# On being a man

that word disturbs me

i am but a callow youth in the mirror of my eyelids

preoccupied with this cherished meat

is it big? is it small? is there ever enough?

i can reach the top shelf:

sometimes this is my value

to push things, to pile things

to go through, not around

i wish to penetrate all

to claim as mine

the stone in the cherry, the depth of a woman

the black hole around which all rotates

this is me: from in to ex

and were it not for the power of hands

i would be your slave