



EYEBROWS

I learn a lot about how to be a boy from my brother and the lessons he learns in school. Not in the classroom but the gym change room. Lessons I miss because I change in the corner, facing the teal-tiled wall, so that no one can accuse me of a wandering eye. I listen intently as he tells me how the boys discuss the pros and cons of shaving their pubic hair and other regions of their body. *Girls don't like hairy.* He even purchases his own trimmer. I hear a sharp buzzing coming from the washroom as he mows down his legs and chest.