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Glossary Terms of Engenderment

Afternoons spent in building backs with lips lacquered in jolly rancher. You dared me to climb the water tower, called me a pussy. I said I liked pussy and counted 50 rungs and cried all the way down. You wiped my tears with your sweatshirt sleeve that smelled like cinnamon. You told me you'd lay yourself flat if I fell like an

Airplane landing strip.

Alternating tongue dominance while knowing instinctively that I was the butch one, that you wanted me to press your wrists into the plastic plastic plastic of fiber and lawn chairs and playground slides

Arching of the back, half-moon of sweated spine and small, bowed over green shag carpet my dad couldn't afford to replace. I was top and your hip bones collided with mine but they shifted, fit together like zipper teeth. I held the back of your head with one hand, feeling your occipital protuberance. The other traveled

Ardently, savoring the soft down of your forearms, your ribcage a momentary valley for my fingers, your hip a cushion of cellulose cold from bloodless formation, seeking the pressure of my touch, your

Ass worthy of praise, tightens with my squeeze and we switch places. Air hued lavender from that sweater you tossed on my k-mart lamp 60 watt bulb, shadeless, shadeless-

Bare souls in letters written in 3rd period, exchanged during lunch when we

Blast Bikini Kill from your portable speakers and discuss the Riot Grrrl movement and the ramifications of the disintegration of the nuclear family. In the 70's

Bowie said he was bisexual -

But later admitted it was the biggest mistake he ever made. We agreed that Bowie could be hetero but Ziggy never would be. I remember that time vaguely –

Butterscotch rum tucked away in your freezer. We finished it in big gulps, pretending it really didn't taste like shit. I feigned interest in more, but I knew that my stomach was warm and my cheeks were numb and I wanted to smother you.

Candles weren't allowed in my bedroom, my dad thought I would light the house on fire. I thought about it sometimes, but I wouldn't use a candle. Sometimes we just sat in the dark, eyes focused on moving lips purple with shadow and eyes welling with tears talking about rape and wishing we were creatures with

Crural glands. They contain the venom of the male platypus, which is used in male to male combat, and secreted from the ankle spurs – But I'm not a male, I'm female, and you're female and we joke that the fe is for iron. We know that we're stronger than this

Cunt. When we say it we both cringe like its spirit has dropped ice down our backs. It's hard to take a word back once it's gone. Gone to the wolves, to the sheep, to the shepherd. And then I thought about

David Bowie on the cover of Diamond Dogs and realized that a man isn't always a man. And that I lived in

Decaying hunger city. You kept your distance for an unbearable amount of time. The platypus

Dive blindly, and find their food through electrical currents generated by their prey. My only sense was that something was wrong. I caught you in the corner of the band locker room with a flushed face and a shocked expression. And we talked and talked and skipped fifth period, smoking on the ceiling after climbing through the b house girl's bathroom. And we

Dove blindly, not for food, but familiarity, fleeing the "Hey yous!" of the greasy, spandex clad lunch lady. We were thankful we didn't

Eat, for though lunch isn't cooked there, her probing nubs of fingers must have grazed at least one pepperoni out of 26. My feet, small, wrapped in canvas and rubber, can't compete with the webbed behemoth front feet of the platypus built for solidarity and digging so I

Erred on the landing and twisted my ankle. I walked like a victim of temporary paralysis, unsure of status or form. I started to wish for a less mundane disfigurement. David Bowie has one

Eye that is permanently dilated. He was punched during a fight at school. It was one of those obnoxious class rings. But it was a curious characteristic. A characteristic without assumptions, without the maimed allusions, the inconsistent steps, the plodding, wincing, holding up traffic on the right side of the hall stigma.

For you I'd take the beating. But I didn't have to, he took everything instead. Everything was empty

Frames. Door frame, no door, windows with no blinds, curtains, mattress with no posts, shelves bookless, pictures

Gun metal grey ash bits on sumac blooms

Heavy with fuzz, short, coarse, big toe hair receding into neon green lacquer. You always hated your toes. The second one an eighth of an inch longer than the first, the pinky toe a soft pearl with a nail as an afterthought. I told you that the pinky toe was important for balance, and that

I'll fall with your knife

Jumping into the narrows in fully clothed November. The thinnest layers of ice salted with drifted snow and assuming strength. We jumped the 20 feet on the count of six because three just wasn't enough to make our hands sweat and the geese squawk in attention. We both agreed that we

Knew this couldn't last. David Bowie always had a repulsive need to be something more than human. And he was, but we couldn't be anything more than two dykes with a penchant for illegal and masochistic behavior. So I went

Lower lower lower and left you thinking love was just a word I gasped when I ran my fingers through your hair and you've

Married now

Nesting now, a nebula of hopes and dreams crown you like thorns

Obstinate

Plucking every thought of me you had, like quills, barbarously thrown back

Resting in those cold fatty parts, the love handles, the kissable lobes, the

Sinew of my ankle still aches

Topography of our lives, mine valleys valleys, yours – volcanic

Undisturbed by memories

Vacant cottages and

White Roses

Xanadu

Your own private Idaho, your

Zenith, from which I hope you see me, when the blade reflects my eyes.