

Oktoberfest

The neighbors flooded MacArthur Avenue, street closed to cars and forget about parking; there's honey dear, her crotch outlined in sharp Vs, boobs falling out of her how-low-can-you-go V-neck, flesh fighting the confines and buttoning of her white linen shorts, a kind of block party where everyone who owned two beer tickets celebrated Oktoberfest in the Dimond district, otherwise known as the Fruitvale, home to Farmer Joes and Oaklandish a store that stayed true to its roots after all these years, and the library, its table behind a picket line of new bookmarks and stickers of pink unicorns, not to forget the guys with hair fades swooping over the shoreline of their ears, carrying kids on shoulders, infants in strollers, or just being goofy, T-shirts advertising garages, restaurants and just causes, gold necklaces and medallions, jangly bracelets and not a cell phone in sight because we were dancing and boom-boxing and hip-hopping rolling on the curb and in the middle of the street, and when the amplifier gave out with a loud burst of white light, the DJ laughed *let's keep going* as we bounced to the smell of grilled hot dogs and tacos as if nothing had ever happened.

