

# In Dubai III

*by* XXXX

The boy in the elevator with round glasses,  
who carried a newly-purchased broom,  
was tall and burdened with clothes  
in my perception: I asked my friend

why he dared climb a fence to a public pool  
at 2AM when he had just broken up  
with his girlfriend of four years,  
and he said, "It's not like I was naked

or anything." Now, if I saw water glide  
through his body in the darkness  
and through the haze of cigarette smoke  
I would realize there is something

beneath nakedness. I see it  
even when he is clothed,  
feel the heat of his body  
even when he is not around.

