

Is The Sonneteer A Happy Queer?

Did you hear about the—never mind that's a different joke Once, the tabloids said *let's play a game: who where with what?* I tried too hard with the punchline: *Miss ~~White~~-Brown in the bedroom without a candlestick (sometimes we use handcuffs)* The Sonneteer walks into a bar—no not a bar, a halal cart except there are no halal carts in Las Vegas but they have that one place that serves a high tower of clean cut slow slaughter so let's call it a halal cart Evenings, I walk the way I taught myself to survive legs wide :: hood up enough to be saluted *sir* by servers At the counter, I am arrested by the sight of this man. I am always arrested by men and their sight I forget my own order because he: in sweat and worship bent before my food ready to slice if I say so: mother and murderer of my meat You make me feel a little like that: both butch and butchered When we touch, I am already wherever you need me to be Some nights, I turn more man than most more most than man as I mine you: my desire a pulse of strapped silicone Once, I forgot the mirror in front of us: I flexed my arms to embrace and my reflection was a mimicry of false power. Did you hear about the time I looked between my legs mistook fetish for fright and flinched.