

Adagio

(Excerpt)

My dad was a Jew with muscles. He was athletic and tough. Like an Italian, he never backed down. He walked around the house in posing trunks. Posing trunks are specially made for competition bodybuilders of spandex bathing-suit material with a European cut. They were often gold or silver, and the leopard-print ones my dad wore, they were just weird. Whenever my dad passed a mirror he would stop and flex his bicep, Bam. But he wouldn't officially compete as a bodybuilder till his late forties.

My mom tells the story of leaving me with my father when I was a newborn. She asked my dad to hold me and he reached out his enormous palms and cradled me in the cup of his hands, like a surgeon holding a heart for transplant. When my mom came back after an hour he had not moved. He didn't know what to do with a baby girl.

Bonnie S. Kaplan

Bonnie S. Kaplan captures moments in a jar and releases them through stories, performances and prose poetry. She grew up in the San Fernando Valley and began doing performance art at the California State University Northridge where she earned her BA in 1985. She went on to receive an MFA in Performance/Video from the California College of Arts and Crafts in 1991 and a California Arts Council Grant in 1996. Since moving back to the San Fernando Valley in 2000 her work has been published in the anthology *Mentsh* (2004) and she has given readings at Santa Monica Playhouse, Tasty Words, Melt In Your Mouth, Spark Off Rose, and Theater/Theatre. For the past decade she has worked as a teacher in the California Corrections system, helping prepare parolees to re-enter the community.

