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An Apology to Thin Air

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African American Review, Volume 52, Number 1, Spring 2019, pp. 107-108
(Article)

Published by Johns Hopkins University Press

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.1353/afa.2019.0011>



AFRICAN AMERICAN REVIEW

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An Apology to Thin Air

When I stepped outside my house, I grimaced
because of how June roiled off the sidewalk,
wrinkling the porch-pose of my wife's orchids
and the sleek dark fur of the stray cat
lying in the shade of a planter, then I realized
my grimace just so happened to line up
with an old black man crossing the street,
and he frowned back at me, so that I stood there
unsure what to do next—if I should run
after him and explain the misunderstanding
or if that would only make matters worse;
besides, maybe he only looked that way
because of the awful heat which by then
had lasted so long, even the sprinklers
couldn't resuscitate those sad yellow lawns
lining our block in crisp, identical rows.

