Men in Groups

take their shirts off and chase basketballs across city pavement. They say *nice block* and *good job, man* and *dude*. They’re electric. They’re sweating. Men in groups find someone to pick on, someone they like or don’t like—it doesn’t matter—fat or slow or stupid or smart. *Hey retard! Hey faggot!* They talk about *tits*—who’s touched them and hasn’t—or they don’t talk or listen or smile. They touch hands in huddles and pray into helmets, smack asses, *good game*. Men in groups carry caskets. Men in groups stare at women. They wear backward hats and backward glances. Throw rocks and punches, drop bricks off bridges. They *flex*. *Same as me* is their motto.

Safe

We weren’t supposed to touch
the guns lined up
under our parents’ bed, rifles
for hunting, pistols for protecting
our home. The carpet was burning
lava, we’d dangle our feet,
the barrels mysterious beneath us.
Headstands on the floor,
inches from accident, from sadness,
and always we knew not to tell.
Nobody home, I lay my body the length
of the bed, all the barrels
facing out. I pressed my back against
their silent ends, metal tips
poking neck and spine—a firing squad!
a stickup! Sometimes I’d face
them, a microphone, or love
their tiny lips—tongue-deep
between my teeth—practicing the kiss
the way my sister used her fist.
Lucky

Apparently there was a line you crossed
thin as Kenny’s stream of piss
when he stood too far from the urinal
and poor Jeremy Simms walked through it.
Who knew they’d punish you for knowing
your turquoise shirt went perfectly
with black sweatpants and turquoise
Chuck Taylors? Everyone laughed
and laughed because Kenny pissed on Jeremy,
and that was, even you had to admit,
funny. And someone must have thought
it was funny when the new kid Dean
thought you were a girl in the bathroom. You’d
spoken too loudly or acted too happy
with your turquoise outfit and hair-sprayed hair.
He thought you were a girl and told everyone.
Because they had hair under their arms,
they turned on you. But you were lucky
they never made you lick the toilet like that one kid
or stand in the middle of the room
with your pants down. They never made you say
faggotcocksucker was your name.
You were lucky you were only laughed at.
Lucky they never did that.
Fatal Attraction, 1987 (Movie Review and Trivia)

It was before caller ID when you could still hassle the married man who knocked you up and wouldn’t leave his wife and her textbook hair.

The world was gauzy, city-smudged, seen through a powdery sheen. Buttery sunshine behind the movie-magic downpour!

I said, Look, Steven, it’s not really raining. It’s sunny in the background.

Then Michael Douglas with cream cheese on his lips. Then pants around his ankles. Then he and Glenn Close fucking on the sink (water pouring out beneath her ass).

A blow job in an elevator (we only see their feet).

If you ever come near my family again, I’ll kill you!

I won’t be ignored!

Crazy smiles more phone calls and build and build and deadrabbitdeadrabbitdeadrabbit

• Glenn Close (Alex) took the script to two psychiatrists to ask if her character’s behavior was possible.

• Barbara Hershey, Miranda Richardson, and Debra Winger all turned down the role of Alex.

• Fatal Attraction received six Academy Award nominations, including Best Picture, but won no awards.
Fat Ass

Psalm (Queer)

Mom held the belt
in her hand, said she could

smack my face over
and over and enjoy it.

Yes, she really said that.
Yes, she loved God that much.