

I Fail at Portraying Jacques Lacan in Drag

If I am the mirror, *if I were your mirror,*

Am I just lip synching Nico to make
a likeness as a hot mess of space and time.

How am I palming in the dirty glass?

Where is the lying
cream?

I'm trying to be hot,

I text this to a man to test my limits of compatibility.

I have to scream a stranger's name to get my song
going—you gotta love the makers and their discernible
complexes, but I'm also easy
to parse.

The mirror has everything

to make a house—

and it's neat to feel boundless

once in a while.

I used to collect tips on how to make my
image present in every other third eye.

I should send another text,
the unconscious is structured—

it could be a tattoo on my backside—

How else do we become so knowing?