

Performance

There is no king comparable to a cock.

~Voltaire

I want to be a folded
pocket square

ready for stage
sweat. I want a routine

of lip-sync & hips
Elvis would envy.

I want hair
on my chest

& thighs. I want
spirit gum sideburns.

I want spotlight.
I want to be a tie

unknotted
& a starched collar

open. I want the hush
& catcall

of a crowd. I want
sunglasses

at night. I want to be
a nipple loop

under a damp tee.
I want to buckle

over trousers.
I want

my imaginary
cock.