

2021

Americana

Ceci Greubel

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.library.uab.edu/bpr>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#), and the [English Language and Literature Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Greubel, Ceci (2021) "Americana," *Birmingham Poetry Review*. Vol. 48, Article 17.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.library.uab.edu/bpr/vol48/iss2021/17>

This content has been accepted for inclusion by an authorized administrator of the UAB Digital Commons, and is provided as a free open access item. All inquiries regarding this item or the UAB Digital Commons should be directed to the [UAB Libraries Office of Scholarly Communication](#).

Ceci Greubel

Americana

Today I will go to a gun convention with my father and his friend Rob, a born-again Christian who owns a painting company and interrupts stories to ask if the characters “know Jesus.”

The aisles will be sprawling with weaponry—semiautomatics, Bowie knives, pepper spray, swords—but also a booth selling the “spiciest salsa in SoCal.”

We will move down in lines, fist beers, soak ourselves through with the hum of pro-gun lobbyists and Reagan memorabilia (the privilege of nostalgia) until we find what we came for—

bulk rolls of camo netting, laser scopes, ghillie suits—necessities for the modern huntsman. I will excuse myself briefly and slink to the restroom, something about nausea. When I return

I’ll pass by tables lined with pro-life stickers and magnets with apron-bearing housewives. The caption will read something about a husband with a gun, something about safety.

This is where they’ll find me.

Where Rob will hand me a hollow box.
Where I’ll open the box to find a lady-pink taser.

Where I’ll learn that tasers come equipped with spikes for gouging, mesh pads for easy handling.

Where they’ll tell me which men I should be afraid of.