

indelible in the hippocampus

C. Kubasta

It was either Town X or Town Y, both just shy of an hour from home. It was either “Rump Shaker” or “O.P.P.” It was one of those single cassette tapes—we bought those then—stuck in the car’s stereo, and it played over and over and over, while I was in the passenger seat looking out the rolled-up window while I was huddled against the black vinyl upholstered door handle while I was momentarily grateful for the stick shift he got caught on while I was doing whatever I was able to do with my hands / the nails I’d grown / the small fists I made / what voice I had while I took to the floor, knees up & curled, fitting myself tight into the wheel well, my back hot & heating from the down vent

it hadn’t yet snowed

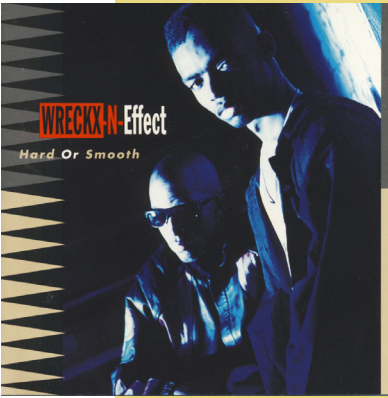
various interpretations of “O.P.P.” make this more or less relevant; all I remember of “Rump Shaker” is the video

this boy was very white, in his Midwestern muscle car

this boy said, *Jesus—*, he said it was *too much work*

I’ve become one of those single cassette tapes lately, playing on repeat: at cigarette breaks, around the bonfire, every time I hear doubt

I remember central details too, but the peripherals have disappeared: Town X or Town Y, his full name. But I know we were in the parking lot of a grocery store after hours, and he parked behind a dumpster that blocked the view from anyone driving by; I remember *after*, standing in his perfectly-normal kitchen, waiting for my ride home



Wreckx-n-Effect

“Rump Shaker”

Hard or Smooth

11/1992

MCA Records



Naughty By Nature

“O.P.P.”

Naughty by Nature

09/1991

Tommy Boy