

ENTRY FOR WE WILL, WE WILL

that we were near the high school stadium—that the air was crisp, leaves had fallen—there was cheering: toe touches, hurkies, tucks—that the hood of one of their cars was dented diagonally, a stain of blood from a deer that had lain across—that they unzipped sharply, their cocks unwrinkled, balls taut—that the streamers were emerald green, flashing off the fake turf—that my neck twisted to look away, one forearm pressed down as the others ripped my jeans—that it felt like my eye socket jerked out, away—that I said each time *if you stop* & offered sugar, weed, some liquor I could steal from an oak cabinet—there were cans thrown, white sudsy beer, my own mouth frothing, sticky, barely any moon left—I could hear stomping feet *we will, we will*, on the metal bleachers—that I woke with the sun puckering the asphalt—a slow hiss—I chose the woods to walk home—more time to double my skin—that I still sometimes crawl on my hands & knees to not be seen, across my kitchen floor, bang my head a few times on the wall to leave the body's tight jurisdiction—leave the sunshine, leave my soft nail beds & lids—for a moment, I will