

Slow Change

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I thought, it's done, I'm out.
My father died, the women in
my life married, my bed got
busy, and I wore no scarlet G.
Waitresses hit on me, sorry
I'm. Employers googled me,
so you're. I hired a skywriter,
yes I'm. I took out ads, I'm.

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Sometimes I remember the closet:
that spiritual corset, that cruel jock,
telephone/confessional booth, coffin
for dark rehearsals, tomb without
a name, bomb shelter inside my mind.
Sometimes I forget the closet and
step outside into the world. Men look
at me, *are you?* Yes, I'm not an idea.