

KING KONG, 1933

Deborah Paredez

Wasn't long after I was born
he sacked the city, knocked

the train car off its tracks. I was
just learning to read when he reached

through the curtains for the girl, not even
in school when he scaled the Empire

State Building, sent the white
ladies all aflutter from the show.

Our folks all worked up too, but
with joy, to see such comeuppance.

Mama said I was too young to understand
how one could feel for such a beast

but already I was beginning
to know how the mighty could fall—not

from grace or too much
pride, but from knowing you're all

alone as the chosen one. I was
starting to see how the people would

gather around the fallen
body, how they would drop

to their knees and cry, *Look*
what they've done to our King.