

## After Seeing a Drag Show at a Local Bar, a Creature is Born

The spotlight dims ever so slightly,  
enough so you see a figure outlined darker  
than you did before, it is something to behold,  
it is a nutcracker dressed in drag, it is a mold  
of myself caked in Sephora, can it be true,  
the rumors of what lies behind a sealed rock,  
crawls around on all fours, squalls within a tomb?  
A man behind me whispers, three women ask him  
to shut the fuck up, what ever could it mean  
when I dip my head to clear the doorway  
but some part of my flesh snags on the handle,  
rips away from my body, again and again and—  
it is cooler when the bone bathes in a breeze,  
when blood cannot pump faster, slower,  
arteries unspool themselves into a mess of red  
much as a parrot prunes its feathers away  
until it perches naked, more bird than beauty,  
and this is how I feel—on stage, a giant hook  
yanks the nutcracker to the ground in a crash,  
who holds the hook? I do, I do not, I do  
not know anymore what it is to be myself  
except in the dark, not on the stage but under  
the bright, colorful lights of the downtown bar,  
a man thinks I am a man who thinks I am a woman  
the room spins, my beard punches into my gut,  
I start to gag, I start to feel something crawl  
through my throat, expand into the world,  
oh, how beautiful! The men scream,  
the women fawn, then the men, too, it screams  
now, its high pitch holds a note, accentuates itself  
against the rabid pop music that fills the bar,  
small, glassy eyes turn to me and my face melts  
until it takes my skeleton, turns, runs.