

[ III ]

I know a girl who has the heart of an ox. She holds it out to you in hands you tell her are not hers, but his. Her body is bamboo, spider silk, limpet teeth, hers. *His*, you insist, and point to the hair on her face, blame her for the dirt in the bathroom. *That monster with a dick did this*. You lurk in the radio waves, cup your hands in the stolen water, slip the shock of it into your puzzled stare. It drips at her feet. She is a dude in women's clothes, you are okay with it. She thanks you for your permission. Tracks wet footprints across the floor. Hums under the tarantula of your olive branch: Black Taxi nails, Gold Rush dabbed on her eyelids. Threat itches in each gleaming palpus. Kick her. Do not let her go. She pins you to the ground, lets the water collect in your lungs. Apologises. Her body *is*. Bamboo. Spider silk. Limpet teeth. Hers.

