

**XX: judgment**

**by Elisheva Fox**

sometimes i think it would be safe  
to tell you that i desire women,  
too; that rainbows  
thread my veins and i  
have seen them.

i could tell you,  
i think,  
but not because  
you are peach cobbler warm,  
not because  
you are patient and forgiving  
as cast iron.

simply this:

unlike x-rays  
and radiation shadows  
and the deeper voices  
of your colleagues,

i exist  
as a frequency  
in a spectrum  
that you will never register.