Boys in the Patch

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A mid-80s conscription: a new-century resurgence. Rounded up sent way north

Boys.

all you need is

White boys from good families told this is the best money going.

a good pair of boots ablebodiedness willpowers

"Hypermasculinity['s]. . . . [d]efenders lash out against perceived enemies. . . by feminizing those perceived enemies to re-establish a sense of control" (Letourneau and Davidson 2022, 102).

after hours boys high on dope boys like heroes in man camps mobile workers flying back home 250 on 63 big bucks

> "it is. . . emotionally damaging to young males to be isolated and without. . . nurturance" (hooks 2004, 43).

boys gone from their moms forced to be strong men never-been-wrong men

and aunties and sisters tough rough

and girlfriends and boyfriends

jammed in steel-toed boots and communities rammed in white crew cabs

Big boys don't cry.

It gets better.

"But they, you know, my kids. . . . They have things we never had" (Beaton 2022, 352).

We see you, out in the wild, at family dinners, showing your nieces your mashed potatoes gravy volcano. When grandma suggests a walk after, you go. You hold that tiny hand that finds yours to cross the street.

Where did you go? We need you. Let us reach out to you.

Extracting, prying, pulling: this is the poetic turn into giving, adding, putting in. We arrive at tenderness. In reciprocity, back and forth and back again. More than. We can do tender.

Why couldn't we?

You don't need to compete anymore. Let it go. We will learn to catch you.

You will learn to catch vourself and not fall for it ever again.

We can do this.

You consider the "rigid and narrow spectrum of masculine ideals [that were] strongly enforced, and... the continued need to prove oneself" (Letourneau and Davidson 2022, 98) and know that it was a strange microcosm of a sick society.

We will repair.

They teased you for crying: they're wrong. They called you oversensitive: they're wrong. They praised your violence: they're wrong. They said danger was exciting: they're wrong.

We're sorry for all of it. We were all wrong.

Sources