

## Masculinity is Stunt Magic

David Blaine buried himself alive.  
David Blaine held his breath  
and then counted to infinity.  
David Blaine caught a bullet  
in his teeth. He's always chasing  
a white whale. I thought it might  
end like Grizzly Man, but no,  
David Blaine didn't die in the  
Garden, lacerated his throat  
raw. No doctor can tame him  
No friend can dissuade David  
Blaine. He hides cards inside  
Han Solo's fruit. He made  
Kanye smile. He gulped down  
David Beckham's wedding ring.  
David Blaine made Drake wince  
harder than Rihanna curbing him.  
Ashy Larry called him Satan. David  
Blaine once read a mean tweet  
about himself that said he looked  
like his voice was putting his face  
to sleep, but he pulls the trigger  
himself, because he doesn't want  
to put that on someone else again.  
He knows this way is less tragedy,  
more farce. He calls his daughter  
before bedtime and talks to her  
about Belugas and the regular  
magic of evolution or extinction.  
It's not that I want what he has so  
much as the permission he's granted.  
He showed George W Bush a trick  
like tying a balloon animal at a kid's  
birthday and the next thing you know  
they could find passports but not  
the black boxes. David Blaine could

be Rasputin, a sorcerer laid in state,  
but he's on TV puking frogs into  
Steph Curry's wine glass for the gram  
because he read a book about a man  
who made his stomach an aquarium.

He wants to be an ecosystem buried  
in so much water, clawing his way  
into or out of wonder like a stranger  
in a small town gathering suspicion,  
puffing his chest and choking a white  
whale from his notorious throat.