52.You (dont) were saint sebastien and

I (look) was the pillar,

they (back) were the arrows

Remember the time we went to the movies,

I brought Erica and you brought Hannah?

Channing Tatum. Jonah Hill escapades in a high school, Ice Cube, Dave Franco.

We sat on opposite ends of our group of four.

The gothy girls enveloped in our selfdenial sandwich of delayed faggotry.

I saw your pupils dilate.

For the seventh time I think. I kept track.

Eighth grade.

We made the jokes youd make for public image.

My mind wasnt maturer than the others, yours neither.

But I knew what we said

And what we felt

Were very different.

When I ditched prom halfway through.

I had brought Emily and you had brought Jackie.

Rented a tuxedo—you too. The girls had their dresses and our corsages

plumped up for the pictures, starched collar, what a sweet picture.

The hickeys on my neck scars of the battlefield.

Did you know that a corsage, when tied properly

and when the ribbon itself is not transluscent

perfectly covered up that time shed decided to “cross the street” after shaving her filthy little legs

Erica needed to would me, she wanted to

When her lips met my neck in the bathroom stall where we were tied up

The stain of smuggled fireball immigrated from her lungs, penetrated my skin, into my throat

It smelled like shit in there.

Sticking my fingers in her reminded me of how crappy I felt.

Ethyl, euphoria, distension, compression.

Exhaltation. Erica. No one asked her

Why or how

She ended up there when they saw

Me with her.

But then on to the part that matters.

Anyway, I ran

From something I cant name now

But probably could then. A kind of casting off

An eternal shower of oppressive humidity

Crushing at every bone in my body.

That was the real compression.

Tightening my body with its silence

Except the crickets who had followed me

To the underpass where my car was parked.

A zoom or two

A car racing by

People, other people with their own problems,

Car crashes

Automobile accidents

Fire

Bones crunching

Agony

Sirens blaring

Angels singing

You running from the crowded autotorium

Getting in the passenger seat

No words

No seatbelts

No need for either

We both felt something

When I reached 60

And you put your hand on my thigh

The hairs standing up on my neck

And the sexual excitement that zipped through my leg and penis. Electrifying.

Remember when Id call you after school got out

Because I wanted to see you

Wed get in the car, and Id drop you off

Our conversations were always faded

The destination always preset

Our lives arranged precisely

As if John Calvin had preordained it all for us

In his grotesque masochistic mind.

But on that night it was different.

We ran away.

We pulled off some random dirt road into some random dirt field.

My hand left the gearshift

And yours the dash

You loosened your belt

Tears in your eyes still

You wiped them

You undid my tuxedo pants

You stuck your hand inside

You grabbed my dick

You felt how hard it was, how lonely it was

You let out the cheesiest grin

You took your jacket off

Your cross beat against mine. frottage

If they couldve seen

the way you moaned, or

the way I sighed when

you said 2 words

and we had sloppy teenage sex

the kind you have on prom night

in some other dimension

the one where you and I in

the front seat of a silverado counts as normal

when I swallowed your cum

and it was all over the seats laid back all the way

I forgot to put the key out of the ignition

the engine humming off in the distance, inaudible, unimportant

and our limbs were everywhere

in with the rental clothes

probably ruined.

Definitely crusty.

I remember that night

And how Id have to return

to the world Im in today.

Compression. Highs and lows cut off,

clipped. And life

distorted. Thats my norm, whats yours?

You cant run away from your life and your troubles forever

But for one stupid night you can realize what youre missing

And with someone like you I can go back there

from time to time.

Even when Im away from you like I am now.

Then its mental.

We say nothing, but feel

each others rhythms, panting, heartbeat, sweat, warmth and touch

of bodies smashed together. Crashed.

No words.