Pete Davidson

You think he's okay, your son, not
entirely sure. Door closed, moody,
yes, grumpy, not always, right?
Smokes weed, who doesn't, nothing
harder, you don't think. Then one
miserable Tuesday everyone
suffers through dinner and you
bring up Pete, that goof, that sad-
happy fuckup, and even though
he's seen it a million times he asks
do you want to watch *The King*
of Staten Island, and god help you,
you almost shout it, yes, yes, my god
yes, that's exactly what I want to do.

Religion

Afterward, my mother became ill whenever she tried a new church. Often I had to drive her home, even though I was only 11 or 12 years old. I didn't have my license yet, of course, and my feet barely reached the pedals.

People say she "stormed the pulpit." I have even said this myself, on occasion. But that fails to capture her dignity. She was a lion.

I began attending the Episcopalian church with Mr. and Mrs. Simmons. Many things were different. They took communion. They kneeled on long pads that folded down from the pew in front of them. Kneel, sit, stand. Kneel, sit, stand.

Back at their house, Mrs. Simmons would make little grilled cheese sandwiches with the crusts removed and a strangely gritty chocolate drink, both of which I adored. Sometimes I sat on the patio to eat, where I could look at their parrot, whose name was Prince Junior.

Letter

I remember the slight resistance

of pen against grain,

how my hands actually trembled

and the agony of whether to write

I am homosexual or

I am <u>a</u> homosexual. Adjective or noun,

description or thing?

Please understand this was long ago—

tonight a waning

crescent, one thin mark

on a night sky's ink.