

My sex
Waits for me
Like a mongrel waits
Downwind on a tight rope leash

My sex
Is a fragile acrobat
Sometimes I'm a novocaine shot
Sometimes I'm an Automat

My sex
Is often solo
Sometimes it short circuits then
Sometimes it's a golden glow

My sex
Is invested in
Suburban photographs
Skyscraper shadows on a car crash overpass

My sex
Is savage, tender
It wears no future faces
Owns just random gender

My sex
Has a wanting wardrobe
I still explore
Of all the bodies I knew
And those I want to know

My sex
Is a spark of electro-flesh
Leased from the tick of time
And geared for synchromesh

My sex
Is an image lost in faded films
A neon outline on a high-rise overspill

My sex
My sex