

Where Bullies Come From

I know younger guys who would hogtie a boy
and not think anything more about leaving
him in a field in the middle of the night
stripped down to the Ben-Gay in his jock strap.

It could be worse, I'd say, when it was me.

They say we are not born to hate.
There is no such thing as evil birth.
I believe that.

Not because boys will be boys
alone to the dark, careful not to shift too hard,
careful not to cut eyes the wrong way
with nothing but faith,
rather our birth to this world,
exposed and thirsty,
how we look when we're helpless.
It's necessary because I believe it's necessary
that we are all born,
to be born,
to stay born.

I'd say what's worse is living
with the fact that there are countless ways
to not set foot in a patch of yard
that didn't want me there in the first place,
to do everything I could to not end up there
in the first place, to do something, anything,
that didn't involve the binding of another human
in the first place,
to look past the obvious,
to think about what I'm not saying:
one day, maybe, these guys will grow up.
Maybe, one day,
this will be the worst thing
they've done.