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Three at the Bar on the Fourth of July

You who fell to your knees You who proposed after the ambulance
took the woman we found bleeding at the foot of the stairs Her husband
down the block yelling *I never forget a face* *If they hurt her* *I'll kill you*
your ancestors *your kids* Tell me: how can you kill someone
already buried or burned? When Billy showed up drunk and beaming
he didn't ask why you knelt why I held your hat over your face
paint slashed like lips on the brim Billy handed me a Hershey's Kiss
warm from his pocket I wore a white knit dress: nineteen on Inis Meáin
I bought the cheapest piece in the store I knew I'd always regret going home
without something authentic Sunny who sat outside his bar
shadows falling under the dusty awning Sunny a faint light in white jeans
linen shirt, half tucked in white beard sailing in the salted air
Sunny who died last week but that night said, *You look like an angel.* I said back, *God.*
Falling into a hug: *You look like God.* Sunny trailed his fingers
through my hair thick and wild in the salted wind sweat forming curls
on my forehead Billy who saw your eyes glaze laced his fists into a prayer
Billy who watched as you said *I love you* at Sunny's
for the first time Billy blocked your ears then your eyes