

# YMCA

*by* S.H. Gall

As a boy I swam like a girl. Flopping around like cuts of meat.

I swam well as a girl. My water wings floated just enough to keep me from drowning. The swim instructor had golden hair. I got embarrassed, my swim suit grew.

In the locker room I saw Jeff's big third-grade cock. I knew he would never be lonely. Looking down, I saw that I would never be lonely either. But not with Jeff.

I washed the chlorine from my eyes with tears of mistaken promise.

Good night, swim instructor.

