

Looking

by Noah Rabinovitch

Last night Florida Man downloaded Grindr again.  
Tiled his torso in with the other dad bods, looked  
out at a world of chest hair and longing. He's touch  
hungry, desperate to run his fingers through some fire  
without getting burned. The story goes: FLORIDA  
MAN WALKS INTO A BAR IN ORLANDO, WHAT HE DOES  
NEXT ISN'T VERY FUNNY. But I'm tired of grieving.  
I'm here to consider the boy waiting at the bar for  
someone to buy him a drink and stick his fingers in  
the dirty little hollows of a nine-pound bowling ball.  
He watches the door for hours, but his date never comes.  
I'm searching for the boy still waiting. The boy whose  
head bows for a moment of silence, but ricochets back up  
with poppers. The boy who dances like everyone's watching.