

Everyone in the hallway makes room for as you make your way to your locker. They stare and stare and stare like they have never stared at you before. Your right hand still aches from the hall monitor's face and you struggle to open the combination lock. You look around and see everyone around you not do anything other than look at you.

You couldn't believe it when the principal said no charges would be pressed on you. He beamed over how you followed the school code of conduct regarding conflict: peace through strength. The principal didn't know you had it in you and had to watch the security footage over and over again to confirm that you, the boy who coughs up oil, fought off two hall monitors, and killed one. Not just killed, destroyed. We need more boys like you at this school, he said. Boys who are willing to make the weak bleed.

You see the boy who oozes and five hall monitors approach you. You see their batons are still holstered, how the boy who oozes is the nucleus of this cell of violence. The cell stops in front of you. Want us to handle this, your tumors ask, and you say not yet. The boy who oozes vows that you will be a brick in the wall to heaven he wants to build to keep boys like you out of it, no matter how many hall monitors it take. If I kill enough of them, they might kill you for me, your tumors say through your mouth.

Beneath the full moon of your hormones, you would tear off the boy who coughs up oil's clothes with your teeth. You would lick the blood of his enemies off his skin and kiss him with your mouth full of the blood of his enemies, you and him entwined as a throbbing tombstone marking the departure and defeat of his enemies, now your enemies because they were his enemies. You would want to dig your nails and your teeth into his skin, scar him with your love, make him bleed with your love so you can taste him on those nights you're alone and he's killing his enemies, who become your enemies, and you would count the days until he comes home from the trendiest war and you would count the days until you are both saying yes so loud it would break through wall to a heaven you would both belong in now that he has killed his enemies that would become your enemies.