

Jasmyn DiMeglio

## **How I Learned How to Be Gay Here**

Waiting for the slow clap  
Daily Fresh Water Talk, where

Sun is a great big language  
Shouting back at the bone whitening sky

Rugged gulls retire to posts,  
Weave through the beginning of stars  
After the long meal of day

Look! Here comes another  
Pinkish cloud, revealing things  
I'd almost forgotten about:

- i.* The first cry from the third story,  
“Come up, I’m dancing.”  
Tame Impala or something—  
our uncovered collarbones,  
magnetic hips and the whole world,  
evaporated.
- ii.* The clang in our bookbags.  
Bottles we emptied together—  
bought with dropped coins  
our Friday night diet  
to make kissing come easier.
- iii.* The woman in the back of the bakery  
like a songbird.  
A woman I thought  
my love would look good on  
all warm and unwoven

in the evenings.

- iv. The exam table you're placed on.  
Nakedly stretched, wide open, alone  
you wait for those two or more  
folks in white coats, surgical  
gloves, with equipment you can't afford.  
They argue. "Where to cut first?"
  
- v. The thick skin of Wanting  
that doesn't belong to you  
but to the Mighty Man waiting  
with a stopwatch, a bouncing knee,  
the bad dream you wake to.  
Something to be quiet about.
  
- vi. The bottom wings of butterflies  
pushing up nothing  
but the made-up dust of us  
on the beach, our  
"Toes in a Great Lake"  
and flowers passed between us.
  
- vii. *The future child poking at sand  
and bottle caps beside me.*  
I kick at the same thing,  
noticing green glints of sea glass  
that say, "Go on, tell your truth."

Soon the cloud will undo itself, becoming purple—  
Soon I'll be ready too  
Packing my bag, drinking my beer  
Leaving is a gift  
I haven't wrapped yet