

Avocado Lake

Daniel
Mahoney

He said he'd cut our nuts off
If we yelled at his wife again,

So we yelled and got
The fuck out of there.

Not because he was an Indian
But because we knew he meant it.

We got out of Avocado Lake,
Out of the golden hills, the valley oak,

Out of the small farming towns,
Out of Visalia, Parlier, out of Madera.

We got out of seeing each other,
Out of being honest with our girlfriends.

We disappeared into our names,
Into manageable haircuts;

We closed ourselves beautifully, wonderfully
Around what mattered—

Those radiant opals
That mumbled between our legs.

We listened well. We ran away,
Became fathers of distant sons.