

RAPID ONSET GENDER

by: Robin Gow

the needle was a mother closet,
brushed my teeth with salt,
ate ice cream in the fire elevator,
knotting my heart like a pair of socks,
i don't take Mondays for granted,
i pull them taffy-like from
underneath a fresh lid, milk the moon
for nourishment, turn up the heat
in the bathroom to sweat myself
free of all my hair, thighs are
the most important muscles &
here i am with not one but two,
brotherhood on a coat hanger,
spit spikes in the sink from
the impending collar,
i'll walk on all fours
if you hold the leash, beard blooms
like daffodil & blue bonnet,
i'm making a thicket of my face,
attaching burs to your back,
i want to be the lover who is
hard to take off who years later
you wonder "where are they?"
my pronouns are very worn out
so i wash them in the sink
with orange dishsoap, i have a hard time
correcting people when they call me
a prophet, i just saw god's ankles
underneath the dressing room door,
i'm making a bumper sticker that reads
"supernatural = natural," nothing much else
to say about transformation other than that
it should be more hourglass flip
& less medical waste, though not my fault
everything blue needs to blink
itself awake, praise my scabby elbows,
praise the shed snake skin in the sink,
wasn't mine wasn't mine, purse me
to the graveyard water fountain,
let's talk about the gender of a knuckle,
mine is amethyst beneath the skin,
i'm having all my bones surgicall replaced
with crystals as fast as i can,
bones are really too heavy for this
kind of lift off, fill my shoes with dirt,
plant tomatoes, red comes so fast
i can barely catch,



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