The History Of Passion Will Tumble This Week
Gary Fincke
Gary Fincke

THE HISTORY OF PASSION WILL TUMBLE THIS WEEK

Because the state is slicing off the dangerous scales of the cliff over one of its highways, the newspaper suggests a reunion, asks former defacers to gather, and I park north of Pittsburgh, among dozens of cars, nearly a hundred of us quoting the graffiti of desire. Doreen and Clarice, Monica and Donna—I try to read the nearby faces like name tags at a conference, guess whether or not they're still paired with Chuck and Ron, Woody and Buck. And in this hand-over-hand history of lust, I think Gary sounds so formal that I'm the fool who was never in love, that Gary + Sharon, still visible, is a forgery because only the Butch I once was would have risked himself seventy feet above this traffic, that nobody else at the base of this blackboard would have struggled into danger and printed anything but his nickname before he added the full spelling of the girl he'd stay with forever.