

SYLVIA JONES

STRAIGHT PEOPLE ARE THE REASON I CAN'T READ

social cues
their subterfuge, a brash impetus
crass, shrewd, and masked

in scientific ridiculousnes
a choir of mouths
swiveling in unison like ghetto pterodactyls—singing

at me in a kamikaze tenor
down a dig site
split into laser like seconds

riffing o f of throwbacks
from the 1980s
before I was alive

back when
AIDS just meant
“gay cancer”