

Tennessee Williams speaks to Joe Exotic about the Southern Gothic **by Julia McConnell**
a found poem sourced from *Cat on a Tin Roof*

Big Daddy, Big Money
King of the Misfits,
When the world tried to make you small
shameful and filthy
you just got bigger.
All your life like a doubled-up fist
pounding, smashing, driving
off bridges or into the city
to find yourself a boy
tossing condoms at the pride parade
selling steak sauce, sex gel, and underwear
in the end *your dixie stars never made a nickel.*

Everybody keeps hollering about the truth
the truth is as dirty as lies.
We occupy the same cage, you and I,
Southern and queer.
Our daddies hated us.
We tried to forge our own families.
And now look at you
nothin' and nobody except big daddy yourself.

What are you running away from?
There are simply things in this world
you gotta face, baby
avarice, greed, mendacity
when the one you love doesn't love you.
The truth is dreams don't come true.

What is the victory of a tiger
on a corrugated aluminum roof?
To stay on as long as he can.
Now the roof is cracking.
Tornados are headed for the zoo.
A cage is no kind of shelter.