

*on seeing the butch in the street — for mars*

1.

there they are, the great  
amorphous creature: myself. a  
dali-form melting out of a  
rolling desk hips held by wild  
gelatinous surface tension but  
ah, how it feels to fall open!

2.

there is a march of bald women in cargo shorts & i am learning to see ankle tattoos like i see the ceiling of the vatican but also (& more importantly!) like the wrinkles through which my aunt sees god & the silences in which i've heard angels exist (& maybe they do!) sometimes i see them slow dancing through the strobe ashes at the club or haunting odd corners of dive bars & i am sorry to those winged elders who wanted to catch my eye & i averted ...i am always averting... and i am sorry to speak of heaven again, my friends, but perhaps the doors have always been open & there was no password at the speakeasy i simply needed to arrive & say i am ready to sway among u in ur suits & ur cut-o muscle tees & ur unshaved legs & ur love & ur keeping of each other & ur refusal ...always ur refusal...

3.

oh, collapse!  
a meshing of art & cuticles chewed  
raw could i live in the waves w/ the  
jelly sh the sting of them whipping  
against my unwillingness?

4.

how pitiful it is to love oneself!  
an act of unimaginable wallowing in the mud  
& cuming up spotless all the same(!)?

5. pull the plywood from the street  
windows! today i will walk down a broad  
avenue & not slap away the hand of my

own reflection glaring out from the diner  
door & i will find myself in agglomeration  
parts and particles once hastened to  
darkness will reach out & fuse & frighten  
but it will be the most brilliant of horrors  
because we will be the ones causing it &  
we will settle into the unsettling