

2014

Things to Write About

Chris Ceravolo
Syracuse University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://surface.syr.edu/intertext>



Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Ceravolo, Chris (2014) "Things to Write About," *Intertext*: Vol. 22 : Iss. 1 , Article 7.
Available at: <https://surface.syr.edu/intertext/vol22/iss1/7>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by SURFACE. It has been accepted for inclusion in Intertext by an authorized editor of SURFACE. For more information, please contact surface@syr.edu.

Things to Write About

Chris Ceravolo



- I am trying to have a healthy relationship with my boyfriend but he is ruining it.
 - We must kill the things we put in vases.
 - This weekend I lost my jacket and my dignity, I was nearly arrested, and I stopped using my meal plan. But now I have a surplus of canned chili in the kitchen cupboard. And I found my jacket.
 - One night this weekend, my boyfriend and his cute roommate made dinner in their kitchen. I ate both meals. But I'm not into that kind of thing.
 - When I was four my mom finally acquiesced to letting me wear nail polish to pre-school—
- with one catch: I could only use the clear kind. When I'm feeling spiteful, I secretly accuse her of trying to make me disappear.
- Also when I was four, I ran out into the street wearing my neighbor's princess dress. My dad dragged me inside and yelled at me for embarrassing the family. When I told my parents I was gay fourteen years later, he stayed quiet for a while. Recently he's developed an appetite for hunting. He bought himself a compound bow we can't afford for Christmas this year, and mentioned that I used to like archery in Boy Scouts—which I quit in seventh grade. He was Scout Master.

- Somewhere between eighth and tenth grade, my best friend since kindergarten stopped talking to me because he was worried that his friends would think he was gay.
- Dusk is still my favorite time of day because that's when we'd always play until. I can see his house from my front lawn, and sometimes I still think he's watching.
- I think I'm writing this in my boyfriend's voice. Sometimes he just rambles on pathetically like this.
- You'll notice that these blurbs are all roughly the length of your average Facebook status. #socialmedia
- At 1:12 am on December 12th, 2012, I said for the first time the phrase "I'm gay" then wrote down the date and time on a yellow sticky note, which I keep in my treasure chest. It's not a metaphorical treasure chest. It's an actual treasure chest. The metaphor is that it contains no treasure. I just want everything to be a performance.
- The tradition of "coming out of the closet" is a submission to heteronormativity. But if I hadn't "come out of the closet" then there would have been no performance. Now I wish I hadn't "come out." I wish I had stayed in there and thrown a party.
- I hate writing about being gay—as though that's the most interesting thing I have to offer the world.
- I can hear my neighbors through the wall. The other day a guy was screaming: "It's now or never!" and a girl was crying "Oh my godddd" (all drawn out like that). How could he just give her an ultimatum? Who does he think he is?
- I can't tell if I'm nauseous because this paper is poorly crafted, if this paper is poorly crafted because I'm nauseous, or if I'm just noticing that the canned chili I ate for dinner is running like sludge through my natural plumbing. The girl throwing up next door isn't helping. (Maybe she's just coughing).
- I wonder if Tao Lin inspired this paper—I really hope not.
- My grandma was divorced forty years ago, but it took her twenty to take off the ring and she still wants to be a housewife. I tried to give her art lessons because she painted in high school, but she can only talk about the groceries, the weather, and the dog. I once wrote about her saying "the brilliant aurora of poetry and music inside her has shriveled up and blown away, like dying leaves in the autumn breeze" but I don't think it's poetic like that. I think she's just lonely.
- How did this turn into the in-class activity about telling two truthful stories and one falsehood?
- For over a year there has been a bottle of lotion sitting at home on the kitchen counter that nobody is allowed to use because the smell gives everybody a headache. It reminds me of the canisters of water labeled "non-potable water" sitting outside the Lincoln Tunnel amongst hot traffic, and the plush couches at work that everybody is afraid to sit on.
- Jettison—I would write a whole paper just to use the word "jettison" in a sentence.
- My dog figured out how to open the refrigerator and the cabinets. My aunt's dog bloodied her paws trying to jump out of a tenth-floor window because she has separation anxiety. My other aunt's dog only walks on carpet, and once sat on our front mat (small island of fabric in marble foyer) barking for five hours while we ate dinner. I think the neurotic behavior of our pets signifies a problem with the domestic condition in general.
- I used to love outer space in my high school physics class. But now that I'm in college, I'm afraid to look up at the night sky because I think I'll see an asteroid or some other celestial object hurtling toward earth.
- I love talking about myself.
- I could fill up a whole page with things to write about.