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THE LAUGHING BOY

It was that rare late August day the word dusk or evening fails to define, a kind of near dark with an edge of craziness, not twilight, but the blue sky deepening into a brief yet perceptible mischief you sometimes hear quiet the neighborhood. I had been reading Chekhov’s “The Duel” on the porch, feeling sorry for Laevsky caught in his maze of petty lies and subterfuge, never able to tell the truth, when I began to think we are just as enslaved by what is true of ourselves as we are by our fabrications. Not really a new idea but one that brought back to mind, as a boy, how my mother once ear-tugged me to attend church, and my backtalk: an under-the-breath fuck. In that sliver of time that must have passed like a slow motion home movie, this single undercutting profanation transformed her into a mother I really didn’t know, a mother who surpassed her tight-lipped smolder of anger, who felt my cassock, surplice, altar boy’s Latin rise through her like flakes of ash out a chimney—and I stood in amazement, my hands pocketed. But the quickness with which I said that word, the lack of horror—and after that, my immobility—surprised me even more. So instantly I felt a boundless esteem, a drunken giddiness, that when her hand struck my cheek I let out a long unspooling laugh.
Ten years later I left a discoteca in Barcelona danced-out and boozed-up crutching the sharp shoulder of a lanky blond who wouldn't quit reminding me she was a model from Tasmania as we lumbered through hosed-down streets rattling windowpanes with our fingernails, caterwauling, teething earlobes and then French-kissing, leaning against two towering Gothic doors that swung open to us. We fell into the foyer of an empty cathedral lit by votive candles glowing like an admonition of mortal sin. It happened this quickly: her hands mechanically unbuckled my belt and skidded my blue jeans to my ankles; her upturned mouth—its meretricious grin—coasted up the inside of my thigh; her wispy hair brushed over me and then the brisk grip between lips, the rocking like an engine idling—it was an inextricable mixture of wrongdoing and pleasure. And when what I had done tapped my brain and broke into the memory of being slapped by my mother, I let out a rollercoaster laugh that lilted in the air the moment I stopped. The vindictive snick of a boy is what I heard, myself, a boy who had purposely let a communion wafer drop off his tongue onto the hardwood floor where it quickly fastened and wouldn't pry loose.

It would be easy to say all I have said is a shrewdly plotted lie to conceal another past, or is hardly the thing one chooses to remember, but these accidents spray through my mind just as the sweeping arc of the lawn sprinkler permeates the air with its fine gray mist, and they touch me with such conviction and clarity that finally it really doesn't matter who knows or doesn't. Beyond the porch
the indolent wind picks through the treetops,  
the dusk flicks on the streetlamps, a church bell  
appeals over rooftops, and I sit in the dark  
with my elastic kind of laughter, resilient and true,  
the harder it pulls forward as a man,  
the harder it falls back as a boy.

**INTIMATE LIGHTING**

After the last house lamp is switched off  
and the wet emerald glow of the city night  
intrudes between the parted draperies,  
the living room assumes a less familiar shape  
and draws us into what the mind regards  
a darker and more indelible world.  
To you by now, your abortion today  
should bring on hot blinding light,  
a white noise like traffic in gridlock,  
or perhaps a warning from God,  
the Bible falling from the bookshelf.  
But it is quiet. There is only a tinny sound  
in your head, not the ringing of ears,  
not the taunting rasp of lost motherhood,  
just that you feel nothing.

On the green grounds of the clinic  
I had circled a man-made pond  
which was like a window into a womb  
but where nothing seemed to move.  
While you lay under anesthetic  
I thought of why we are drawn to water,  
that its clear pacification is a kind of sham  
we don't avoid because of its other-worldliness:  
the link between floating inside our mothers  
and evolving millions of years from the muck.  
But this is half of what I wanted to say,