

The White Whale Turned Boy

That summer, slouching crooked and
yearning is all I really did.

A suburban summer. Graceless and idle,
thumbs hooked into belt loops.

Comatose until
it wasn't.

You were a drop dead
and shivering,
shell shocked kind of pretty.

Adonis in overalls. Pink-kneed and
mumble-mouthed and fumbling with flower stems.
And in that whole God-forsaken ghost town,
you were what didn't fit.

Empty paint cans. A sunbleached radio. Two First Baptist churches.
A foreclosed house with a name still on the mailbox.

Chattering radiators.

(The kind that hang out of windows. Like a warning. Like a fire that hasn't set off any alarms
yet.)

And you were what didn't fit.

Slouchy and strange,

with an alchemy that was

undeniable.

You, the wanderer.

Eyes hooded,

drowsy, lulled. Dandelion fuzz smothering the

laces of your shoes. And then, all those clichés:

Like a thief in the night, a vagabond, a feather in the wind,

you were gone.