


*Beasa Dukes*

## When I'm Feeling Dysphoric:

I LIKE TO SHOUT MYSELF INTO EXISTANCE      SHOUT MYSELF A LITTLE BIT  
 CLOSER TO GOD      SHOUT MYSELF INTO THE ETHER      SHOUT MYSELF INTO  
 LIGHT      SHOUT MYSELF INTO A SUN-GHOSTED HEAT      SHOUT MYSELF INTO  
 THE SKY.

I STRIP NAKED, LET MY TITS SWING LOOSE AND SCREAM IN THE BATHROOM—  
 THE ACOUSTICS ARE DIVINE. ECHO GOT ME THINKIN' THESE TITS MUST BE  
 DIVINE TOO. GOD MUST BE A WOMAN, ALL FAT-BREADED AND THUNDER-  
 MOUTHED. GOD MUST BE UP IN THESE SWEET TEETS. SHE MUST BE POUNDING  
 UNDER THESE THINGS. SHE MUST BE THRUMMING AGAINST THE FLESH WEIGHT.  
 SO I SQUEEZE THE PUCKERING TITS, HOLLAR OUT SOME PRAYER THAT SOUNDS  
 SOMETHIN' LIKE *RELEASE ME FROM THESE HEAVY THINGS PLEASE SO I CAN SEE  
 WHATCHU LOOK LIKE UNDERNEATH*. THERE MIGHT BE TEARS. THERE MIGHT BE  
 A SOUL-BURN IN MY THROAT. THERE MIGHT BE A QUIVER IN THE AIR. THERE  
 MIGHT BE A SUCCULANT TREMOR GOING FROM RED TO BLUE TO ORANGE  
 AGAINST THE WHITE-WASHED ROOM. THERE MIGHT BE A RESOUNDING  
 WHISPER. I SHOUT ONE MORE AGAIN.

DIVINITY SWIMS IN MY VISION. SHE SHIMMIES AND SHAKES. HER BODY  
 VOLUMONOUS, POURING OUTTA MY MOUTH. HER BREASTS ARE MY BREASTS.  
 HER CURVES ARE MY CURVES. SHE HOLDS ME BY THE THIGHS WITH TENDER  
 HANDS. KISSES THEM LIGHT.

THEN I DANCE.

THEN WE BOTH DANCE.

MY HIPS—HER HIPS—OUR HIPS—MY BREASTS—HER BREASTS—OUR BREASTS—  
 MY THIGHS—HER THIGHS—OUR THIGHS—MY BOY-CLIT—HER LADY-CLIT—OUR  
 CLIT—*MINEHERSOURS*

SHE IS ME.

I IS HER.

I BE HER

SHE BE ME.

AND DAMN DO WE DANCE GOOD.

WE DANCE WITH A BANG—BLASTING OPEN A BLUE ELECTRIC HOLE IN THE AIR UNTIL THE WORLD SEEMS SWALLOWED IN MAGIC. WE CONJURE BALMY BLARING BEATS THAT BUBBLES OUR BELLIES WARM. WE TOSS OUR HANDS UP, TOUCH THE SILKENED RED LANGUAGE I LEFT HANGING UP. IT CATCHES OUR FINGERS ON FIRE, BURNS GOOD THE TIPS UNTIL WE RABID WITH THE NEED TO GRAB IT. WE SNATCH BACK, RUB RED ALL DOWN OUR HUMMING LEGS, KNEAD IT INTO OUR SKIN, TWIRL IT INTO OUR JUBILANT AFRO. WE PITTER-PAT JIG AGAINST THE COLD TILE. THE COOL SLIDES FROM UNDERNEATH US AND WE BE LEFT BASS-DRIFTING, BODIES DOIN' THAT TWIST AND GRIND, BODIES DOIN' DAT ELECTRIC TWINE. WE WATCH THE SINGLE FLOURECENT BULB BULGE INTO A SINGLE SUN-BLAZED EYE—WE BECOME TRANSLUSCENT, GLOWING UNDER FALSE-SUN, SET FIRE, SET FREE. WE DON'T MIND THE EYE. IT'S JUST ME, MYSELF, AND US AWED BY OUR BODIES. WE CRAWL OUR HANDS ACROSS OUR BREASTS, DIVINING IN THE LUSHOUS WEIGHT. WE TAP A RHYTHMIC FIST AGAINST OUR SWOONING HIPS. WE BOUNCE-WIGGLE AND SLAP OUR THIGHS, JUST TO FEEL THEM EXIST IN TANDEM TO THE ORANGE SOUNDS JUMPING FROM OUR SKIN.

WE TITTIE-JIGGLE UNTIL IT FEELS LIKE OUR HEARTS MIGHT JUST BOP OUT. WE JAM UNTIL THIS BODY STARTS MAKING SENSE AGAIN. WE GROOVE UNTIL SHE SLIDES BACK INTO MY MOUTH. WE CRASH AND BANG AND EXPLODE ACROSS THE DANCE –TILE UNTIL THE COLORS SLUSH. WE DANCE UNTIL I'M JUST ME, DYSPHORIA STILL HOT ON MY TONGUE.

I shake my body from the startling electric, hands still cupping a woman's breast. I see me in the mirror, looking like I do when the girl comes screaming through. I see me in the mirror, looking like I do when the boy makes some sugar-warped noise. I see me in the mirror god-made, god-founded, god-shook.

i am divinity

i remember

and dance