December sleet

is it not strange

that of all my bodily appendages

only my penis is neither right nor left?

granted, it has a left and a right

but it straddles defiantly the line between the two

the tongue is the same

it is only the organs of communication

which show no party colours

perhaps then, these two

are the best symbol of what is me.

the sleet is falling now

the weatherman is hedging his bets

will commit to neither paradigm

all we know is that the world is cold

that water fills every space permitted

and that i, me, we two —

i am filled with a longing for love