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Bob's Mind Wanders in Class

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Bob's Mind Wanders in Class

She stand easily behind the rostrum
Before each section of Women's Studies
Proclaiming we must isolate and celebrate
Our feminine consciousness
From the back row I squint at that androgynous figure
Flailing an open fist.
Her words are superfluous.
I tear my cuticles between practiced incisors.
Echoes of "penis power" and "male domination"
Fill this auditorium, and I remember him

Up in that dark wrestling room,
Weights crashing below us, soul music
Wafting up through some shaft.
We'd opened one window
To clear the left-over pheromones.
We whispered, waiting
For an authoritative voice to
Scrape away the metal chair propped
Before the lockless double doors
And interrupt our wrestling.

Now I've bitten off too much
Flesh; I suck blood, sweet,
From my torn cuticle. I feel no more,
No less feminine than anyone.
I celebrate my consciousness in isolation.

Amy Becker