

# Fighting the Galaxy

MICK GAEL

“Shit. Even the Mona Lisa’s  
falling apart.”  
. . . and on fallow ground.

That’s what you didn’t say—  
why d’you always have to be such a bitch  
about what is right and wrong.  
It’s all relative when you’re in the family,  
and boiling points are just a token  
of all the whats  
that remain between your lips.

I wish, just once,  
someone would call me *fag* again,  
just like home,  
except the memories aren’t nearly as sweet.

“I thought some daisies  
might cheer you up.”  
. . . but if they do, then  
that pretty much means that—  
truth or charade—  
this (!)  
is all over.

And I’m not sure I like that.

Is it still a *façade*  
if it’s what you see  
every time you look in the mirror  
and in your head  
even if you don’t close your eyes?

