

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.

To do what?

Dress my genitals for

occasion? What odd

formality. What

choices. A

twat cravat.

Fruit of the looming

cunt cataclysm.

Will I bite?

I wake up

to find I am

asked to stand. Like

brothers and sisters.

Will you?

The scroll of psychic

advertisements have

pinpointed my ambiguous

organs. I'm a match. Struck

and drafted into a

flaccid flame

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 top hat,
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.