

Founder's Day

TOMMYE BLOUNT

That's the past's business: currency accrued over time, generational wealth inherited in a crude trickle down of interest—who's invested and who would rather knot their bow on the future's present? When it's personal it's not history but nostalgia. A home sickness that might rob a life depending on the life, depending on if there is a living, as in the long relative life in death. Ancestors, I'm talking, the ghosts sucking their teeth, hovering over shoulders like salespeople working on the big upsell. In the marketplace for the past, it's easy to get priced out. And don't even think about a raincheck or to return. What's damaged was purchased long ago. What was once done, done now only in ceremony like the ado going on right now in this town square built far from any city bus or underground trains. Banks of done-up up-done blond pageant queens process past men mounted on bronze dead horses. Banners pop in a renewed wind. Men wave, their sons wavering behind in old shoes, march a long-rehearsed step.

About the author

Tommye Blount is the author of the chapbook *What Are We Not For* (Bull City Press) and the full-length collection of poetry *Fantasia for the Man in Blue* (Four Way Books)—which was finalist for: the National Book Award, the Kate Tufts Discovery Award, the Lambda Literary Award in Gay Poetry, the Hurston/Wright Legacy Award, and others. He is the recipient of commendations, fellowships, and grants from: the Whiting Foundation, Cave Canem, Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, Kresge Arts in Detroit, and the Aninstantia Foundation. Just a few miles shy of his hometown in Detroit, Tommye now lives in Novi, Michigan.