

# Slow Change

RANE ARROYO

I thought, it's done, I'm out.  
My father died, the women in  
my life married, my bed got  
busy, and I wore no scarlet G.  
Waitresses hit on me, sorry  
I'm. Employers googled me,  
so you're. I hired a skywriter,  
yes I'm. I took out ads, I'm.

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Sometimes I remember the closet:  
that spiritual corset, that cruel jock,  
telephone/confessional booth, coffin  
for dark rehearsals, tomb without  
a name, bomb shelter inside my mind.  
Sometimes I forget the closet and  
step outside into the world. Men look  
at me, *are you?* Yes, I'm not an idea.