Nipples on a man

an essay on evolution

we all know this:

women are not men who changed

they are born whom they were conceived

it is us, me, the bodies of perpetual loneliness

we are the ones who are not as we began

search how you will : it is the most vain of exercises

there is nothing in you that is of me.

there is not a tall erect man on earth

who does not feel the burning of the brand of compulsion

who does not fight, or surrender

to the terrible, comfortable, void

! i am marked:

the location of my power is the location of my pain

and my body the property of a dream

of what i am not quite.

for this i will do anything:

to rescind the ache in my loins

that calls me home to you.