

Cable TV

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If I squint and cock my head
like a terrier, I can nearly
see through the woozy static.
Green lines roll like the tide
up and down the screen.
Between them, hand
cups breast while mouth
searches for nipple
through the scrambled signal.

The volume is turned
down low, I lean eagerly forward
to better know the language
of sex, the crescendoing
of moan and slap.
I keep the remote control
at the ready, frantically
changing the channel when I hear
my parents in the hall.
I've never seen a girl
my own age naked, but after
midnight, the TV is a crystal ball.

If I gaze long enough, I can
almost see my future.
The sex I will have, the women
I will love, all the time I will spend
trying to become someone else—
what it will take for me
to return to myself.
I close my eyes and turn
up the volume, I want to know
so badly what comes next.