LeBron James

While my roommates are debating in the kitchen if LeBron is the best player

of all time

all I can think of is my teeth biting down on my lip

to keep myself from crying

A moment ago

When you told me to deal with my own shit

to not back down when you’ve come at me with such harshness I’m

starting to believe this is what I’m supposed to feel.

They are still fighting, my roommates.

But they’re having fun.

They want this.

I cried by the way

I always do

I want to believe my tears are not weakness

That they are tiny badges of honor that you’re

Just jealous of

Some of them notice -my roommates, not you -that there is something out of place

In my eyes

“Do you want to talk about it?”

Not really.

I’m afraid if I keep telling the story that my

Eyes will burst into flames

That my feelings and tears will turn against me

And I won’t be as big or tough as I wanted to be

I love that my roommates are still arguing

About how many minutes he played

About how important he is

Even though they’ve never met him

And they don’t know his middle name or his intimate histories

They’re strangers to each other, my roommates and Lebron James.

You are my family.

You played with me in our grandparent’s backyard and scared me

By making me believe the garden bush was a monster that was eating your leg

I know I should have done better

Been better.

I know my size and that I’m going to get smaller

But I’m going to grow

I’m going to grow so big I hope you don’t recognize me anymore.

But I also hope I maintain my eyes

The teary ones that you mistake for weakness

I hope you look in my eyes and get angry that I haven’t let these streets

Make me cold.

“I like LeBron,” I say as I sip my sweet wine from my stoop.

“I like that he doesn’t give a shit about what any of you people say about him.”