

There's a moment for writing

There's a moment for just being in the surroundings

and a moment for listening

what eyes can't perceive

it's all about sex, they say

I look at a man and yes

that's what I think of

I'm not a woman

that is

in my physicality

I'm the shape of a man

but I have had a man

make love to me

and more over

I've had a man fuck me

and I consider myself lucky

they were generally gentle towards me

I guess it's easier to sympathize with someone of your own gender

maybe overcoming the

stigma of the penetrated man

leaves more tenderness than what resistance does

In sex there is no narrating

there is continuity

In the way she said goodbye

there was an embracing charm

that came out

just in time

to make me change

the whole way I had

perceived her so far

I stand now open

wondering is it an illusion

to welcome the dreams and

fears and

the scars of

being back in Japan

one place is multifaceted

is four old ladies

in a tasteful coffee shop

discussing

touristic destinations

based on

idealized countries

based on a picture from a

promotional pamphlet from twelve years ago and

a moment of joy

a

n

d

a

concrete wall

falling down onto you

with a shamefully not very well

hidden cock that

will rip your lips open

and I wonder

is that how it

really felt

all those

nights

but days too

looking for love

begging for the tenderness

of the mother's arms

too proud to receive

anything

except

what's

out of reach.

Rub my back

Softly, with love

imagine you're touching the person

you like the most
imagine is the back of
just another human being.
Spread the sperm on it
thank you
repeat after me
“I’m rubbing sperm on the back of a
wounded creature”
thank you.
What do you need?
forget that
don’t tell me
it was rhetorical
no, it wasn’t
would you have answered?
See I took it back
for fear of making you uncomfortable
because if I make you uncomfortable
you probably won’t like me
or maybe you will
but could you admit that to yourself?
Could you admit the weirdness in you?
Could you agree that
what’s weird is just the unknown
and could you live with the idea

that you don't completely know

what you're made of

why you act in a certain way

and why you can't say I love you to the people

you do love?

And by the way

you're rubbing sperm on somebody else's back

in front of a group of other people

Have you ever realized the difference it makes

to use one word over another?

Just one word:

say creature, animal; say people, say

socio economic fucked up reality.

Are you afraid?

I am.

But now a little bit less.

Thank you.