

*Tiresias*

To be entered. To enter. To be ravaged. To ravage.

To receive pleasure, to give it.

Can there be equality in both? Doubtful, I say. Nay, I say.

You receive what I give you, in the doses I give it.

In what I say: I say in certainty. Can we come to the conclusion that in what I distribute, you inherit through me—it is you who is enveloped in the warmth of my touch and it is you who finds light underneath sheets that I cast above our hallowed bedground.

Woman, woe for the depth of our love.

The depth of man's reach, a reach unbeknownst without the coming together of two.

Don't be so foolish, fool. It is with my permission alone that you are welcomed into me. I hold the key, I alone. You beg when I want, you do all I say. I do not need your tools, or your services. Have not you heard? Despite your vulgar reaches into the lowly depths of all that can be measured: still you come back to me, into my bed—not our bed—mine, my sheets, my warmth warms you. You need the certainty of a bed, the certainty of lying with what has been laid before, time and time again. An addict of flesh, you and the rest of man. I proclaim an edict of addiction.

Call us whores, call us sluts. Let us see who holds their tongue longest from protruding forth desperations for pleasure.

Jump you, never. Jump me, always.

Your pleasure is base and senseless, it is all flesh and extremities. Not bone and matter. Your pleasure is short and mild, held close between the thighs and spreading outwards in short radical radiations—over before it began. All in the building, never in the completing. All in the destination, never in the footsteps.

How to deliberate between two insurmountable inquiries?

How?

I have always been a (wo)man. Though born with below hanging fruit, beauty more subtle, beauty held but just under the surface. Though born in such machinations: I have always been... a (wo)man. Somewhere in between the fist and the palm, I extended into both arms. Forced. Forced. To the ground and into garments most suited for my form. Fuck, I fucked. Fuck, I been fucked. What I watched, what I saw exploring the chatrooms and the moment by moment broadcasts. What was once unnatural opened doors I could never close again. So, I carved out my face,

wearing away at the bones, and replaced rugged for less rough, replaced right for wrong. I plucked and I plucked, for seven years I plucked. The faults of rigidity wore rings rife with razors around my unblesséd head, until it fell off and rugged once again. Why must I fit into one or the other, can I not be free to fall into whatever shape whenever withwhoever?

Help.

Help to deliberate between two insurmountable inquiries.

With neither of you can I agree. With neither of you can I see an answer. An answer sought for a question wrought with nothing but victory in head. No, no. What you seek is not in me. With neither of you can I agree.

“Then now, now you can not see.”

“And now, now you can. See through. See past.”