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## Dave Strong

James David Meernik  
*Grand Valley State University*

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# Home Movies

*by James David Meernik*

After other guests had gone to other parties  
we shared champagne in the vestibule.  
I was struck by the invitation of your face,  
like a brother  
like I belonged,  
I could sleep in your arms.  
But party favors didn't turn me on  
though you winked across Auld Lang Syne.

We settled instead into chairs and positions,  
I standing up, shifting my weight  
You and your closest friends, open and easy  
in chairs big enough for two.  
The movies started, you pointed, laughed,  
I tried to follow,  
but your family was coming to life around me in a dinner  
I wasn't invited to.

And I realized no blood had passed between us  
we had never exchanged presents so  
I hugged the walls until I escaped out the back door  
running in the snow until I got home.

## Dave Strong

*by James David Meernik*

Despite golden curls and tan  
six-year-old Dave Strong broke his arm on the playground  
one bright afternoon.

His pain, clear and beautiful,  
a bursting sensation in the head  
like some sadistic precursor to his first orgasm.  
And the blood dried into a painting of  
a passionate figure as stark and radiant as a Greek god.

Dying Dave Strong, we thought, fell within himself  
wrenching out a blinding exhalation at the stars in his eyes  
and slept,  
we feared, in a new place,  
but the school bell rang.  
Our shadows lifted from Dave Strong's cracked physique,  
his cries lingering in space.  
And I envied his lust.