

Faggot

Corner of Stanford and Central, Albuquerque, NM, 1990

As he leaned out the car window,
stretching his bare chest toward me,

he lit and threw the firecracker
at my feet like he was pitching

a curveball. I wondered if he thought
I was a boy who loved boys, if he

pitched the word from his groin,
if he wanted me to be that boy

so he could beat me, reach me, press
his skin against the mirror of mine.