

# What Some Boys Do

*by* Robert Vaughan

I sat on the bus  
same seat as yesterday  
heat of a mid- June afternoon.  
Earlier my teacher,  
Mrs Starr, asked:  
Why is the sky?  
How is the ocean?  
“What's in the bag?”  
Joe Ferris presses.  
His breath smells of  
tuna fish. I squeeze the  
soft bag tighter  
between my legs.  
Craig Neff peers  
over their seat.  
“Answer him, faggot.”

This is what some boys do.

I'm tight-lipped, breath held,  
face flung.  
I am flying through the sky now,  
skimming over the ocean.  
The brakes squeak as  
the bus pulls over.  
Mrs. Nolan, bus driver,  
bellows “Turn around, Neff!”  
My mother never warned  
about the scarf I was  
knitting for Grandma Meyer.  
It was pink, her favorite color.  
My mother never explained

this is something you do  
at home. She never said  
this is what only some boys do.  
What she did say is  
when your grandma sees  
this scarf, you will make  
her very proud.

