

The Apostle Paul Was A Homophobic Lil' Bitch

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Abstract—Growing up, I used to dance on the hardwood floor with my mom. I'd stand behind her and grab her hands through her legs and she'd *WHOOSH* slide me under and through. My dad would use old Kool-Aid containers or soup cans to shoot his spit in. Copenhagen and crossword puzzles before bed. I'd flip over my mom's back, world upside down. The shoes always go in the closet! I remember admiring the beam of sunlight in the hallway from the bathroom skylight. The truth is, I think part of me is trapped there. Or, I'm trapping it, like when you see a cool bug and cup your hands over it as it tries to scurry away. It tickles the inside of my hand.

Index Terms—then, and, now

TOFU, BEANS, AND RICE

Picking the mushrooms out of my teeth and locking to the parking meter. Remember when I hopped your fence when I thought you were dead? I broke in and shook you awake before we biked to Tucson Erotica.

I say hey Jeff let's put that punk 45 cd in and gas this Volvo over the *La Chaiteria* curb. Yellow turmeric tongue and kickin' it in Home Depot's hydraulic rocking chairs.

Huge lightning night dark sky orgasm. We watch the storm on the train to Los Angeles. We crash out in K-town and later we fuck on the couch at my friend's place. At the Santa Monica pier you wipe the bird shit out of my hair. I learn later that this is actually good luck, if a bird shits on you. I wash it out in the ocean and we build drippy castles. Our names on a grain of rice in the ocean-blue vial hangs from my neck. Ice cream drips down my wrist after I wreck the cone at Echo Park. The yellow gator-aid from that ice-cream truck had some flecks of ice in it and I remember how much you enjoyed that. I love our premium rush moment back to the LA Amtrak station that last evening. I love that we had to bike on the sidewalk for most of it and that we almost missed our train back to Tucson. I love entering these unexpected spaces and situations with you. I love you in every storm cloud, every lightning bolt, every blue sky. I love falling asleep on your chest, adventure done.

Dragonfly butts at Tanque Verde dip, dip, dip into the pools of water in humming bursts. Crescent sunlight shadow in the water, slowly receding.

On the way home from Andrew's you give me a call. We shoot pool at Bayhorse and you give me a wink. You kick my ass but that's just because I played your song, I say. If there was some Green Day on I would be way better. These are the things I'll miss the most. Maybe I could stay here forever, night shifting as a Budweiser showgirl.

At 7/11 I get you a tall Diet Coke can and a \$10 Route 66 scratcher. Aiden takes your picture out front and I step directly on a goathed in my bare feet. We all sit in the living room and eat Karuna's and talk like this isn't it. This isn't it. Surely, this isn't it? But then I'm leaving and you are playing guitar in your doorway. I wish you'd hit the jackpot on that scratcher and tomorrow I'd come over and we'd play *Trackmania* and do fuck all.

I keep having this vision of my leaving: after I decompose, all of these new things will be born, feasting on my detritus. We stand in the kitchen, boxes partially packed and everything is utterly misplaced and becoming more *un-here* and we talk about how this is certainly the end of an era. It's funny how this energy feels, the energy of a transition. Like how we couldn't stop it if we tried. Like how whatever *that* was could never be again and I want to sob. In the pantry there are garbanzo beans and rice. In the fridge there is tofu. These things, at least, won't change.