



TRYING SO HARD

My mother looks so butch with her hair cut like that, buzzed short so it sticks up in tiny dark spikes. She thinks it's funny when people tell her she looks just like me, her thirteen year-old son, but now I'm letting my hair grow out. But still, we're both chubby, especially in the legs, and we both wear wire-frame glasses.

I act like I'm cool with this whole lesbian thing even though my father asks, "How's Wonder Woman?" when he picks me up every Sunday. They divorced last year, after my mother told him that she faked every orgasm since their honeymoon. Some things I wish I didn't know.

At first I thought my mother was going through a phase, that she was trying out lesbianism like I was trying out roller blades. But when she went camping with Sandy, a school bus driver with a personality that ran every stop sign, it hit me that my mother felt the same way about girls that I do. Except she's getting dates and all I can do is stare at Kendra Mackelby's chest in math class.

In a few months, I'll graduate from Highland Elementary and go to Marshall High. I spend a lot of time wondering how different it will be, if the girls will be different, if they'll stop hiding their breasts behind their books when they walk through the halls. Both my parents keep telling me that I can talk to them about anything, anything at all. My father's idea of a conversation is a fifteen-second monologue where he says, "Don't worry about it. Things will work out, sport," regardless of the topic. He's a little insecure about his own sexuality since Mom's conversion; I don't think he has any advice to offer. There's no way I'll talk to my mother about girls because I know that she knows exactly how I feel about the opposite sex, and that embarrasses