

She Stands Proud with Flowers and Stem Between her Legs

Lindsey Ellison

Tall with dark hair like
ants crawling to the motion of static cable-
riding the freeway up and
down her limbs,
she stands one leg over the tub and is an
exterminator with razor. Blade:
tiny, thin, sharp
like the Elizabeth Taylor portrait
she has hanging in her bathroom
staring with sapphire eyes and a
pink, half-moon smile.
I sit on sink,
Grasping, passing
the champagne neck.
She fans her leg
over the arm of the tub and dabs
the towel softly, sensually around her upper thigh.
She has no problem showing
me what she is truly not.
She tells me
she's not sure what to say
when people say he, or sir,
or boy or lady boy.
She notes:
she is not some porn fantasy
with a smirk,
because she secretly wants
to be a porn star someday,
but someday
she tells me,
there's a vase between her legs.
She is glass, fragile and
not unbreakable
to the people who do not know

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how to water flowers
or pay them enough
attention
so they feel alive.
But I see her,
in the fluorescence of the bathroom
bare and womanly.