

Can a memory move genetically?

Helena Neufeld

Somewhere in the late 60s:
A German school bus full
of Air-Force brats. My father
hears Sgt. Pepper for the first time
on some other kid's radio.
He's in his own sixties now,
a low lit, cluttered office.
I sit across from him
in quiet attention, there are
only words. But I swear:
I feel the floor of that
school bus at my feet,
a diluted version of
his own recollection. A landscape
that I've never seen:
Green hills, softly rolling.
The seats on the bus, The Beatles
disguising themselves,
I feel his neurons fire, his interest pique.
Our favorite Lonely Hearts Club Band
and we're streaming it
through the decades. Gritty
genius in sharp relief.
A musical gene flow, as if
our blood is more than just matter.