

## Beauty & Truth

Let me just say I'm a girl  
who'd give her left nut to  
  
know your name, sister,  
sitting bowed beside your  
  
pink drink. You so cool.  
Let us go down to the world  
  
where we blur, like butterflies,  
into leaves & there's nothing  
  
I wouldn't pretend for you.  
I don't expect you  
  
to be into my kink.  
The body's always  
  
changing. Tell me  
are you the kind of boy  
  
who can blush?  
These days, longing's as big  
  
as I get. You make me worry—  
all gods take form  
  
as their disguise. Then in strolls  
some Clyde McFuck  
  
a trace of hair in his  
décolleté and you look up

with that sad sass of a smile.  
I want you for a dream.

The dark one over there  
can see it. His latest *amor* looking

as if he's bent on teaching  
his cosmo to talk. Dark One

eyes some Trans-Lily  
née Lyle, slinking around, so pale

and deep. We're between-folk.  
Permanently doppelgängered.

We cannot separate.  
I'm back to you,

chimera in orange chiffon, breathing,  
lush little hour before we all

go home. I don't know  
what you are. Me,

I'm part naiad.  
But we have all refused love

some nights. There's no other proof  
we have a soul. In this world where

everything that is beautiful  
is random, there's no story.

We are like two hummingbirds that also never met.

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