

# The Day Before What Could be the Day

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All across his craved America, from edge to jagged edge, men crouch over basement tables, celebrating the thinness of his skin. They conjure plans to snatch his Sasha and bury her, gasping, in some tumbled box of earth. They want to tug at his wife's hair, pull her head back and slide a hot blade across her breath. They plot and graph, congregate and spew, approximate the arc of bullets, knit wires for explosives, and standing here, now, he can hear the dark buzz of their planning. Today, *Bring it on.* At least the not knowing where or when is something, something other than being shoved so hard toward history, and realizing, as he gets closer, *Damn. This looks like the back door.*