

## One of the Guys

Among clanking glasses and hors d'oeuvres  
I proclaim myself a feminist.  
(Pro-anything it seems). Though under oath  
a confession perhaps: that at times  
she seems to have risen from a foamy sea  
like Aphrodite and Lorena before her,  
severed member close behind, crooked finger  
beckoning. I blush the blush of the accused.

The beauty of the J.D. journey is that of  
Santorelli's breasts: oh the weapons that arise,  
the empowering, contradictory swords that  
cut so readily in any direction. The me who ponders  
shouts "equal protection!," the me who pisses  
considers the possibilities, and the residue  
of dissonance is like thick shower scum,  
irrepealable. I step into the streaming water,

Exposed. I flex my muscles and join in a celebration  
of differences to which I have no invitation.  
Mind of mediator, voice of Limburger, reciting Roe  
can't help me now: this is the shameless, invisible  
guilt, the thriftshop of threadbare intentions. It's  
three-piece suits and Leave it to Beaver and porno  
flicks, incriminating skeletons assumed to have dibs  
on my closet. The water grows cooler.

But even convicts have rights, and I demand  
more therapy: too many "labels" jostling for position,  
some the afterbirth of misinformation and macho  
convenience, others the offspring of MacKinnon and Paglia.  
I search for a label-less utopia, balanced and just,  
no actus reus assumed or reparations required:  
where my crimes are pardoned and the showers  
have no scum. The dripping slowly continues.

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