

wandering eyes

Zoe Hanquier

i see you
youtube commenter
minecrafrules
with too many numbers to count
at the end of your username-
“God hates fags,” you say.
i imagine
you don’t hesitate before you type it.
when you grow old,
you’ll be the pepper-haired man
i see as i leave my favorite restaurant
with my girlfriend of one year to the day.
your glare burns our hands apart
so we chose arcing paths
around the parking lot
until we get to her car
and we finally
hold hands.

i see you,
my high school administrator,
“save that for home.”
i didn’t see
you hesitate,
hate on the tip of your tongue,
the word you always seem to forget
until a sight reminds you of it
and you think fast
to remember what it is.

i hope
when my love and i grow old,
our wrinkled hands can be joined
as one of us
reaches for the skim milk
in the aisle of Kroger
that is too cold for
our withering bodies
and finally
no one
will look.