

When I Grow Up

I want to be unrecognizable. Unafraid
of the predators I serve and afraid

of those I've become. I want to seethe against
my scarring silence but fear blades

and scrapes. To be clearly queer and
queerly clear, floating tranquil among cacti but rooted

deep in moss-soaked ground. I want to scream
but only where it matters and whisper

where it does, too. To care enough
but not this much. To be flannel, soft

and warm and strong and worn, woven
from tiny threads and shades. To be

a jar of droplets, infinity stacked up upon itself
because infinity minus one is still infinity. Water

never really dies, it just seeps into air
and skin and stays there, pleasantly present

or rushing untrusting but never the murky mucky
yucky stuff I am now. I want to be the bad-good parts that

frown and think too much but not the
good-bad parts that stay sweet a little too long. To belong

to myself but not this self, to be layers of river
and clay and colors—everything I am

and everything I am not.