

Gay Wasteland

I drew the boundaries of a gay wasteland
then shared the wasteland with a drowning boy

spent eight hours there don't remember much
except for all of it

the image of my glass filled with sparkling water
and the boy hiding at the bottom of it

bleaching tunnels for people to drive through
oh sunshine courtesan you'll never be clear

and the flash photo of us with the straws and the panic
and the waiting to panic until I was home alone

all of the stomachs were moving in circles
all of my trees turned into trees

that I didn't know how to name
for their deadness or their color or their virility

briefly I was a cloud raining sweet peroxide
over that dead dead lagoon

and yes sweet lakeshore I still adore you
but here I am staring at another boy

who is staring at another boy and that boy is
pink where i try to be white

just tell me how much for tickets to the show
for the archived love letters

first you see a light then you take it away
and then what a field of absence

and then the winter apartment
and then the summer apartment