

Oh, Mickey

I humped the foot of Mickey Mouse
like it was a cock, though
I don't think I knew the word then.

Did I even know *penis*? I think it was
wee wee still. Like the squeal
I held in my mouth on a roller coaster.

Space Mountain. Turns and curves
in black. Back when mystery fit
comfortably. When caves meant explore.

My grandma said girls had *pocketbooks*, said
don't let nobody steal your pocketbook, said
no man had any business reaching inside.

But she never said anything about Mickey.
Oh. Mickey.

I asked my mom why
she said no when I sang
the 1990 hit "I Touch Myself"

She said the song was about
awakening the devil, said
go to my room to put him back down.

I pulled out Mickey. Let him shift
my tectonic plates, teach me
the secrets of an exclamation point.

Then got on my knees and apologized
for crucifying Christ again
for making the ground tremble

but as soon as the carpet indents
faded from my knees,
I wanted it again.

And again, I liked the way it made me say Oh.
Hallelujah. And how could God
not find satisfaction in so much praise?



How Some Children Play at Discrimination

You don't need no sign
no poorly scribbled letters
like a lemonade stand, said Leanne

You simply climb to
the top of the jungle gym
and from the top, you look

down and say no
but only to the dark skin
girls, you say no you don't
get to play here

You remind them
of the last wide-nostril girl
with cornrows for hair

how she tried
to climb, you remind
them you kicked her, her

blood and busted tooth
tainted the metal, you
remind them the teachers

wouldn't let anyone on
for 10 whole days. No,
said Leanne, we're not

letting them take what's
ours. Not ever. Not
again.

