

SOFT
TRAXNY-BOY

FREE
CARETAKER

PHOTOGRAPHER
FREE-THINKING
ACTIVIST

BENIM GLAD
WHITE T-SHIRT + BLUE JEANS

IMAGINATIVE

gender fuck me

ROMANTIC
GIVER COMPASSIONATE

BALANCE

THOUGHTFUL
BEAUTIFUL

gender fuck me

QUEER

NICE STABLE

BIG BRO.
folk singer
DANCER
FUN

gender fuck me

SMOOTH INTELLIGENT
MUSCULAR
OPEN

OPEN

VEGETARIAN
INDEPENDENT
CALM CONSCIOUS

gender fuck me

WELL-STOKED
GUETAR-PLAYING
GENDERQUEER

GENDERQUEER

BUILT, TOUGH
PACING HARD
FASHIONABLY
LATE. VERSATILE

gender fuck me

STRONG
AFFECTIONATE
HOMIES
DARING

HOMIES

HOT
CUTE
SWIFT WRITER
X HARD

gender fuck me

PERFORMER
ATTRACTIVE
STRONG

STRONG

PUNCTUAL
KIND
SMOOTH
LITTLE

gender fuck me

LOVER BOY
YOUR TRULY

LOVER BOY

DYKE
SMART

gender fuck me

ARTISTIC
PERCEIVED
HANDSOME
BOYFRIEND

HANDSOME

ADVENTUROUS
BOLD

gender fuck me

LOVING, HAPPY
KING

LOVING, HAPPY

GENTLE
YET SURLY

gender fuck me

SOUTHERN
CITY BOY

CITY BOY

DREAM COME TRUE
NURTURING
SECURE
HOT

gender fuck me

FLUID

FLUID

WITTEN AND DRAWN BY

JESS

DUGAN

PEACEFUL FIGHTER

**To the person
for whom this
is written.
You Know Who
You Are.**



**GENDER
Fuck
ME**

MALE

☐

ME

☒

FEMALE

☐

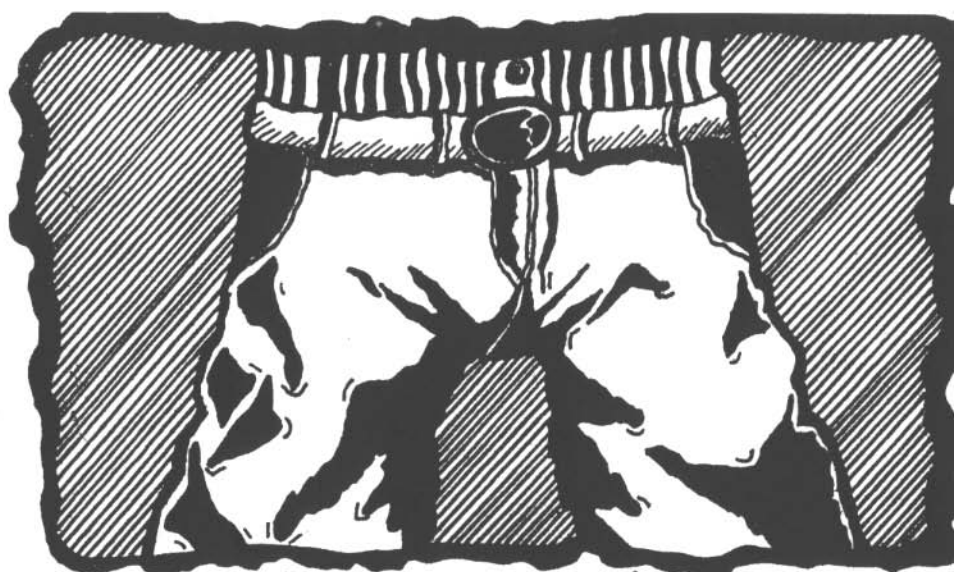
-By JESS BICAN-

Vanilla incense reaches my nose, reminding me of
the Mr. Softie I shoved into my small
size briefs this morning, rushing out
the door to another day of

GENDER FUCKING

the world.





The bulge in my pants was

EXHILORATING

the scent of vanilla remaining

on my hand,

a scent which
I have come
to associate,
oddly enough,
with

MASCULINITY.



But...



Not nearly as
nice as the
Smell of you
on my hands
in the morning.

Or as I'm
Walking home
in The dark
breathing
Your scent,
reminiscing.



WANTING



to be on top of you again
and ride



until I
fall off
with
glorious
EXHAUSTION



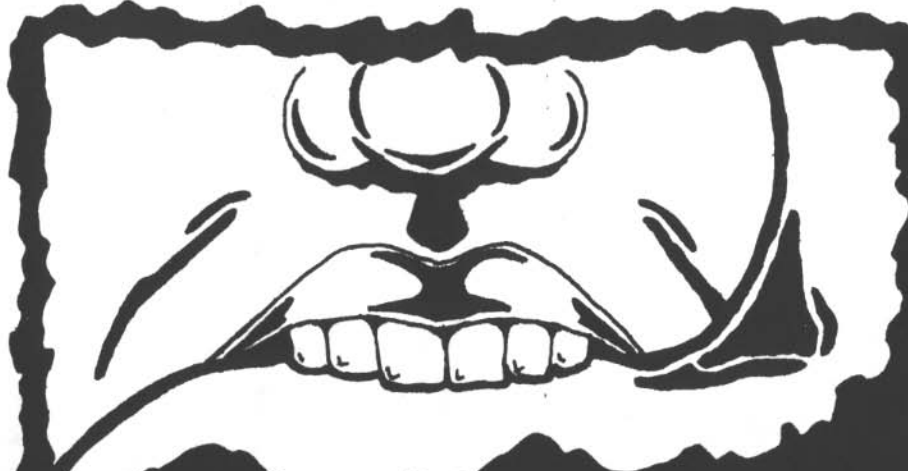
Wanting to press
Myself into you as
you call out

MY NAME,

your hands tightly
gripping and slipping

DOWN
the
sweat
on
my
back





...Your teeth
ON MY
Shoulder

Strength



meets vulnerability,

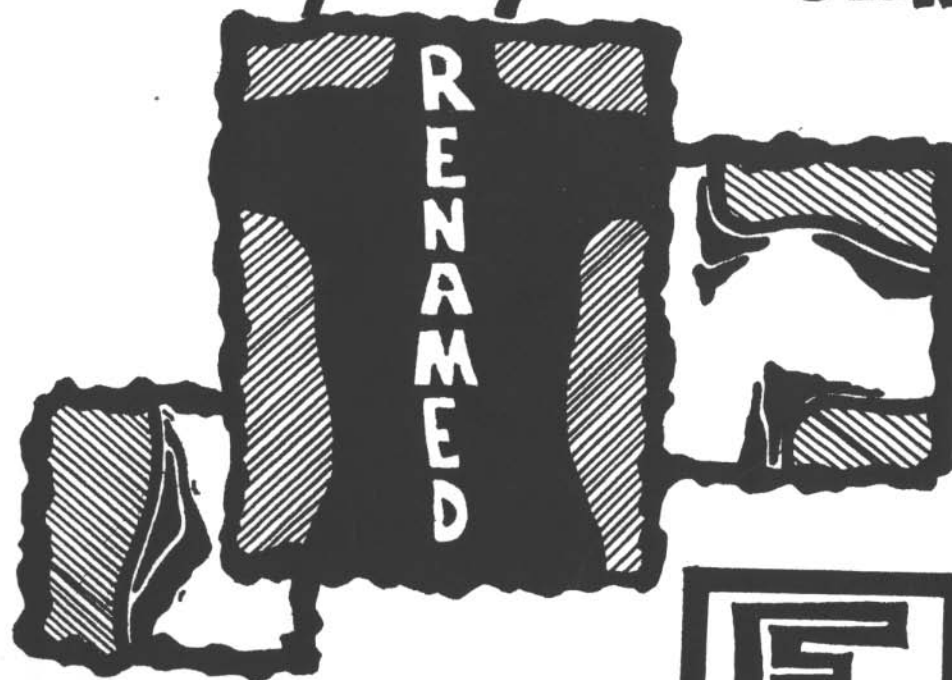
AND DESIRE

-Becomes-

PLEASURE



AND MY BODY HAS BEEN



**AND OUR
GENDER
HAS BEEN**



FUCKED

As I Fuck You



**With my
DICK
of a hand**

AND YOU UNDERSTAND

**that
the
BOY
DYKE
ON TOP
of
You is**



Sometimes a MAN

**AND WE'RE
SOMETIMES**



**, BUT
WE'RE ALWAYS QUEER.**





In the here
and now where
my Gender
meets your
bedroom...

AND YOUR
GENDER
MEETS MY



MOUTH

**AND
OUR
MINDS
COLLIDE,**



**THE
DISAPPEARANCE OF TIME**
has come and gone...





AND I LOOK
AT YOU, THE
Beautiful
boy

BENEATH
ME.

**THEN I KISS YOU
LONG AND HARD...**



**and relish
in what we
have created,**



**THE WAY YOU
PULL ME
AGAINST
YOU AS
THE BOY I AM**



AND HOLD THE



BUTLEGE

~ IN MY PANTS ~

AND SHOW
ME THAT YOU
UNDERSTAND.



THERE'S NO

NEED

FOR
EXPLANATORY
WORDS.

I Don't Have To

SPEAK

To Be

HEARD,

JUST EXIST
IN THE MIDST OF
FUDITY
AT
EASE WITH
MYSELF
AND AT EASE
WITH THE
WORLD.



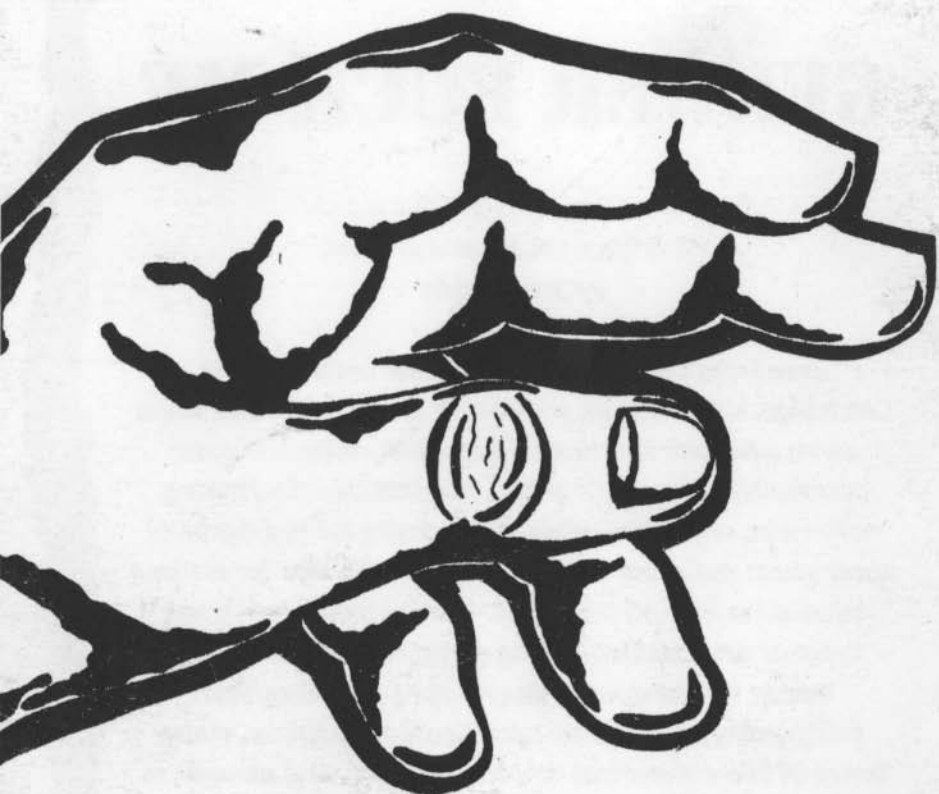
GENDER FUCK ME

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All original writing and artwork
by Jess Dugan

Jess Dugan is a queer, genderqueer artist living in Cambridge, MA. He is an activist for queer rights and works as an advocate for tobacco education within the queer community. Along with giving presentations, facilitating workshops, organizing rallies, and fighting for the rights of queer youth and queer people everywhere, he lives for art and infuses his life with creativity. With an interest in many types of art, including writing poetry and fiction, writing lesbian folk songs and singing along with his guitar, photography, film, dance, ceramics and sculpture, many forms of two dimensional art, comics (duh), and an endless variety of others, he will begin studying at the Massachusetts College of Art in the fall of 2003 and hopes to play and explore with all types of art until he finds his niche. He turns his art into activism and his activism into art, and he is committed to following his dreams and the fight for equality.

Let me know what you think at:
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GENDER FUCK ME

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