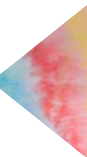


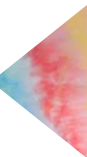
[The next 4 pages are a collection]

Salton Sea





Be sure to stop at the Salton Sea on your way. I've always wanted to see it.



CURRENT LOCATION

67 years of life
339 miles away
a 5 hour and 22 minute drive
(without traffic)
and he's never visited the Salton Sea.
It's nothing special really
but the 1950's postcards
show something else entirely.
His eyes still cradle those visions
when he fantasizes:
the yacht club with the classic cars out front
the blatant sun
the palm trees
the ivory rounded bodies
in yellow and pink bikinis.

It scares me
that a person can live their whole life
without traveling the 339 miles
to visit a destination they've always dreamt of.
It scares me
that surviving
oftentimes gets in the way
of living
that all the others
stopping by
are thinking to themselves
It's nothing special
before they take a photograph.



WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

We stopped at the Salton Sea
it was our final trip together
I staged a few pictures
we hardly talked
and the eerie silence reminded me
that the life is eventually drained
out of most beautiful possibilities.
There were washed up fish
unable to withstand the high salt levels
and then there was us:
barely touching each other in the night
afraid that a flame might be ignited
and neither one of us would be able to keep it lit.
Unable to withstand the ebb and flow
of your current mixed with mine.

I never loved you more
than I did in those dark painful moments.
Far away
on the other side of the king bed
snoring softly
as I journeyed my waist the 7 inches across
pressed it firmly against your groin.
You wouldn't kiss me because I tasted like whiskey
I didn't know how to pretend that didn't bother me.
You didn't know how to get over it
kiss me anyway
so you didn't
and the pilot went out.



HOW WAS YOUR RIDE?

You were more
than your choice to stay stagnant in order to survive.

The salt didn't kill us
but the 3 seconds between your lips and mine
was just too far for you to cross.

It's nothing special really
shallow
that the life is usually drained out of most beautiful possibilities.



Yo, I'll tell you what I want, WHAT I REALLY REALLY WANT:

I want really fat crinkle fries.

I want to fall into the arms of a man who can hold me
one who has experienced being held by a man
who perceives them to be a woman.

I want to fall into the arms of a man
who doesn't perceive me to be a woman
who knows how harmful that can be.

I want the softness that comes from being trans
with all the rugged edges that accompany having survived that existence.

I want really fat crinkle fries drenched in ketchup.

I want to be drenched in the absence of gender
or the vastness of it.

I want it to ooze from the creases.

I want to hold hands with a man who wears nail polish unironically.

I want to be loved for not being a woman
rather than loved for the ways I resemble one.

I want really fat crinkle fries that sparkle with crystals of salt.

I want to kiss the skin of every body that is reduced to itself.

I want to count the ways our bodies abuse us
celebrate how they express us.

I want to be decorated in trans love.

I want really fat crinkle fries.

