





































awakening from  
an 8-stop nap  
he immediately fellates  
a NUTRAGRAIN bar

jailbait in a v-neck  
bats his eyes  
but i aint going down  
that-a-way

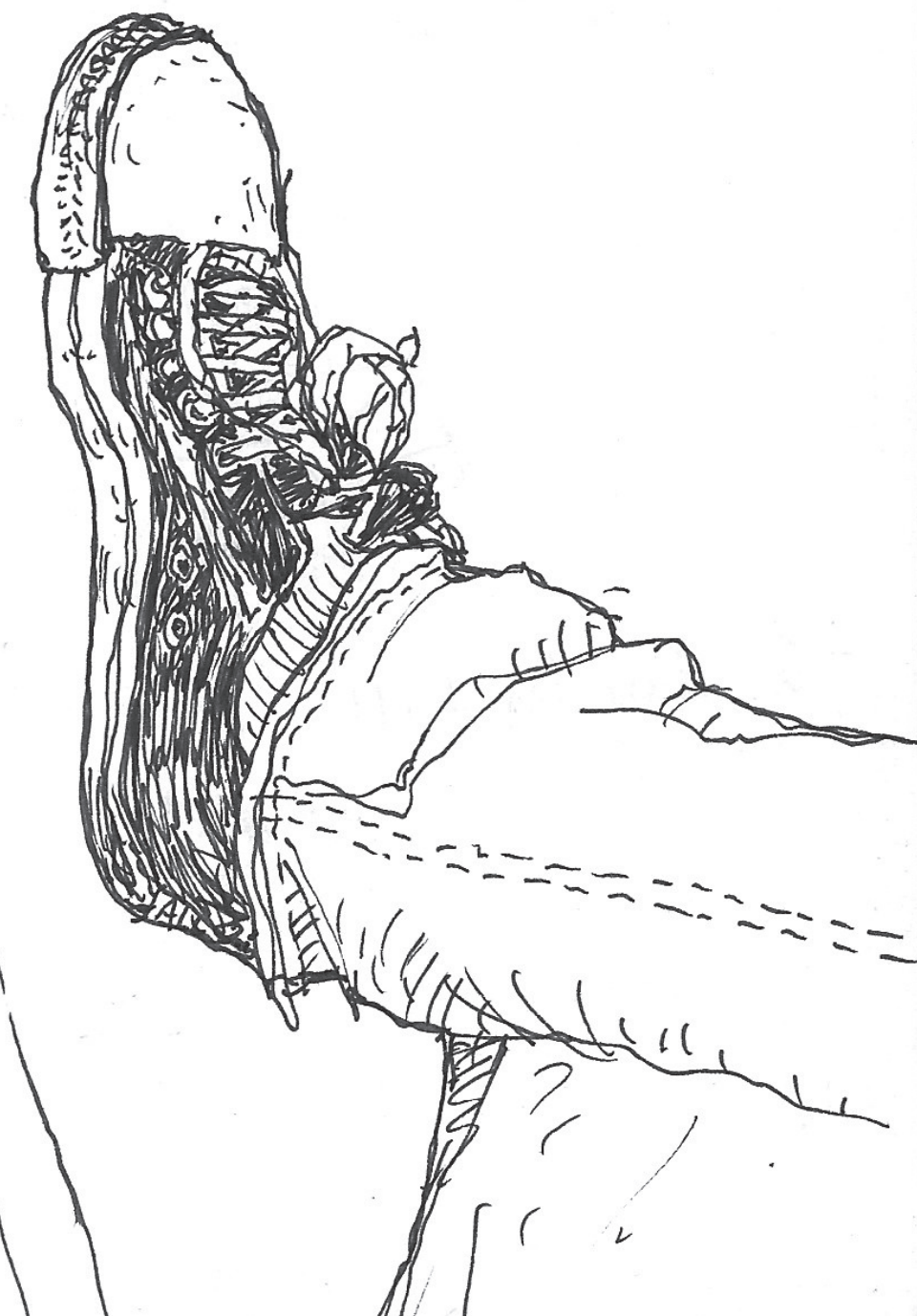


muslim boy in a skirt  
beside an older brother  
wears only one glove

that dandy in the  
polka-dot fedora  
sports a non-foppish tote  
from any old

DUANE READE

whatever he mumbles  
causes his girlfriend  
to scream



biting an unopened, travel-sized  
ALKA-SELTZER pack,  
he seems content



if his restless leg unnerves me  
— the man in aviators —  
more unnerving still:  
his shaking leg stops.

like a trappist, he slips his left arm  
in his right sleeve, his right  
in the left

i tell him that he dropped his glove on the seat  
but he believes  
i have instructed him  
to place his Chihuahua  
next to me

reading horatian odes,  
he doesn't look up  
to catch my yearning



rapping about how  
he gonna kill  
all dem niggas,  
he tastes the feeling  
from a polar-bear  
COKE can

in backwards cap  
studying  
a periodic table  
he smells like a hoagie

“so, after six hours  
you take a shower?”  
he confirms  
on his smartphone —  
then walks  
to the next car



it might be rude  
to offer my seat  
to this old, buff dude

gym shorts and moccasins  
with sweater and  
jean jacket —  
he's a hanging chad



hasidic DON JUAN  
for whom even MOSES would break the law

bloodshot eyes in  
ADIDAS sweats,  
this pothead wants my D

jammed in the seat  
by a fat lady  
he holds two gloves,  
one phone

reading  
DEATH IN VENICE,  
he's headed down  
to battery park

CARHARTT coat and  
skintight jeans,  
he must be somebody's  
pinch-hitter



i always pay  
the showtime boys  
for commutes  
little pleasures

cute show-time boy spreads his legs,  
hangs upside-down:  
no front teeth



there's a weird bump  
like an ear, on his ear,  
and his pupils suggest sincerity

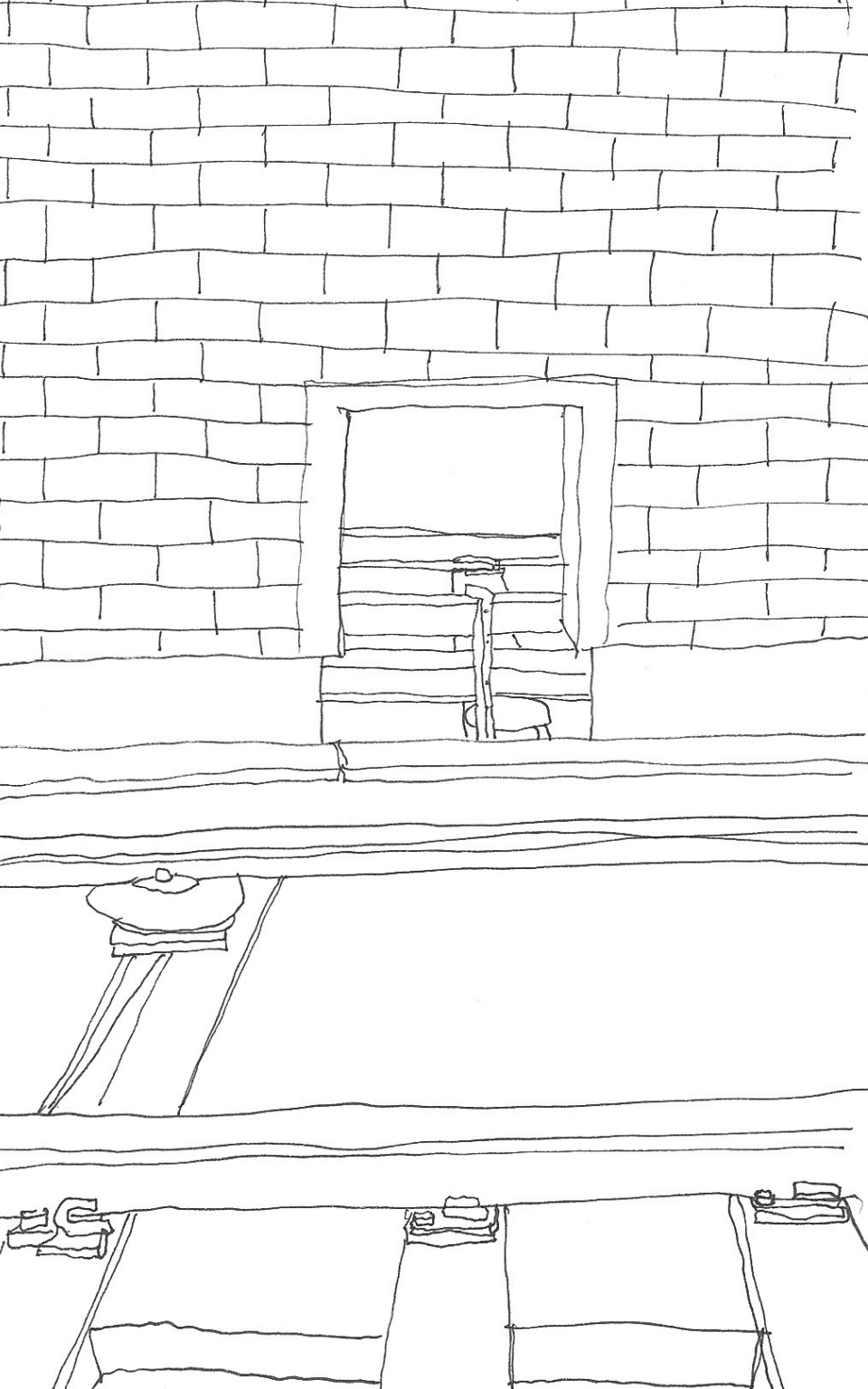
since NIKE bought CHUCKS,  
their semiotic stock  
remains in flux

downcast in a  
faded sweatshirt  
he's fated not to know  
a woman's touch

if not the  
designer change purse,  
then the heavy mediterranean eyelids  
signalize wantonness

i don't care that  
this teenage show-time poll-dancer  
is only sixteen,  
except he hasn't learned to douche





like an art, he practices  
the off-the-cuff misanthropy  
of an un-offered seat

in olive coat with golden buttons  
he unbuttons his shirt  
starting to sweat

POLAR EXPRESS cap,  
he sits at an angle  
turned toward  
a newspaper reader  
without, however, appearing to know her

cruising this guy,  
i didn't notice  
for fourteen stops  
his wedding ring

sternly scruffy-jowled  
with burnished loafers,  
he is like an  
unworthwhile potato



some white dude  
who looks  
like my hot cousin SEAN



contra natura are his  
haphazard  
blowfish smooches

wearing the bleary-eyed hang-over  
of frat-dude repression  
he tastes the throw-up brewing

like my old pet collie,  
his dark eyelashes  
look like eyeliner

because the dude  
at the end of the car  
who is spewing bibimbap  
all over the floor  
deserves a little privacy,  
i will not write  
a poem on him



asleep standing up  
he licks his lips  
dreaming stock options  
in the land of lakes

legs askance and torso turned,  
arching neck and twisting arm,  
feet at angles, texting quick—  
he's an easy target for my love

sneering at his FACEBOOK friends,  
the DL boy  
makes me hard





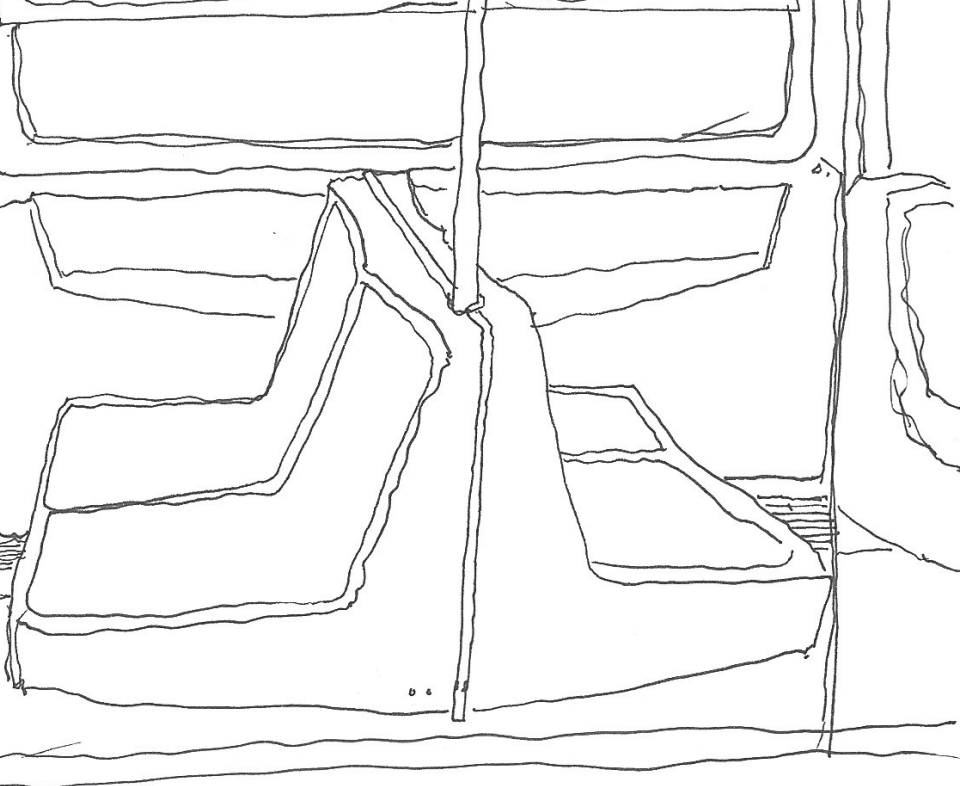
embroidered rose lining  
in his black leather jacket  
complicates my view  
that his pasty nordic face  
connotes RIEFENSTAHL

tight leather pants  
and elevated shoes  
suggest a pussy pleaser

bobbing his head to invisible music,  
he gives me the finger with his eyes

earmuffs and a notebook  
 probably indicate  
 a vatic sensitivity

beneath his METS cap  
and his RAY CHARLES sunglasses,  
all chin



another note-taker  
surveys the scene  
sucking his pen cap,  
a pacifier



this teenage boy  
with patchy beard  
looks just like TRAYVON

reading his box of prescription toothpaste  
the infidel begs  
silent forgiveness

chubby buddha  
he is at one  
but falls asleep  
and cracks his phone

as i spy on his crotch  
inspecting for gradation  
i receive no appreciation  
for my ocular blow

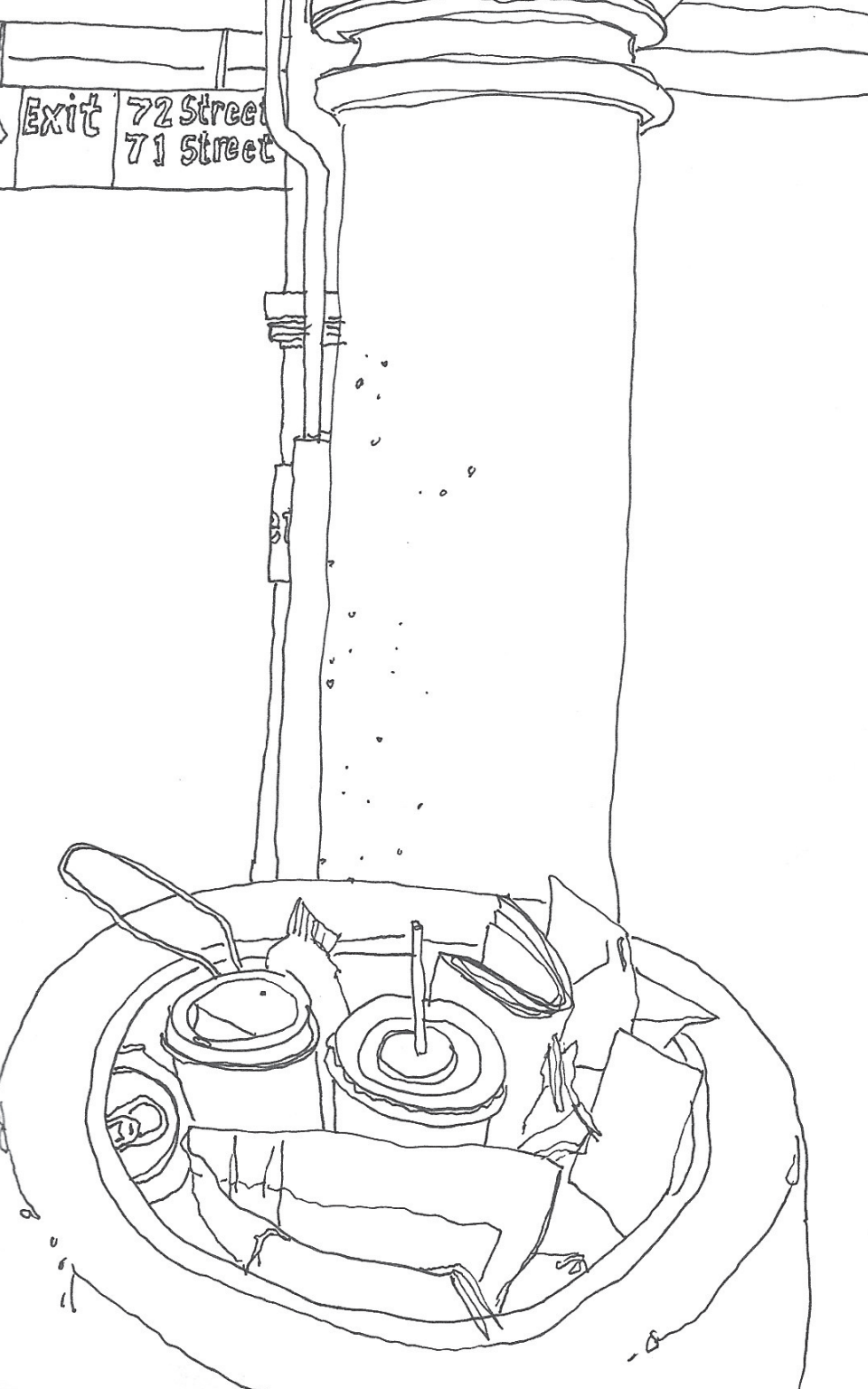
men on the platform  
(even cuties  
who smoke blunts waiting for the C)  
are not eligible  
for my book

wrapped in a winter scarf  
he burns with an innocence  
i must destroy

asian man in sunglasses and a racing suit  
smells like patchouli

between the crowd  
of bundled passengers  
he peers at my crotch  
with jeepers creepers where you get dem peepers boy





Exit 72 Street  
71 Street

37

taller and broader than me, the high-yellow boy whose freckles  
inspire envy

something about this stranger  
suggests to me today  
he radically altered his hairstyle —  
i gotta switch trains

hair slicked back like  
DONALD TRUMP, JR. —  
the same,  
dick-sucking pout

arab boy decked out  
like a dreadlock rasta:  
god bless america

short scrawny white boy in giant overcoat,  
neanderthal features,  
a zen-like indifference



in shorts in december  
with gauged ears



what a waste  
of fag potential:  
the dumpy homo  
in pleated pants

scratching his chin, the philosopher  
in the YANKEES cap

turned up waxed stache  
his perfect posture habituated  
to a snarky mommy

jowly, pocky, wrinkly  
but cleanly shaven —  
the elderly bicycle deliveryman



rugged slavic features  
and big fur hat—  
no jolly disposition

an apparition in the crowd:  
marijuana leaf-print  
on drop-crotch sweats

fright-wig hair  
and prune face:  
a kind of subway hitchhiker



thick neck beard  
with faded cheek beard  
tilting his head  
*per aspera ad astra*

do-rag projecting  
uneasy tenderness



high-lighting every word  
of RICHARD II —  
an over-eager  
joe college

decidedly performing  
his disinterest  
with blasé baseball cap

peroxide blonde  
japanese buzzcut,  
inexplicably masculine

another white dude  
who looks  
like my hot cousin SEAN

straightened hair with  
WIFE OF BATH teeth —  
definitely a fruit





ELDER FOWLER  
the mormon missionary  
with a taste for espresso

teenage boy  
with bowler and  
horn-rimmed glasses  
studying the cosmos

teenage homo:  
greased, thinning hair  
and cum on his breath



construction worker with  
aquiline nose—  
not on the menu

in his front pants pocket  
a pack of  
MARLBORO REDS,  
lightly overbitten lips

pince-nez specs  
in defiance of his musculature



NYPD  
one-hundred percent  
all-american beef—  
unlikely candidate  
for handcuffing

three hip-hop show-time subway teens  
twerking and popping  
with no latent homosexual content  
whatsoever



mouthed words to his headphones  
with eyes rolling along  
in J-train ecstasy

showing his ass  
giving an angry eyeroll

dread-headed mailman  
with wide-spread knees  
sipping the MINUTE MAID APPLE JUICE  
of midlife regret

leans into his iPhone  
with head in hands:  
she aint texting back

poncho with highlighter,  
college-ruled paper—  
playing hard-to-get





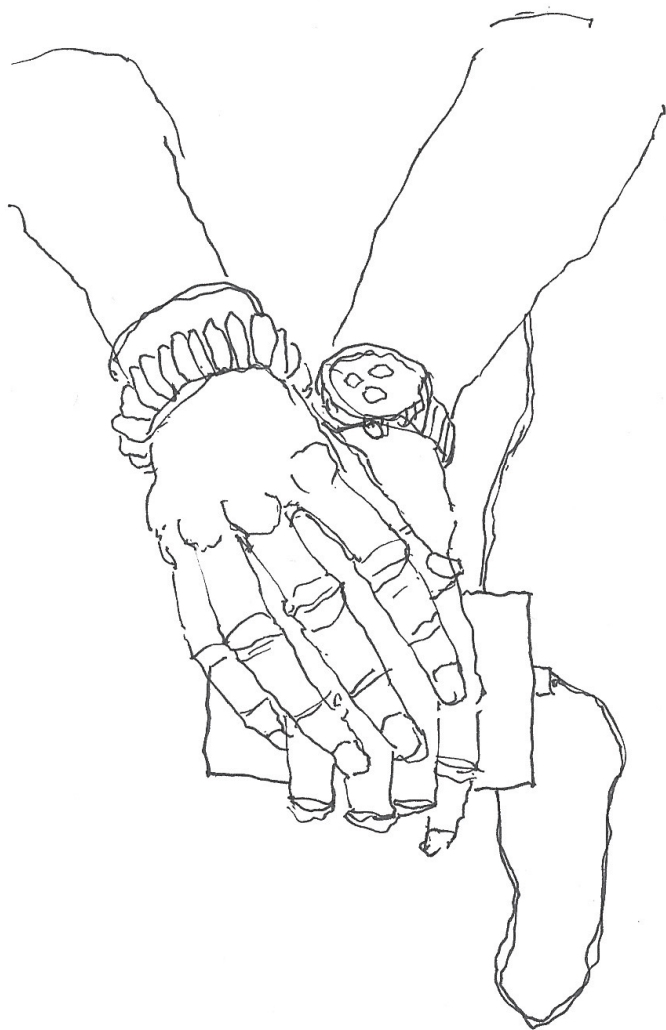
some guy in love  
with his own reflection —  
in the filthy subway window

a middle-aged  
straight plumber  
on PrEP for the weekend

a dude who looks  
like my hot cousin SEAN  
in a YALE t-shirt

asian twink with a GUCCI purse —  
fat-assed like  
nobody's business

old geezer with blinged-out DOPE cap  
checking emails



specs on the tip  
of his schnoz  
spying on neighbors—  
the old man  
with mud on his thighs



selling WELCH'S FRUIT SNACKS  
in aluminum flip-flops,  
somehow post-sexual

bad posture like  
slouchy gym socks



twelve wicker baskets  
stacked in a sack  
with his legs folded, prim,  
his brow folded,  
mad

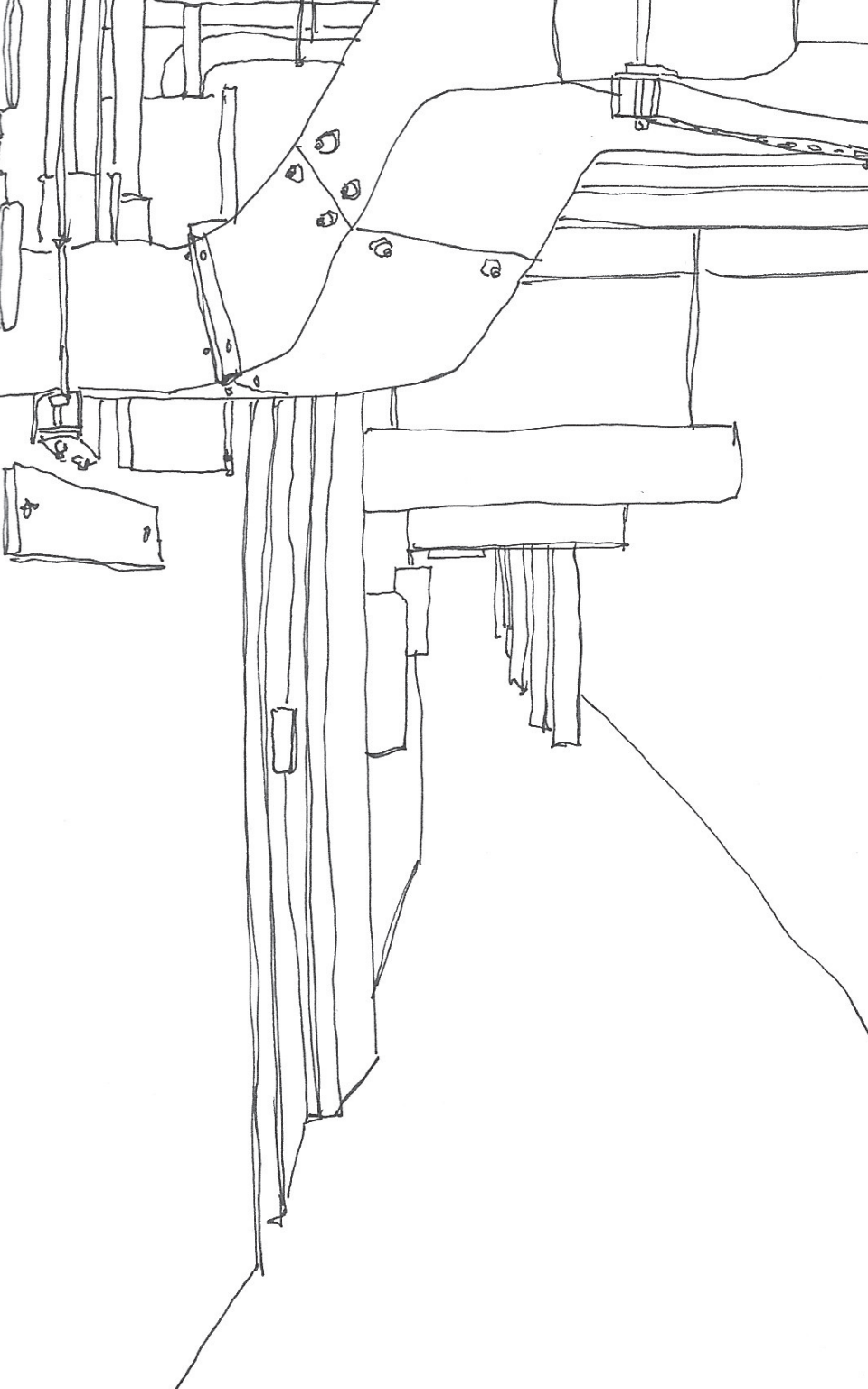
in Kmart shirt,  
freaky-deaky

listening to CHICAGO on his iphone  
(the musical, not the band):  
the d.l. chubby-chaser

shining bourgeois teeth  
skimming GRUNDRISSE

beside his lanky,  
buck-toothed sister  
with sibling nonchalance:  
the towering, lanky, buck-toothed  
older brother





biting the inside of  
his cheek,  
caressing the outside of his cheek:  
an inscrutable case  
of itchy cheek syndrome

so much gel in his unstyled hair  
nodding at whatever  
his straight friend says

impeccably trimmed beard  
but rough, ashy skin —  
into PnP



thumbs flitting gracefully  
playing CRASH BANDICOOT —  
IRL, a bad  
mamma jamma

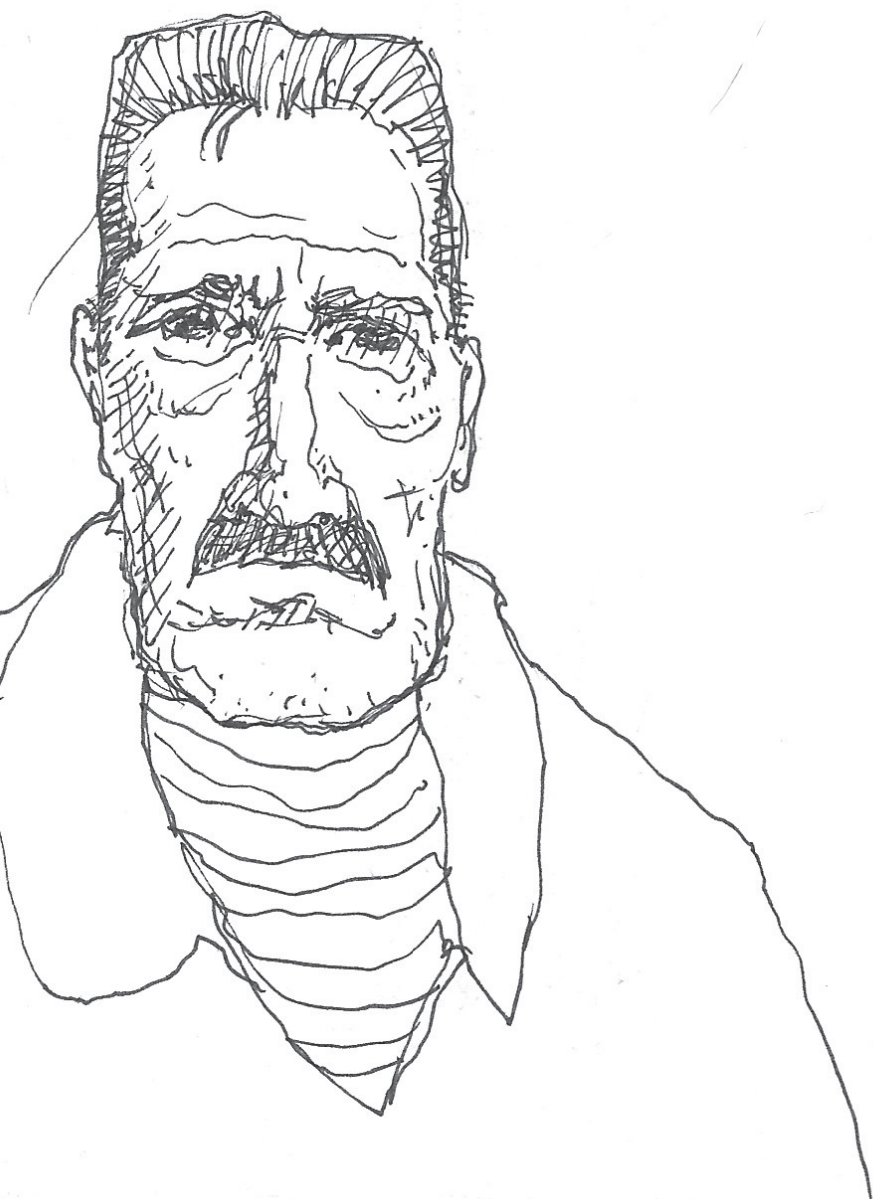
twink with a comb-over, desiring  
this man's art, that man's ass

narrow eyes and a LITTLE RICHARD stache —  
like me, a transfer queen



his uneven stache and lewd gestures:  
the decline of the west

his brontosaurus trapezes  
credit a deep-throated complacency



his steely squint says  
I AINT AFRAID  
OF YER DONG  
then slaps his hand  
on his girlfriend's crotch

his glasses are too large  
for a crew cut so short

his pizza delivery backpack  
prepares him for a  
pizza safari

his eyes linger  
on another man's texts  
with quiet dignity

his sidelocks long and lush,  
his squint overfull  
with non-kosher angst





his little leather tote:  
a coat of many colors

his pants are rolled up  
but his cap pulled down,  
indifferent to  
libido's call

his restless leg syndrome  
in a three-piece suit  
is an index of  
a hungry hole



his pronounced lean  
and pencil-thin eyebrows  
suggest impotence

his yellow hat  
belongs to his dad  
or his daddy

his dour, turned-down lip  
and harsh brows  
cry out to the lord:  
he's a bottom

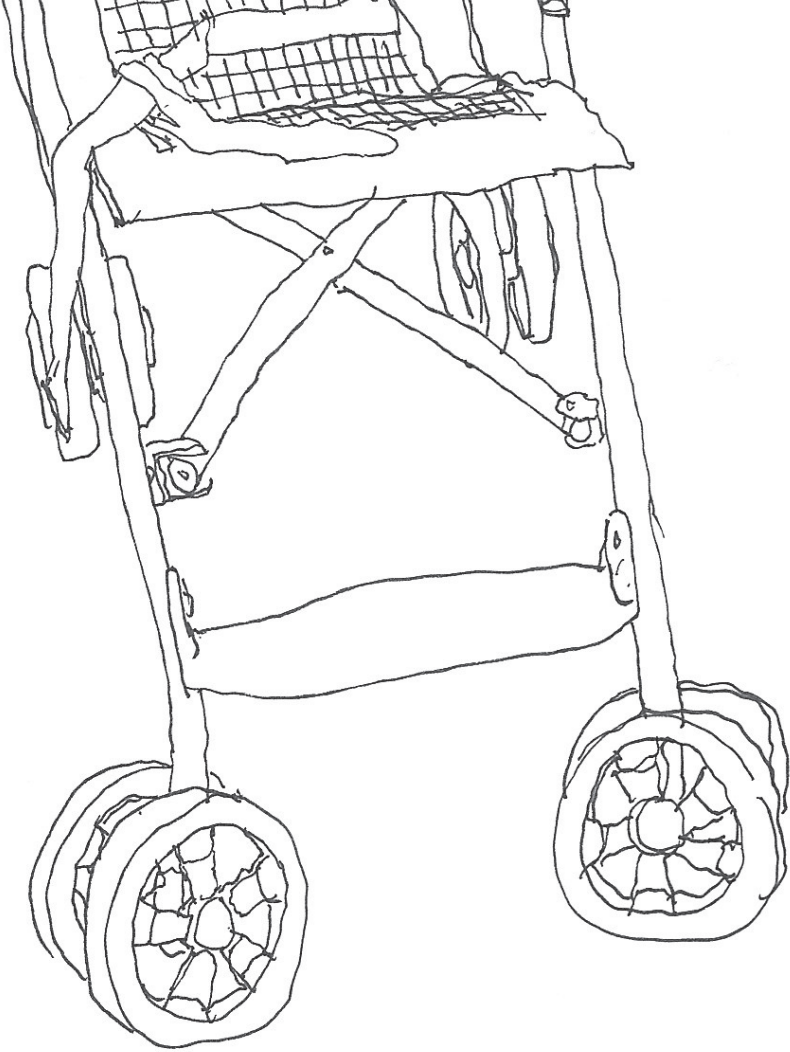




his lip-ring looks  
like a fishhook

his cornrows say  
G, but his  
chapstick says  
mama's boy

his beard is square across the cheek,  
semiotically vexed  
and quite unattractive



his frizzy hair  
and chubby face  
make him look tetchd:

TELL ME ABOUT THE RABBITS, GEORGE

his bandana divides  
his hair and his eyes  
like some brechtian mode of alienation  
always already recuperated

his canvas bag says  
COLUMBIA,  
giving the lie  
to an histrionic pompadour





his dorky subway sunglasses defy  
both function and style  
indicating  
substance abuse

his bike basket reads

LAW & ORDER SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT: FILM CREW

THIS VEHICLE IS FOR OFFICIAL THEATRICAL BUSINESS

his head is cocked  
like a nervous pheasant  
with a lute  
between his knees



his shapely clavicle  
is below the age  
of my muse's consent

his backward golf cap  
and quarterback hunch  
articulate masochism

his soft chin and the  
one strand of bang on his forehead  
intimate benevolent patrician



in a COOKIE-MONSTER blue fur coat  
and lime green, filthy tennis shoes  
he plays  
CANDY CRUSH  
with pavlovian predictability

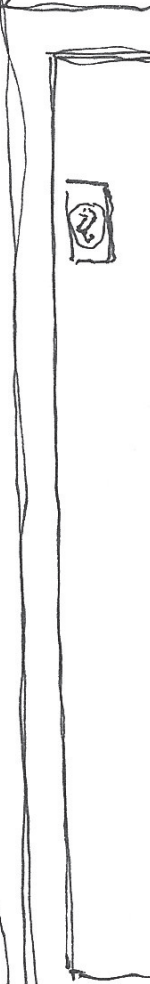
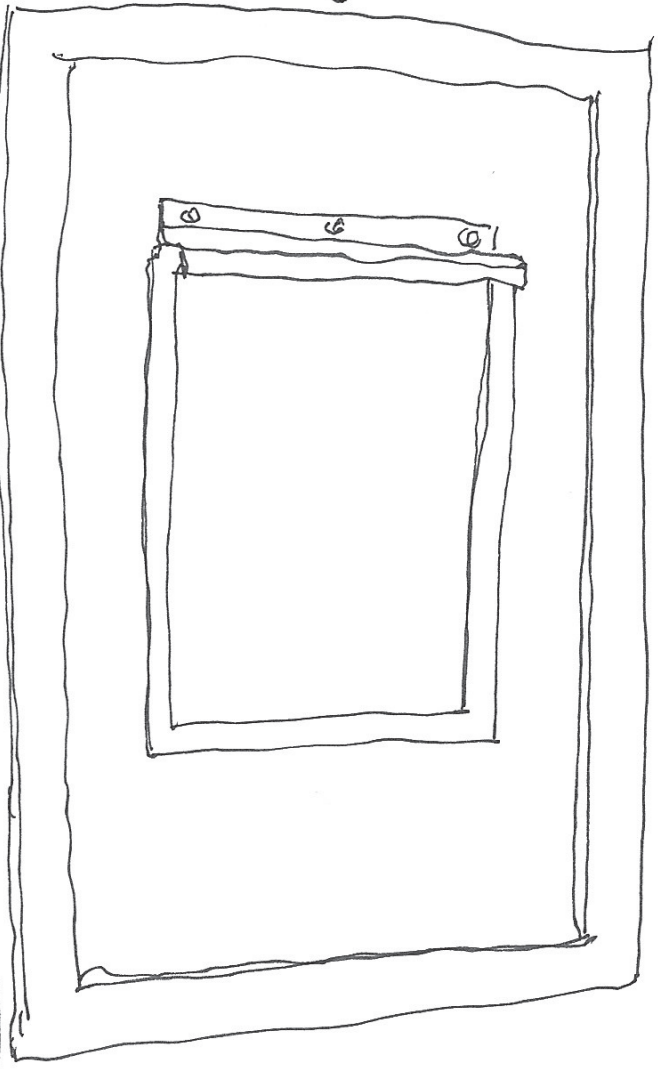
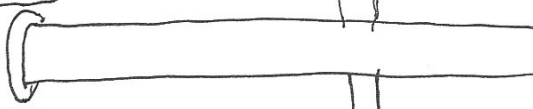
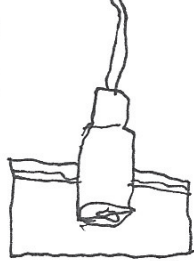
a bear with coffee probably wearing  
(underneath his  
office corduroys)  
a studded cockring

a teased-out, space-age afro-puff  
on a teenage boy  
with tears in his eyes

a chubby cherokee in a BULLWINKLE hat  
explains to his fag-hag  
the ESTABLISHMENT CLAUSE

5482

1



a scholar with orange spectacles  
mouthing the words  
of a JSTOR essay

a CRUSTY with a  
carry-out thing  
of four STARBUCKS

a high-fashion broach on his lapel  
probably means  
he's oral-only,  
the DORA THE EXPLORER  
high-fashion broach  
on his boyfriend's lapel:  
a sign of codependence





a transparent purse  
fat with  
newspapers and gluesticks,  
fueling my suspicion



a roll of holiday snowflake gift wrap  
like a festive phallic scepter,  
rereading the  
POETRY IN MOTION poster

a green-eyed sissy, diplomatic with  
his smartphone

an aristocratic slouch  
in shit-kicking heels



a bright red track-suit  
on a teenage brat



a well-fed prole  
in a red-knit cap  
who probably sports  
a chode

a hollow-cheeked black  
with over-packed suitcase—  
not bound  
for LAGUARDIA

an angel-headed hipster  
destroyed by madness and  
OLD NAVY PERFORMANCE FLEECE

a mohawked CRUSTY in a neckbrace laying on  
the floor yelling:  
it only takes 5 people  
10 cents each  
to give a junkie  
50 cents

a scowling black nationalist who likes  
white dudes  
who rim him

a varsity letter jacket  
growing up to be  
a debaser



a jerry-curled boy  
asleep in a shawl  
like baby JESUS



a pensive  
DIESEL shopper  
heading to the next car  
makes a timely BREXIT

an unattended youth  
with LISA FRANK binder  
sends mixed signals



a PANTHER beret and a pleated skirt:  
either a commie or faggot or both

a scruffy bookworm  
caught in a simple misunderstanding  
with his polka-dot loafers

the homeless man  
exposing himself  
performs a public service

the man in paisley  
pursues the NEW YORK TIMES CROSSWORD  
with a purple gel pen

the dark-skinned fellow  
with HARPO MARX peroxide puff  
kindly offers his seat



the sidelocks of this hasidic bucher:  
NELLIE OLESON,  
arch-rival of  
LITTLE HOUSE

the guy who cruised me  
(sashaying up and  
down the platform)  
now sits across  
and won't deign flirt



the pakistani kid  
with prematurely salt-  
and-pepper hair  
belongs in my  
superpac commercial

the dude in the hoodie  
smiles as he catches me  
writing my christmas list

the old man, angry,  
dissertates aloud  
about blue lipstick

the cartoon bumble-bee on his hat  
persuades me of his humanity

the shrunken-face teen  
is giving me the willies  
as he commits  
a misdemeanor





the gaping-mouth twinkly arab boy  
with his two hirsute buddies  
pats his friend's thigh, intoning  
"habibi, habibi"

the tattoo on his left hand may say  
MONEY TICKLES  
(but ink is hard to read on skin so dark)

the clean-cut, well-dressed catamite  
removes his gloves revealing his  
prison-tat  
knuckles



the pink-haired pixie boy  
kicks a stranger's bag  
just for the hell of it

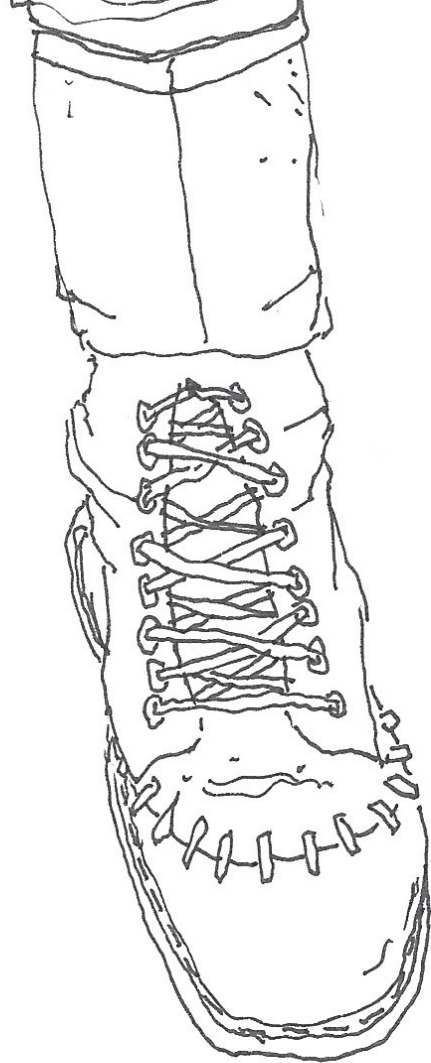
the frayed denim  
around the hole  
in his jeans at the knee  
he twists coquettishly

the YANKEES fan who picks his nose  
while wearing one glove  
potentially barebacks



the bro with bangs  
poking out of his hat  
regrettably must explain to his girlfriend  
they missed their stop

the pasty homo  
a MODIGLIANI  
in an H&M suit



the misfolded brim  
paradoxically shows  
*joie de vivre*

the homeless, rail-thin white dude  
with a grocery bag of  
his own vomit  
works for the CIA

the teenage wunderkind with a top-knot  
looks at me angrily  
like i just grounded him

the name tattooed around his throat is  
(from this distance)  
not quite legible, but  
i stare too long and he approaches  
with murder in his eyes

the triangular cut  
on his nose  
in the shape of a  
cartoon nose

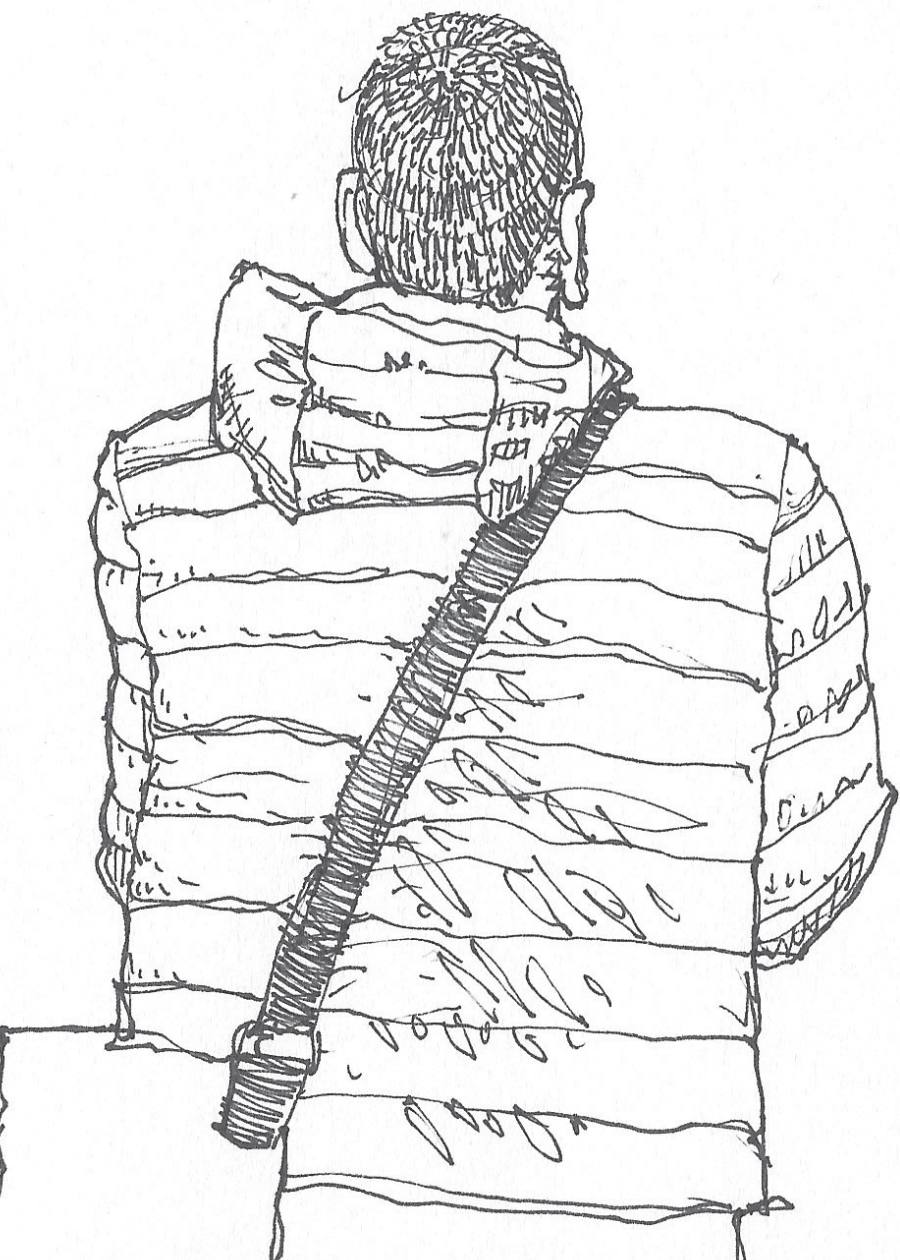




the bear with a crease on his nose bridge  
& stack of  
unopened mail:  
his baseball cap says SORRY MOM

the busking drummer tells us to have  
a blessed day  
but there's no guarantee

the trim on his strap  
like an ancient phoenician trading ship  
hunkered down  
for some sexting



the rough-red stigmatism on his left eye  
takes the derivative  
of mid-life crisis  
over teenie-bopper  
cut-off tee

the camus nose of a pakistani businessman  
recalls the REEVE'S TALE

the CRUSTY with a  
heart of gold  
has a worried mom  
back ST. LOUIS



the long silver chain dangling  
from one back pocket to  
the other back pocket  
is a butt necklace

the undershirt beneath his collared shirt  
cuts his neckline, revealing  
the calloused glans of circumcised straightness



the contrapposto of this  
CANDY-CRUSHER is  
polymorphously perverted

the accordion panels  
in his drop-crotch jeans  
are mama's little squeeze box

the rip in his pants —  
a window to his soul

the flesh rolls on his upper leg  
tightly bound in khakis  
appear to me  
like a pussy

the strange flatness of his nose  
offsets and recomposes  
his lack of a chin  
until he is seen as  
classically beautiful  
like the marble bust  
of some demonic  
child emperor





he stuffs one napkin into his mother's coat pocket  
then blows a snot-load into his other napkin

he smiles wryly as he texts a friend:  
“i’m dumping her ass”

he carries his earbuds in his teeth  
having swallowed the red pill

he drinks from a paper coffee cup  
branded UFT  
forlorn pedagogue  
of unending whiteboards

he's got that lone-gunman look  
as he caresses the back of the knee  
of some little wifey who's charged with  
re-directing  
his demons



he frowns determinedly  
composing a manifesto,  
a ski-mask framing  
his wine-dark lips



he twists his lips, perplexed,  
but his eyes in  
placid focus  
beam inner peace

he kind of squats  
to zip his fly  
with a pleased smile



he taps his phone  
exactly how  
i'd tap his butt

he tells his interlocutor  
that they must part ways  
at GRANDMA AVENUE

he wears a lime and gray flannel shirt  
like the one I wore  
in a former life

he looks like my student, Awn,  
(the hot pakistani chemistry major)  
but less hot than Awn  
because  
he hasn't shaved  
his patchy beard

he presses his leg against mine,  
the horny teen playing MARIO CART,  
pwning some noobs



he has a very small face  
and (with his hands in his pockets)  
disappears

he keeps taking photos of himself,  
the nondescript guy  
whose carpenter's pencil  
tells the whole story

he pursues the subway like personals ads,  
his expansive  
song-of-self

he wears cargo pants  
without any cargo



he is a J CREW editorial  
well-built and  
expertly tailored  
but biting his thumb nail

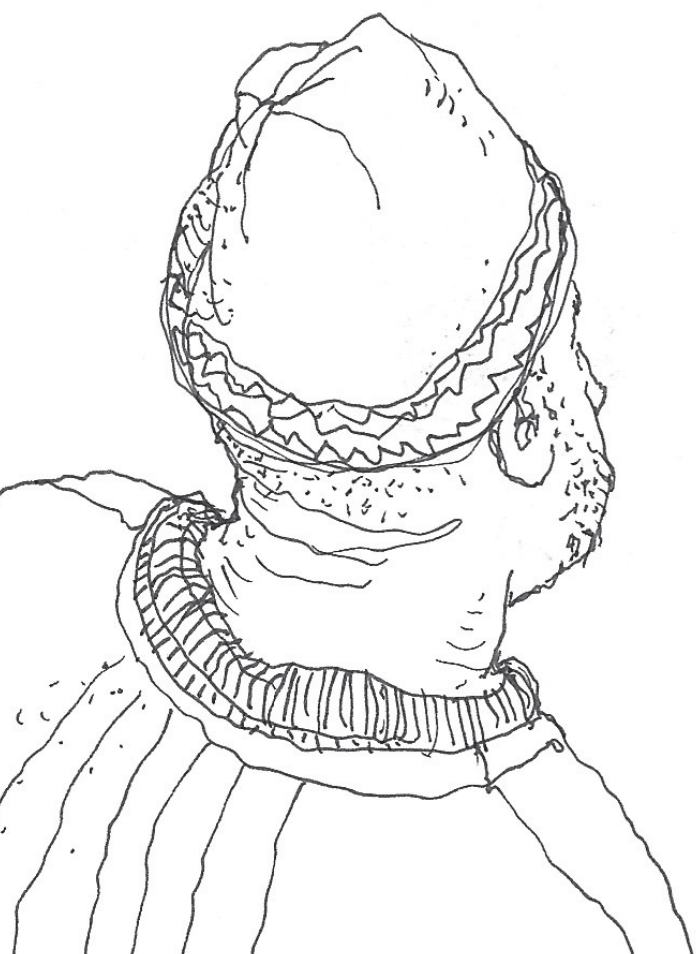
he wears the sunglasses and dreads  
of a vietnam vet

he has his hands  
clasped behind his back  
like some french  
cabinet minister



he wears a paint-splattered track suit  
as he reattaches  
a saint's medallion

he's 42 but still admires  
HOLDEN CAULFIELD



he twirls his pointer to  
an earbud song  
with sinister intent

he is decked out in  
vestiges of  
feudal finery

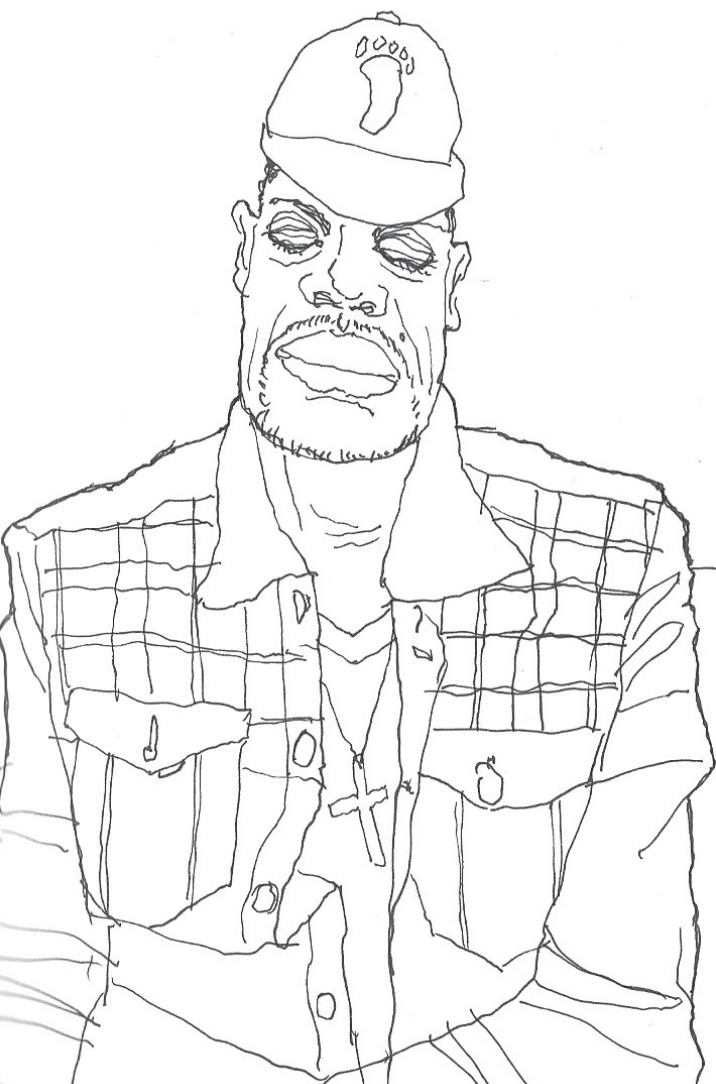
he watches  
a *parodia* vid  
ON YOUTUBE  
with spanish subtitles  
i can barely translate

he looks exactly like my ex-boyfriend  
(the one who got his eye beat out by a  
homeless man)  
but it's not him

(DREW has to wear  
an eyepatch now)

he glares at me, then dims his eyes—  
an enigma





he holds his  
adam's apple  
with thumb and forefinger  
like an apotropaic talisman  
to ward off castration

he talks loudly  
about his ex-girlfriend's suicide  
but i'm a sucker  
for man-splainers

he has his priorities  
in order, scarfing  
kung-pow chicken

he has a rosebush sleeve tat  
up his thick olive bicep:  
poor banished children of EVE

he touches my leg  
with GRINDR open on his cellphone  
and gives me his number  
but has blue gums



he has the same  
faux-leather  
bag as me,  
but i'm gayer



he will be unable  
to explain his MARSHALLS splurge  
to penny-pinching wife

he rests his umbrella against his unzipped fly  
gazing without hope

he wears baby-blue UGGS  
with a SPONGEBOB bookbag  
and a construction worker's helmet —  
my scanning inconclusive

he has evidently caught the transfer  
from the F to the M  
at west fourth street



he trimmed his  
neck-beard  
upon some YOUTUBE style vid advice

are those big buggy eyes the product  
of coke-bottle lenses  
or a CHENEY-esque exit strategy?

does this pre-pubescent boy need  
a permission slip  
to wax those eyebrows so fiercely?





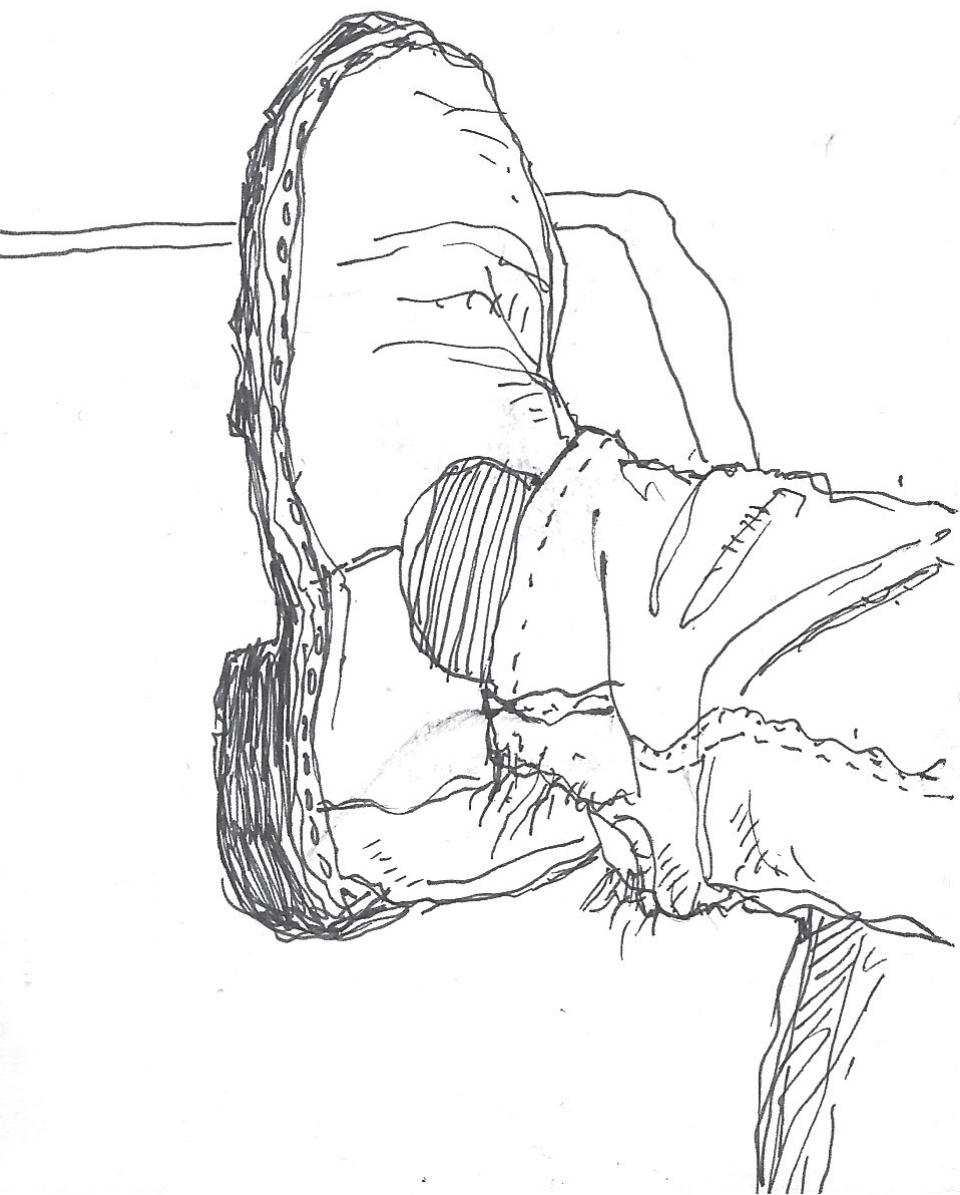
in capris, he carries a cherry wood  
folding table  
a christmas gift from nana, or for her?

what is  
THRASHER MAGAZINE and why is he  
wearing their hat —  
this black hipster with white girl —  
a peer-reviewed journal on jungle fever?

why do mexican bus boys only ever  
grow to 5 feet 4,  
i silently ask  
this teeny hottie?

how can someone so tall  
plead so for love?

is this very tall old man  
squeezed between  
two girls  
committing predation?



how does the  
doe-eyed traveler  
staring at my forehead  
avoid my eyes  
these many stops  
to BUSHWICK?



why does this man stare at my shoes  
gripping a  
POLAND SPRING?

tortoise-shell glasses and a LAKERS hat —  
something tells me he's celibate:  
maybe his ecstatic stare?



long curly hair  
like a renaissance courtier —  
perhaps he's texting  
machiavellian schemes?

a palestinian  
solidarity scarf  
on a chubby jew—  
but is he a fruit?

guy with  
bloody chapped lips,  
why do you mutter conspiratorially  
about DEREK JETER?



his cheeks, hollowed by pock-marks  
lend a simian flair —  
but do apes get zits?



chinese boyfriend speaks to his  
chinese girlfriend  
with squeaky chinese accent —  
why not speak chinese?

help me disambiguate  
the holes in his jeans:  
is he slutty or  
grungy or both?

is that businessman lost in a heroin slouch?  
no, he just can't get his zipper unstuck

long-haired chubby guy in green hoodie and green trousers —  
from MIDDLE EARTH?



in hounds-tooth trousers,  
a package-bulge or camel-toe?

the asian boy with muttonchops  
throws me off—  
can't tell if he's gay or  
even if  
right now  
i am?

he holds his fist  
on his heart, beating to  
what earbud song?



he puts his hand  
on her thigh  
like it's his own thigh  
— maybe it somehow is?

a grumpy skater boy  
with poor-little-rich-girl eyes —  
or is it  
BETTE DAVIS eyes?



MALCOLM X look-alike  
he is half-asleep  
like getting picked up from grandmas

some fat  
KEVIN SPACEY with  
a flannel hunting hat —  
solving the race crisis

he looks like  
CLARK GABLE with a  
runny nose from poppers

he smells like  
a roachbutt  
thugged out and asleep  
somehow recalling  
PAUL SIMON

LEE HARVEY OSWALD pudgy  
playing CANDY CRUSH





MARILYN MONROE beauty mark  
on his left cheek  
which i would smear with cum but which probably  
interferes with his shaving

little cutie pie  
with REAGAN hair  
didn't cover when coughing  
and needs to get spanked

JABBA THE HUT face  
but a PRINCESS LEIA torso  
wrapped in a sheet



slicked hair  
like RALPH FIENNES in SCHINDLER'S LIST  
with similar bad-boy appeal

grasping the pole and  
leaning back like  
my own TYLER DURDEN

giving me side-eye  
he's reading the gospel according to  
SAINT MATT



hands crossed over his belt buckle,  
an unlikely gesture of reverence  
given his SCARFACE teeshirt

like BORIS KARLOFF  
giving me the once over,  
has a frankenstein dick



in airbrushed camouflaged sweats  
he smells like popcorn  
and looks like PUTIN

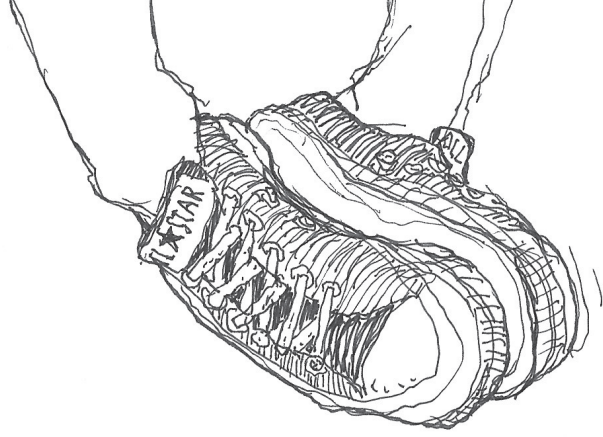
long silver hair and big horse teeth  
this dude is as horny  
as EILEEN MYLES

WILLEM DEFOE face  
checking his hair in  
his phone

this stank-face twink  
is just begging  
to get sero-converted

this straight dude  
wears a sour, faggy frown  
because his girl  
just chewed him out





this faded, flat-topped hustler,  
whose weary eyes  
graze my bulge

this NEW YORK TIMES devotee  
has a crush on  
PAUL KRUGMAN

this pretty boy  
in UNDER ARMOUR  
makes my day



the homeless man beside his  
trash bag kingdom  
reads a xeroxed essay from FORBES

old man folded in a death pose  
like PICASSO's blue guitarist  
— i yearn to be so detached:  
but did he just wink?

with a blue scarf, blue hat, and blue book  
the lonely reader doesn't notice me.

also, blue tennis shoes.





polka-dot shoes  
(blue with pink spots)  
he cock-blocks me  
with a game of  
CANDY CRUSH

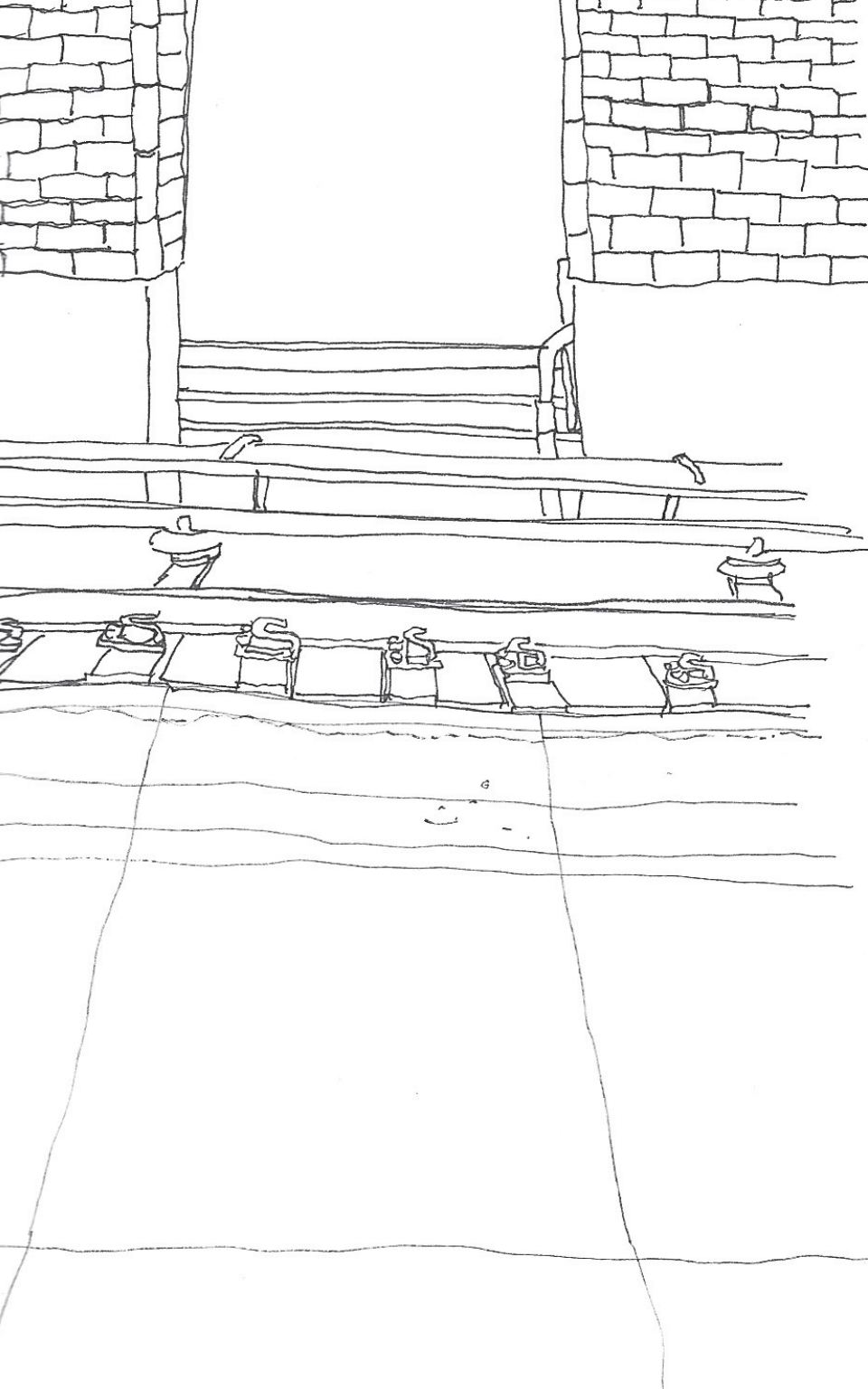


DORITO dust  
on his blue suede shoes  
strangely apropos

blue contacts make  
his brown eyes gleam,  
no homo

what the young novelist  
types into  
his smartphone:

“what the hell is that?” daywalker yelled.  
“it’s really happening,” ricky replied.

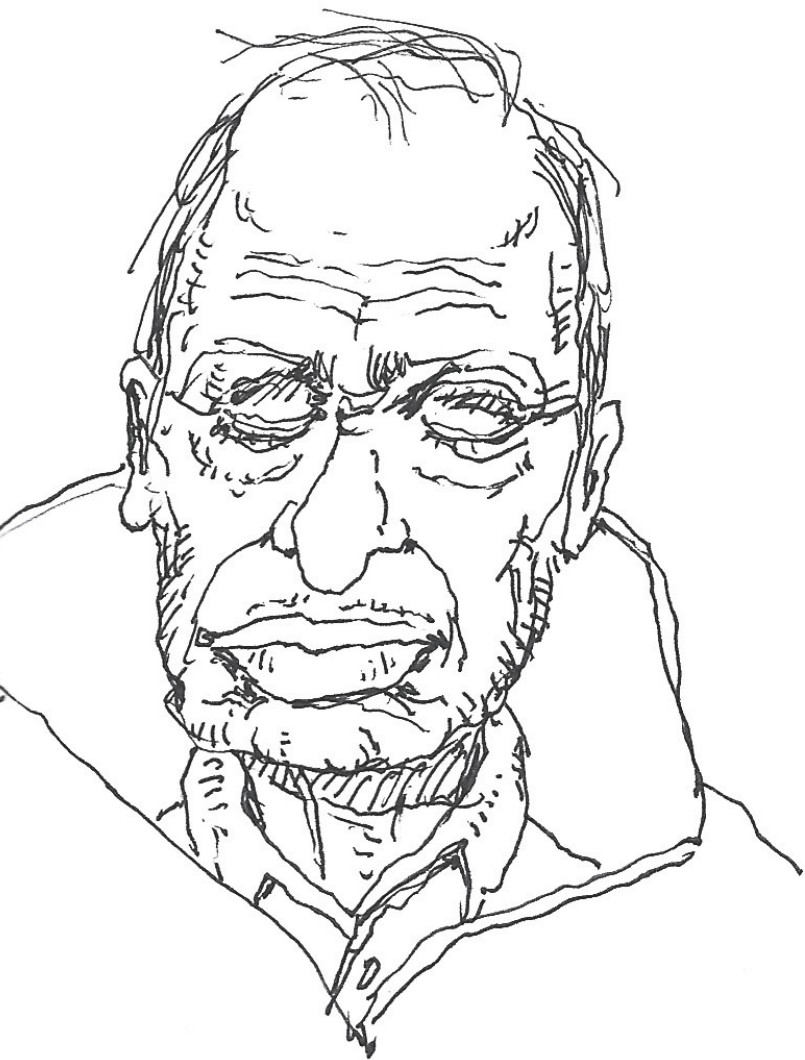


another LITTLE RICHARD stache



unpolished loafers,  
a slow sort of suicide

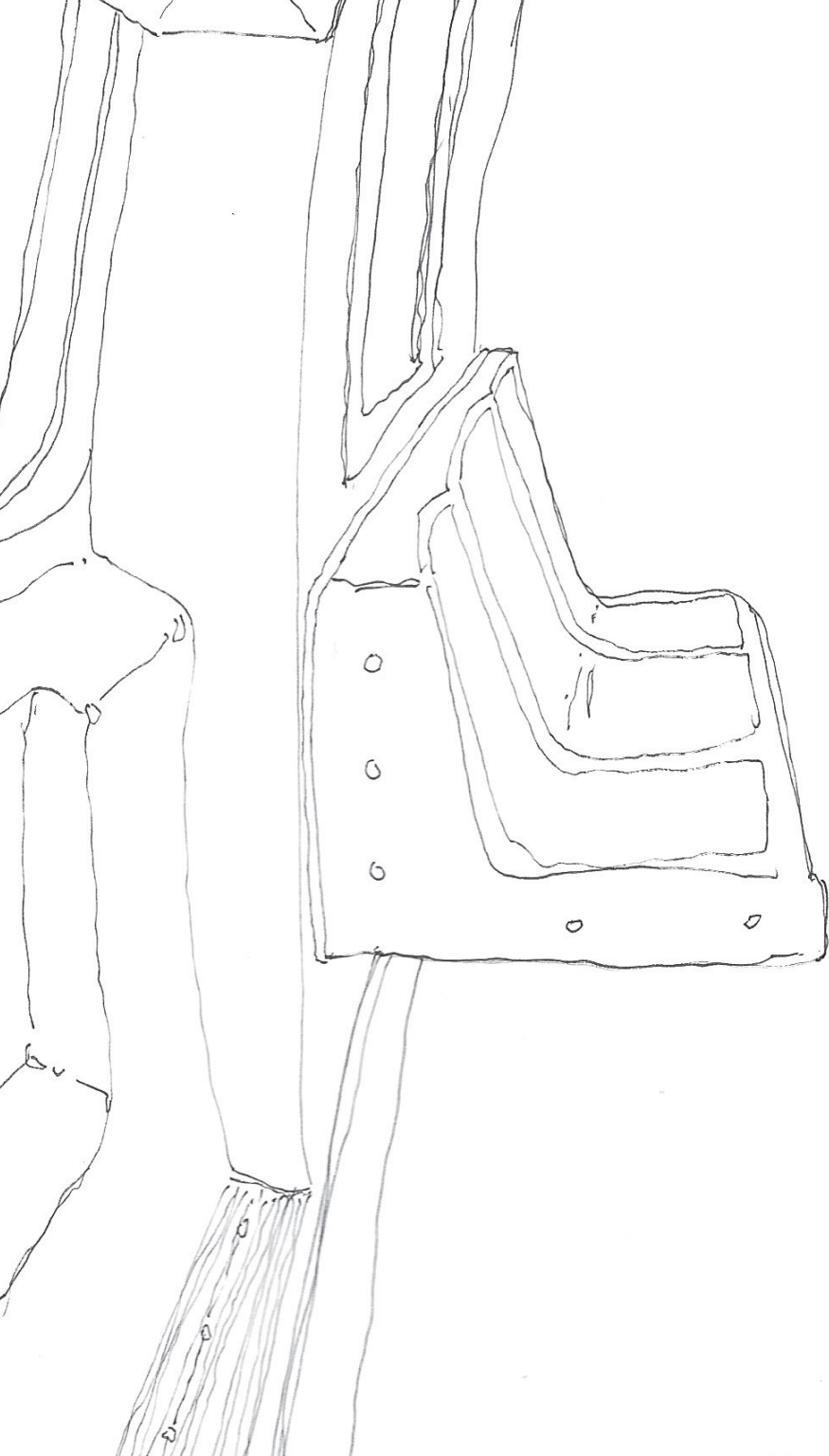
appearing before  
in this book  
(in a coat like  
COOKIE MONSTER):  
today he wears  
a dreary flak jacket



falling asleep  
with an eyeball  
painted on his eyelid  
warding off naughty spirits

DION, in a SHAKE-SHACK uniform, explains he's not  
a bum but his mom has  
stage-four cancer

receding hairline  
like a ruined  
greek amphitheater  
and a face like my hot cousin SEAN



O, emerald-eyed BORICUA,  
you inspire my  
politically-incorrect  
fear of  
demonic possession!

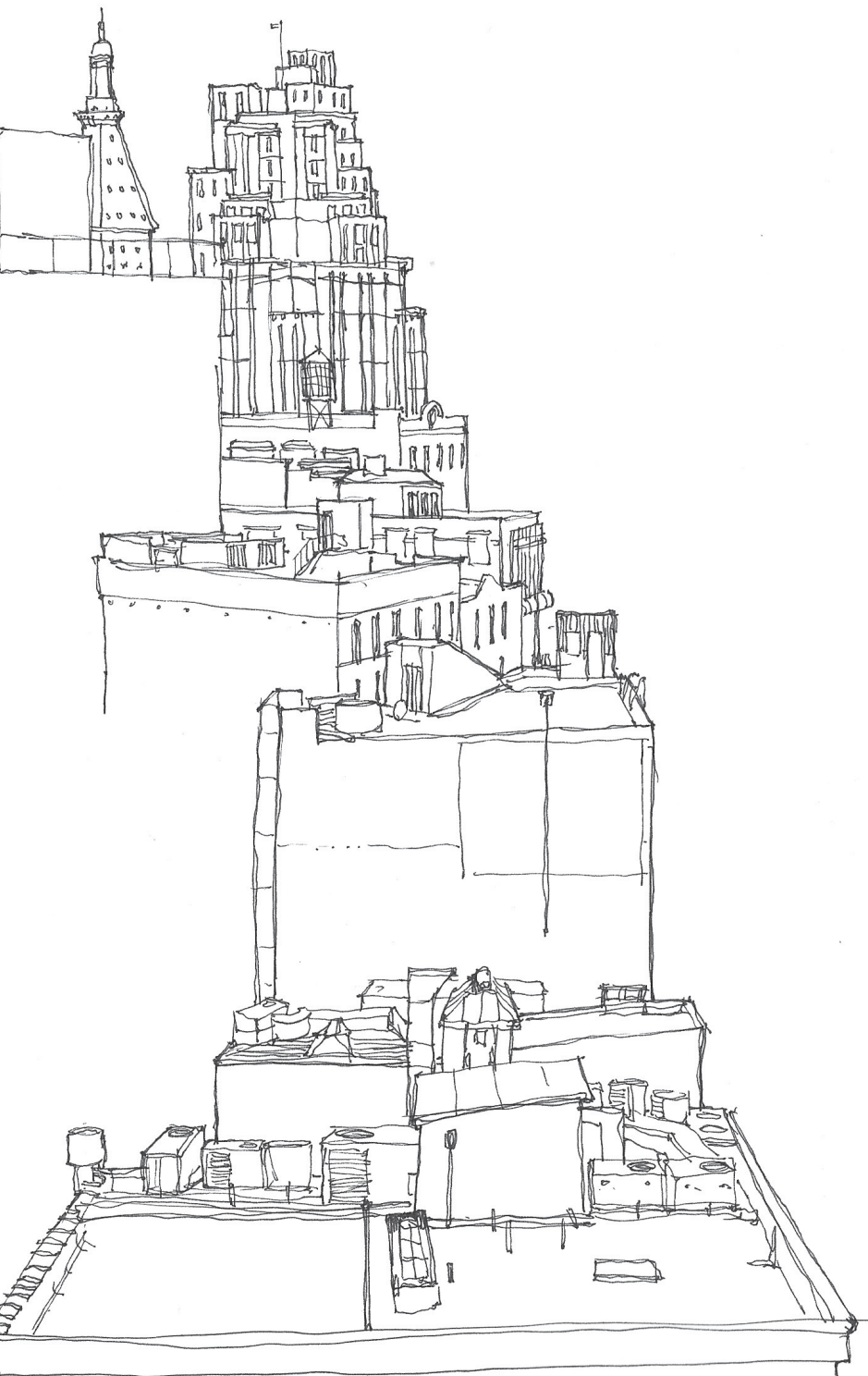


O, JASON, selling your WELCH'S FRUIT SNACKS:  
let me vouch for you  
at the parent/teacher conference!

O, baller in JACKIE O glasses,  
you carry CHARMIN, proclaiming  
no femmes no fats no asians!

O, short papi chulo,  
can't tell if you're gay  
or if you're illegal!





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