

JASON TANDON

What Jack Next Door Remembers about Vietnam

The explosion of the girl's nose.
The cracking orbital bones. Her spit
hitting a gold metal button on his uniform.
The pyramid of Wonder Bread on display.
The shine in her hair like a brushed mare's mane.
"Forgetting to buy the plates my dad
had forgotten for the party," he says,
and lifts a can of Natural Light
to kernels of boiled corn lodged in his gums.