

Underworld Homecoming Bash  
January 10th, 2019

The God/dess in me is non binary

Will not bow to your either or's  
Will not adhere to your polars  
Will not dwell within, but without your  
archaic ideas of  
what "god/dess" means

I am the backslash in-between  
The one that encompasses the possibilities of expression  
The duplicity of experience  
The infinity of stretch marks and stars and all those delirious, delicious details that make  
us human

So when you see me and you call me a lady,  
The god/dess in me is too busy with universal energy  
to correct you

Let me introduce you to the word femme  
Let me introduce Chicago cd's  
and the cd's with degrees  
to the word femme  
The words femme, masc, and the degrees in between; the back slash  
Slashes like tally marks lining the skin of "cis, straight" men  
who are technically  
queer  
as fuck  
because  
we GNB and that's np, bb

Let our prayers be non binary

be celebrations of our cosmology  
that exist us  
around us  
and in us

Let us move through the world with fists  
full  
of exultation to  
the god/desses before me

I remember, young and rebellious, walking out of church one Sunday morning

Prayers at my fingertips

Prayers at my fingertips  
in bed the first time I said "In bed"  
Knew what "in bed" meant  
When "In bed" meant "in your bed"  
The first time "in bed" meant "in your bed," not "my own bed"

It's funny how prayers lead to sex

To sex, body, and power

It's funny, to have a god that's the god of sex, body, and power  
Grapes, wine, and dancing  
Theatre

In fourth grade, I was afraid that I was obsessed with sex because I used to dream about it.  
And when I asked my Mom what it all meant, she said she was "afraid I'd use boys to fill  
the hole in my heart my father left."

She was  
concerned.

She wasn't  
wrong.

Dionysus  
bless her.

Trial and error.  
Try all and err her.  
Try all and err them.

Someday, I will be the answer to someone's fingertip prayers.

That when they touch me, belly stretched with infinity,  
sparks will fly from our  
shared electricity.

The god/dess in me stands in their high heeled power and demands

compassion  
gentleness  
forgiveness

in all their tender places that were overlooked by fistfuls of prayers and thirsty fingers  
from false idols.

The God/dess in me is non binary,  
will stand in antiquity  
With fire in their belly and  
command in their body

Glory  
with every back slash  
and in between