

Celebrity

I.

My aunt gifts me a book.

A memoir

about a gay man's funny life

being single.

I came out three years ago.

My aunt is harmless.

I add it to the pile with the others.

II.

Black sheep. Pink sheep. Green. Blue. Yellow. Rainbow
sheep.

I herd them beneath the great blanket of night.

I heard them.

III.

At a wedding in North Dakota,
we are the only gays. We are
celebrities. People shake our hands & say
how brave we are. On the dance floor,
we feel their gaze, as they hang
on the edges of their seats. Will we
touch hands, or perhaps, lock lips?

IV.

In sixth grade, I used to say “that’s gay” over & over.
Held up those words like a silver mirror,
behind which, I’d
 cower.

V.

I wrote a poem about two ducks I saw walking off
into the sunset, so close, I imagined little hands

being held beneath their feathers.
The first draft

I wrote *one male*,
one female.

VI.

“So who’s the bride & who’s the groom?”

(Who’s fucking whom?)

Ask the willow tree
outside our window. Though I know
it’ll never tell.

VII.

There I go again. [redacted] Self-
censorship. This [redacted] black bar
I hide [redacted] my eyes
behind, [redacted] sometimes my [redacted]
mouth, sometimes, yes, I
slip it [redacted] inside myself.

VIII.

“Did you always know?”

(How many times have you lied to me?)

Here’s a metaphor:

Someone skips a stone
across a lake. The stone skips on & on.
The stone is gay. The water of the lake is
truth.

IX.

You don’t know me. I

don’t know me,

but I’m

starting to.

X.

The book my aunt gave me: I liked it.

I read it twice,

I bought a copy for my

boyfriend.