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Bleecker Street

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Desire mapping stringencies across a stranger’s chest marked by razor burns, waistbands of designer briefs hinting at the bulge I seek (half-eaten bagel tossed back and forth between two thugs who loiter at a subway stop)—the anorexic tits of a sylph-like nymph pressed under Plexiglas. To be sandwiched like that—flat images filling up rush hour space where commuters wait. Nothing to lend some depth to this scene, nothing upright as the rails snake under the city—a drag queen singing on a train leaving town. If she is not lovely then a lemon has no scent, no sunlight at its center, the night no match for stiletto struts in gold lamé—hubris poised in five-inch heels braving the sewer grates.