# It was the same I throughout

Yes, I have committed. Sexed and solitary in my mutant cell, watch me scratch sins on porcelain forest-green

imported from classrooms long gone, chalkdust deviling somewhere, the rainbow, the chalk reads, *I will tell no lies*. Why,

oh why can't I speak no weakness if not when spoken to, if not when told to be good, I am older now, over that rainbow stretched away, I reach over

straining through its spectrum like a body breaks to build.
Watch me un-tomb her,

dragged up the tower steps by what hair she has left. I pretend to love her with a tortoise shell comb. *Young girl. You were bad, as I am, I am as you already* 

were, I whisper, You are not my lawfully wedded life. You are not my picket white. I stand with her no longer. I hand over the chalk, her bones

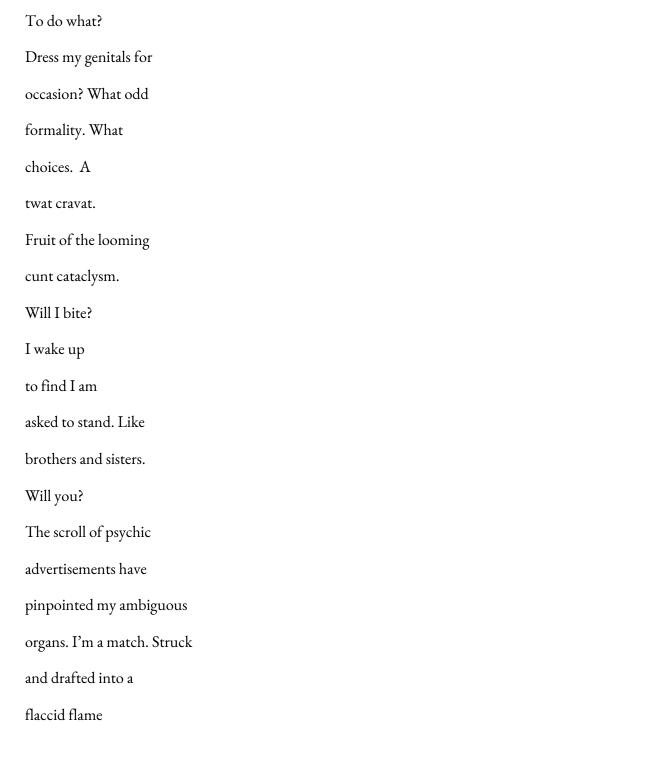
cracking with their grip. *Take it*. She will tell no lies, she will not be distanced from her muted crimes

and you. You will watch, as I do, as I make her scratch my sins for what public viewing speaks of private parts, you, owed proof of what we're made, you

absolve her as if she were not I, how could I. How could I commit. I am the baron of our body. You wished to save her from my kiss.

## The choice is real

I wake up most mornings.



brigade of

neutered fashion.

Keep it boxed and brief,

boring means boring into

the Man. We've got work to do

being normal and all, given

birth with no receipt,

this way. This certain way.

As if we had no choice.

As if we had no bodies to

move from. As if children

had no bodies. To move

from dream to cloud to

the rain somehow real

against my window

bringing back sweet memories.

I can stand them, the thought

of her here with me. Baby,

I know she wants to show.

Something of a tender

thong song drifting

to completion.

## State of undress

Yet another ghost leaks from a pussy and passes me by. Hardly a glance in my direction, scarcely a thank you.

A swing slips down from the ceiling, the ghost mounts and sways over its mother's heaving form, its toes

dipping in the warm ripples of her wet, the same wet that nearly drowned me.

To be clear, it's a shame I didn't drown.

Tonight only one ghost will glitter this room.

I remain the gentleman in the tophat, kneeling to help the starlet descend from her high.

This moment is not my moment.

I defer to the woman whose queer virginity just sighed,

passing into the next realm.

We watch the train of its star-dusted gown shimmer off.

"I think I am no longer interested in certain dresses," my darling reflects.

Her eyes mist with the memory of some latter day cabaret come to pass. I nod,

my recognition a corsage stuck to her syruped bloom. Her moment. Her shine.

"Yes," I avow. "I too only like certain dresses. Mostly the ones pressed tight

and dark." Her milk saucer eyes offer themselves. An unblemished pity in her ask. "As in the dresses you like seeing on women?"

# Jenny | X

Do you think I've been talking Tell me

about Her everything

that is not actually Her name that makes you

*just something close* fit into this

I don't care about window

the boring architecture
I can look out

of Her taboo of, not through

the flat anticipation see the empty swing

another drop-down menu swinging, the speckled mist

rolling out to meet me misting, my eyes

with yet another option they see you

## Leave her alone

And now what.
I'm stuck on a carousel seemingly in pursuit of a a young child humping her horse.

These things never end well. Behind me, the aristocracy in their carriage, cementing blame on my back.

Beside me, a gray man on a fixed horse in pursuit of nothing. Blameless with his withered balls.

> I think he's about to die. I think this carousel will stop and the man will die and the child will quit humping and

now what. We are told the carousel song is called Me and My Shadow. Indeed, the light on my back casts.

> Everyone is chasing a high or a low, a shadow, a small death. Me. Bobbing for bare back, the eyeline of every father

shifting. Nervous the child reveals too much. Hissing her off the horse. She stumbles

#### to the outer decadence

of the karmic wheel. Something to suck on awaits her if she holds still for the camera. The song ends. A mother whisks the child away

from me, no doubt, clearly chasing her. Clearly short-circuiting the fathers with my frenetic crotch. I am too old to be alone. Or not old

enough. Blameless. The man dies and now what.