

TRUTH THOMAS

THE POWER OF A TEENAGE BRAIN

(after Ross Gay)

One year and a day past twelve
my son turns to me and says
he now has a “teenage brain,” and
that his teenage brain is “banging”
and nothing like the Clearasil brain
that came before, or the one that
wore a tub of cologne, to try to
impress the girls. No, he assures me
his teenage brain will “pretty much”
take his adolescent body to a whole
new level of cool, and as he steps
out of the bathroom (after an hour)
to break this news—pants lower
than tiles in the basement—shades
slicker than Diddy’s, to humble the
sun, with toilet paper stuck to the
bottom of his Aqua Jordan 8s—
all I can do is nod, in agreement.