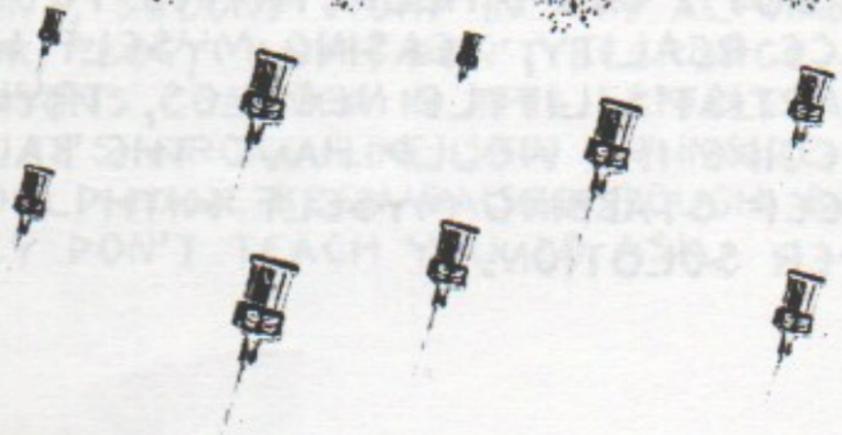


#1

one issue only

testosterone JUNKY



NEVER INJECTED WITH SEMEN, BUT I
WOULD SHOOT UP SOME GUY'S SPIT IF I
THOUGHT IT HELD ENOUGH
TESTOSTERONE TO BURN OFF THE BODY
THAT GROWS AROUND MY SELF. I CAN'T
COVER IT WITH TATTOOS, THE INK ONLY
DRAGS ATTENTION TO MY TOO-SOFT
SKIN, BUT I CAN'T HELP TRYING TO
DEFACE REALITY, TEASING MYSELF WITH
THE ARTIST'S LITTLE NEEDLES, TRYING
TO DECIDE IF I WOULD HAVE THE BALLS
TO KEEP STABBING MYSELF WITH
GENDER SOLUTION.

SPENT MY WHOLE LIFE IN LOVE WITH LANGUAGE, SEARCHING FROM THE AGE OF THREE FOR THE WORD FOR ME. I ONCE TOLD A FRIEND I COULDN'T GROW UP BECAUSE I CAN'T BE A WOMAN, AND I HAVEN'T BEEN A GIRL IN YEARS. TRYING ON "I AM"'S (I AM GAY, I AM A LESBIAN, I AM A DYKE, I AM BUTCH, I AM QUEER, MAYBE I AM), ONLY TO FIND MYSELF RIGHT IN FRONT, SECOND WORD IN ANY ALPHABET BOOK, "BOY," AND I DON'T BEGRUDGE LESSONS LEARNED IN THIS FEMALE BODY, BUT IT'S WRONG LIKE SKIN ON INSIDE OUT, I SHOULD HAVE BEEN RAISED ROUGH, BUT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU TO ASK.

BOY OH BOY, JUST MORE PROOF THAT GO
ITCHING POWDER AND HAND BUZZERS AND
INGESTED IN PLACE OF INJECTED RELIEF
I'LL HAVE RECONCILIATION BETWEEN THE
WORLD EVEN IF I HAVE TO PUT MY FIST
REFLECT MY GENETIC LIE, AND MAYBE TH
SHOCK THE KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT I CARRY
MIND.



D'S THE KIND OF GUY THAT GETS OFF ON
FUCKING UP MY LIFE WITH ALCOHOL
FROM VOICE CHECKS, LONG STARES, AND
BODY IN MY MIND AND MY BODY IN THE
THROUGH EVER MIRROR THAT I SEE
THE PAIN OF SHREDDING MY HAND CAN
IN MY CLOTHES OUT OF THIS MAN'S

WHEN I STRAP DOWN MY TITS, I
CAN'T TAKE A BREATH, BUT I
BREATHE FREER SUFFOCATING IN
LAYERS THAN NAKED UNDER
ANOTHER'S EYES.

SO THE JOKE'S ON ME, TAKE A LOOK
AND LAUGH AT MY DISGUISE, GODDAM
LIFE WAS EASIER WHEN I WAS JUST A
DYKE AND DIDN'T HAVE TO WORRY
ABOUT WALKING WELL ENOUGH TO PASS,
ENVYING THOSE SKINNY-BOY BUTCHES
WHO CAN BIND THEIR TITS, AND SINCE
I'M A MAN AM I STRAIGHT? AND WHAT
THE FUCK DOES THAT MEAN WHEN I CAN
STILL GET FISTED, AND WILL MY
THERAPIST BELIEVE ME WHEN IT COMES
TIME TO SIGN MY FORMS, AND WHY
SHOULD I HAVE TO PROVE WHAT SEEMS
SO TRUE?

AND I'M SET UP BY MY OWN BIOLOGY TO
FIGHT FOR MY DESTINY, TO EITHER GIVE UP
THE DREAMS OF BEING RIGHT AND SAY
"FUCK THE TRUTH" OR BE JUNKY-FOR-LIFE,
KEPT IN THE LITTLE GIRL'S ROOM BY A
SYSTEM THAT BARELY PAYS ME A
WOMAN'S WAGE FOR A MAN'S DAY OF
WORK, WORKING FOR THE STATE AND STILL
TO BROKE TO AFFORD A HABIT LIKE
HORMONES BECAUSE WHEN YOU LIVE
CHECK-TO-CHECK AND YOUR INSURANCE'S
ALWAYS LAPSED, MANHOOD'S JUST
ANOTHER ADDICTION YOU CAN'T FEED.

HAIR SHORT, NAILS SHORT, JOCKY
SHORTS, SQUARE STANCE, SHIRT-AND-
TIE, NAME CHANGE, MAN'S BOOTS,
UNDERSHIRTS, BULLRING, AGGRESSION,
HARD-ON, SWAGGER, STRAIGHT LOVER,
LEATHER BELT, BLUE JEANS, AND
WHY THE FUCK WON'T MY CLOTHES
FIT ME RIGHT, WHY THE FUCK AM I
STUCK LIKE THIS?

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