

ANTHONY MOLL

A Jumpmaster in DuPont Circle

“and their spears into pruning hooks”

—Isaiah 2:4

I balk to baptize him with any sound
that feels too familiar on a queer tongue

a *bear* is not a fit, nor a *daddy*
hairy and holding both grit and glitter

at the downtown orgy of sound and rouge
painted nails recalled fingered trigger.

he used to teach the body to fall
he said as he squeezed his boots into heels

used to stand on the edge of firmament
inspecting the sky for snags, and shout

now he greets with kisses on cheeks
all who wander their way to the circle

Jumpers, hit it. Get it, girls. This daylight
will transmute our weapons back into boys