couldn't wait to see the man you'd be.

DENVER 2007: CHIP, DRAG BALL

Katherine Fallon

Stood right behind you while you used eyeliner to draw a chinstrap beard, and a mushtache nearly thin as a fork tine. I'd have assumed you were practicing Santeria in all that white. There was pride in watching you lip synch you are my fire, and when you got down on one knee, stretched your hand toward the crowd? The girls, they came a-runnin'— There was also fear in the viewing, a foreboding: that stage rewrote you proper; this was no play, was not play, and you were not in character. I could see all that in the mirror after, watching you remove the makeup with a cotton ball dipped in alcohol: it was not my pride you hoped for, and for more reasons than because you'd already secured it; you were waiting would wait, and wait, and wait to let yourself shift into place. I knew somehow whatever came would come without me. Even still, I couldn't take my eyes off you my boi, my king—