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## Dead Grapes, He Said

Heather Strubank

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## DEAD GRAPES, HE SAID

Dead Grapes, he said.

Rolling smoothly through the  
dark subdivision with the  
high beams on,  
Jazz tinkling on the radio.  
Quiet park, click open,  
slam close.

He takes my hand as we  
walk up to the house through  
the plush green lawn.  
"We'll have to compliment Brian  
on the yard," he said.

Standing on the step  
We knock on the screen door.  
"Brian," he yells; over the  
hum of the amp.  
Brian pads down the carpeted stairs,  
White tank, tight faded levis,  
and bare feet--from a different generation.  
A hug for me, a shaking of  
hands for him. The greeting  
reminds me of the reality--  
this is what adults do, a couple  
"visiting."

Unlikely house for a bachelor;  
all white and echoing inside as if new.  
Upstairs I lie on the couch--  
reading a "Brianish" coffee-table hardcover.  
*Rock Stars* with Mick on the front.  
He is carrying my Casio keyboard as  
Brian settles down at his drums.  
The far wall is blocked by  
large recording and mixing machines,  
the room strewn with albums and  
a guitar here and there.  
He lies down on the carpet, and I  
join him.

Music deafens the room.

"Mind Failure"  
and  
"Road Accident"

"You know, these songs are really  
awful," I laugh, "what should  
we call the group?"

"Dead Grapes," he said.

***Heather Strubank***