos out for too long, now the pulp is way too mushy and papi doesn't like when the pulp is mushy." I knew that. This is the 2nd birthday of his that I miss, that is, if you don't count the year he left to America or the 31 prior to my existence. *Did you know Mars rover 'Curiosity' sings happy birthday to itself each 5th of August?* That's a very Leo thing to do. It's also really fucking depressing. I just got off the phone with dad; he said all he wants for his 52nd is to have his only daughter home for the weekend. CheapOair has a roundtrip ticket for \$349.99 through American Airlines, but I hate last minute flying, and still owe money to the bursar. I'll try again next April. My grandpa died alone on a Cuban August of heart failure. They found him 3 days after it happened. In 3 billion years Andromeda will crash into the Milky Way. What's 52 to the universe? Noncototient. Never the answer to the equation. You always know what to say and when to say it. I took a complete bibliography of every black hole related research written from 1970-1974 from a book giveaway at Columbia last summer. In those 4 years my mother was born, Nixon was president, and Mexico had its 3rd student massacre. The world has ended many times. *How's mom doing, by the way?* They've named the black hole Powehi. It's Hawaiian for: 'embellished dark source of unending creation', which I think is the closest description of death that I'll ever accept. Some black holes have first and last names. I'd name this one after myself, if I could. I've got your mango smoothie. *Don't worry, I'll call you back tomorrow so that you never have to sing yourself happy birthday.*