

And Patroclus

It's no secret that I have never been wanted,
Because I am not like *him*.

His hair glimmers in the sunlight,
His body is taught with muscle,
Wrought with the beauty of winding rivers,
His eyes hold the radiance of someone who's never
lost a boxing match with life,

Not like me.

My Achilles,
My Achilles is beautiful and as sharp as a whip,
The crown jewel of Thetis.

When I see the fleeting want in his eyes I feel real.
When he leans in too close, I feel vulnerable.

This is my first time being wanted by someone I want back.

Previously,

Hunger was never a word anyone's put into the dictionary of my shape,

So, he has the power to strip the skin off my heartstrings,

And the skill to rewire those pulsating cords.

He could make it beat for him alone,

If he liked,

But he doesn't.

I'm nothing more than some passing amusement,

A carnival in town,

The most interesting freak show this week.

What is it like to bed a hermaphrodite?

He wonders,

So he does,

Because,

He can.

With the snap of his fingers and the persuasion of his words,

I'm his.

Even though,

I know,

Later,

He'll recount the hideousness of my form to the men of his brigade,

Sharing a laugh over the wrongness in the assembly of my body.

Turning Transness, so fearsome to me,
That it could spear a million Trojans,
into yet another of his conquests.

Still,

I can't help but savor his weight in my bed,
And the way he throws his head back,
When he laughs,
At something or other I've carefully said.

I can't mend my dullard's heart into a form that doesn't love him.

Even though, I know,

Soon he'll be gone,

Real life is not like the myths.

Men like Achilles, do not wage wars over men like And Patroclus,

It's absurd to scale the walls of Troy to seek vengeance,

Over me, the end of a sentence.

Achilles will leave, like heroes do,
And he'll take with him the sun.

His chariot will stumble over the potholes of my ragged body,
And the bodies of all else who dared to love him.

My Achilles,
My beloved Achilles will be gone,
And he'll take with him the sun.

And Patroclus,
Who knows only what it's like to hear his name,
Preempted by a preposition-

The ugly nomad prince,
Belonging not to kingdom or to people,
And certainly not to his body, or to himself,

Will fade into the darkness once more.

Yes,

Once that demigod closes my dorm room door,
And I've had my last breathless kiss,

I'll try to find someone new to follow into the light,
But I doubt the next will be so bright,

Not as bright as my Achilles.

My Achilles,

Who took with him the sun.

Under His Wing

Icarus swallows his morning antidepressants with vodka,
He pierces his ears unapologetically with cheap diamonds,
Pawn shop pearls,
And anything else far too lavish looking for a man of his stature.

He waits at the dimly lit corner near the gay bars on Fourth,
Hoping to be the object of someone's drunken desire,

His beloved uncle died,
Sometime back in the 80s, of something or other,
-and for reasons unknown,
He wasn't allowed at Thanksgiving dinner.

But young Icarus,
Once illuminated a scrapbook and found himself,
In those clever fingers, and crooked smile.
Unwittingly, he'll destroy himself in that image.

Because, no one was ever there to issue that warning:

Don't fly too close to the sun.

Or more aptly,

To the flickering light of the evening lampposts.

Invisible Boy

A spectacular show for one night only:

The Invisible Boy does a nose dive off of the coroner's roof,

With a match in each hand and his hair ablaze,

He'll play his own death march on the fiddle,

Just to see,

If anyone will notice when he hits the ground.

Soaring through the air,

 Passing more beloved heroes on the street,

 He'll meet his maker in sickly sweet silence,

To the applause *or* concern of no one.

An inconsequential life.

He'll finally exhale and smile,

 When the coroner escorts him into those shiny metal drawers,

He's finally a part of something.

The Overpass Bridge in Wharton County, or Hope

The river reflects light from the passing cars,

Like shooting stars are flickering beneath my feet,

Instead of tucked neatly into the night sky.

I'm on this bridge because I'm torn between two ways to die-

A watery grave or a closed casket.

I have an old Valentine's day letter,

On the inside of my coat pocket in a ziplock bag,

The bag is because I can't bear to think that her note will be ruined,

Even in my death.

Egyptian pharaohs took with them into the afterlife,

All of their most valuable treasures,

What I want to bring,

Is proof that at some point I was loved and loved well.

Even if at the end it was only empty days and murky water,
Unkind machines and police scanners.

In the end,

I didn't jump.

I didn't lie down,

and I didn't drown,

I chose to live.

I remembered that I am still loved,

If not permanently by others, then, at least always by myself,

And I am not ashamed to say that,

I would miss me.

I would miss me dearly.

Does that make sense?

