Anatomy of an Idea
By Lu Quibelle

my Queerness is
big bellied and breasted
swinging off tall brass poles brazen pendulum hips
as the rest of her spins by the ankle
she digs elbows into queer-like-me ribs pokes her nose into other folks' business like it's her business too
but only 'cause her arms
came out bent for holding
she uses her kneecap
on the groins of the patriarchy the back of her skull
snaps the nose bridge of bigots but her umbilical cord
still stings where they
pinched it off
when they found out
her heart
has space for all kinds a curved women, her clit
stands to attention for stubble
her neck
is always stretched out
till teeth come along to leave marks dark and claiming
her toes
get stepped on a lot
she lays her head
on her best friend's shoulder she buttons her eyes
shut when she sleeps alone her nails
claw at her thighs
when she's horny
362727 she smiles bright toothy professional smiles
when she says "my girlfriend" smirks wry eyebrows
for "dating two women
no time to get laid"
her voice
is patient
when she tells small girls
they can marry each other some day
her calves
love the way her skirts swirl
her fingers
never smooth labels
unless they were custom designed
and she knows they will come off again her ear
aches from being pressed against doors wondering
if it's safe to come out
her chipped polish toes curl under the blankets her blood runs cold under unwanted hands her skin has a sun and a moon and some stars because everyone's beautiful her heels rise up when she recites poetry her knees rise up marching capitol hill her whole torso curves like a kitten when good books say "love who you love." My Queerness wears bright colors. She stands out in the crowd. She kneels for nobody. Not anymore.