

in the Queer bar with ice water that cost \$1.50
twenty years & hundreds of girlfriends later
I still
don't know how to do this
Never will
So I enjoy the closely swaying women's bodies
flicker of simmering desire
in this one place where we can sort of be
ourselves
that in every town is always smoky, tacky & not quite clean
where class & race dim somewhat in red spinning lights
a haze of booze
Sober
this is not my home
but there's no place else to go
in a strange city

*Dream On
Chrystos
1991*