

# MY ALTER / MYSELF

I sit in a wallless panopticon with my alter whose body only I know the blue rice of his thoughts are my thoughts, his glasses my glasses, ours the same orderly pitch of blond hair:

the upside-down feather bowl he holds in his fingers on my knees before him in the Gazebo of Lost Boys.



the upside-down feather bowl I hold in my fingers on his knees before me in the Gazebo of Lost Boys.

his taste my secret bread, our union the curved inscriptions scored under my eyes darkened by the pitch of our nest where boys are exotic and swim through one another in earnest pools beyond words.

Detail from *Serpere* by John Elkerr  
30" x 22"  
Ink on paper  
Text by Stephen Eric Berry