MY KILL ADORE HIM

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A LESSON IN MASCULINITY
FILM STRIP

We’ve been isolated from the girls to learn our bodies. Our desks harder than our hairless asses. They shudder beneath us when Mr. Griffey fingers the 16mm reel. He mumbles directions to himself, orders Danny S. to pull down the white screen. We swell into concentration as grainy scenes flicker past our heads. The projector’s clatter surrounds us like criminals: narrated cross-section of the testicles, the animated penis a cruel reminder of our fathers. Strange men we’ve seen through cracked doors. Their nude bodies a revelation, a portrait of manhood larger than anything we could imagine.
I play it chingon in full length
mirrors. Mad doggin’ my reflection—
some kind of *don’t fuck with me*
skin language. Rollin’ hard on
suburban boulevards. Scare

the white off kids, teachers shake
their heads. Almost beggin’ for a beat
down. Toy gun real enough
to fear. Step to the mirror, pull out my
*what-chu gonna do now?*

Pray he backs down, punks out.
Everyone watchin’, the gun
trembles in the mirror. Pistol whip.
He goes down. All the kids cheer
my head thick with e — g — o.