

# Crosshairs

*Rane Arroyo*

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In Dragonfly, Alabama, I used the men's room  
and a beautiful man with a cross tattooed on  
his symmetrical chest asked me if I liked  
white or dark meat while touching himself

while my parents were outside waiting  
while this wasn't in any geography exam  
while I wanted him as I wanted to be wanted by him  
while I heard birds sing in languages not of the North  
while he gave me directions to meet him at a crossroads  
while I could feel the crosshairs were about to make us holy

We walked back into the restaurant and  
I couldn't find him on the menu or  
in my lifeline. He ran out as we drove away:  
I was 16 and impressed when he took out a gun  
and aimed at the sun. Soon, darkness found me.