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A Staged Affair

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A STAGED AFFAIR

AFTER KIM ADDONIZO'S "AFFAIR"

Kevin Cabaniss

I like men—
I want their thick muscles
to hold me and lift me up into the light,—
and I want to come down like that,
attached at the waist.
And no, it's not the sunlight you're thinking of,
it's staged light—
see, I'm a dancer,
the worst kind to you:
a skinny boy in pink tights,
high buttocks,
the kind who you think likes
to walk through foggy locker rooms
and stare from dark corners
at the thing resting between your
man's muscled thighs,
the kind who walks the dark night alone
toward all those straight bars
in small town America,
sipping on those long necked
Budweiser bottles,
just looking for that cowboy
you know he secretly
wants to wrangle.

And I hate women,
each night having to lift them up—
having to bring them down softly,
like a decayed autumn leaf cascading
sideways down toward the earth.
I hate the crowds for believing it,
for blindly accepting
a dance they already know.
Don't these women know I want more—
that I want to steal
their boyfriends, husbands, fathers even,
that I want their strong sweaty hands
to lift me like that
up through the darkness on stage,
to bring me down lightly
in the choreographed movement—
because don't you believe in it,
in trying to stop the
spongy foam cup of your loneliness,
whomever the person,
no matter the price? 