

## **summoning ritual for gerard way**

find a basement. an unfinished one if you can—the closer you get to the dirt, the better. these are old bones you're digging up, so keep your spades close to your chest.

burn incense of your grandmother's breath and place a needle on a Smith's record—it doesn't matter which one, as long as Morrissey sounds sad.  
this is the easy part.

now, reach down your throat and pluck out a vocal chord.  
place it in a circle carved  
with a switchblade on the floor.

next, mix a white paint chip with a bit of bourbon.  
wait for the dissolve. pour. let it seep.

write your attempt count on a slip of black paper  
and place it under your tongue.  
wait for the dissolve. spit. let it seep.

find a bone. powder it. sprinkle the dust around the border of the circle. whisper the name of what it once was. if you don't know, lie. if you can't lie, then you're not ready for this magic yet.

this is the hard part.

hide a shirt under your bed for 20 years. it must be stolen from your father's bottom drawer. take it out now. place it in the center of the circle.

burn it.

## gerard way holds me through the panic

they are used to it now / don't pretend  
to understand anymore / but doesn't mind  
when i ask them to sing that song again  
about being unafraid  
or the one about being so afraid  
you can't even sleep

doesn't mind when i scrape myself  
off the roof of his mouth

he asks me to describe  
the fear & all i can say is

*it's not like tremors, it's worse than tremors,  
there are these terrors*

& there i go again,  
telling my story through someone else's  
tongue / its just that  
when i get like *this*  
it can be hard to feel my own teeth  
gerard forgives, of course,  
the way i gum out their own confession  
back to them / hand him back  
all his old knives

**ekphrasis of a youtube video i saw when i was in eighth grade showing gerard way & frank iero kissing on stage**

there it is | my boyhood | on a jumbotron | a queerness | i didn't  
yet know i had | framed in a 16:9 aspect ratio | frank's arms wrap  
around gerard | & both of their hair is too long | to see their  
mouths | it is so easy to pretend to be | a faceless thing | *you know  
what they do to guys like us* | & god, i wish i did | gerard breaks away  
to go hymn across the stage | hips jutting like daggers | as they strut  
in whatever | direction they choose | & frank returns to the thrash |  
like he is writhing out his own body | i try to find myself somewhere  
| in the ragged space | left on the expanse of stage | but there is  
only so much | that can be fit into a thirty second clip | & there just  
isn't room for me | trying to slice my way | between two bodies |  
that were never mine to want