

The Lightning of Early May

Sherilyn Connelly

2006

man interrupting my recall

vagina monologue for talent show

are you german?

transvestite or transsexual?

you seem nervous

never saying which he thought i was

people want to get away

they don't come here for a lecture.

they want to be entertained

talent? lip-syncing?

antichrist superstar a podium a bible to shred

sinking with teeth

not lips

an alien among the outcasts

noticing gg coming in

putting on my glasses to doublecheck

canceling my reading

returning to motherlode girl at side

hand on her ass

no fair!

she's a trannychasing gg

you don't like girls

so back off!

when was alone again i moved

(should count myself lucky that girls parse me correctly for the most part--what if

it was only men?)

i'd buy you a drink but you already have two

can i buy YOU one

patting the chair

please, sit down!

ryder with a Y and a D

talk of the native men

scarcity of female trannychasers

especially here

small talk but no bullshit

made it clear what we were both after

(to get laid by a strange genetic girl)

(to get laid by a strange m2f tranny)

(to get laid by the other)

tales of other tragic tranny dates that evening

craigslist horror stories

afterthought of divas

already got a hotel room just in case

semantics:

partner-wife-Dusty

partner-girlfriend-Vash

mutual admiration

mutual non-monogamy

tell me who you are

the gaze of luminescent eyes

was in a dyke pr0n movie

number two at GV

training to be a nurse

just turned twenty-nine

has always loved trannies

the combination of male and female

finds str8 men icky

can you stay the night with me

why not?

i could die tomorrow

so much left to do
people to meet
sex to be had
hands on each other from the word go
may I kiss you?
only the second time I've asked
falling right into it
the easy familiarity
hands and lips
going places anew like they've been there a million times before
back to talking
can we tolerate each others' presence for twenty minutes
before committing to anything else
like-minded companions and tortured beacons
where do tranny dykes and female m2f trannychasers go to meet?, not an addict
or otherwise a basket case
meshing of energy
who picked up who
who's the whore
monarch hotel
Tenderloin swank
not an SRO
corner room with the neon light
pr0n store sign across the street
slatted shadows
noir ambience
half past one on a schoolnight
and no rush
talking on the bed at first
the socks have to go
so much attention to the act of penetration
the simple pleasure of flesh against flesh

is lost
new skin new scent
her bag of lube and toys
getting to choose her dick
ass needs lube!
the only thing sexier than a femme dyke with a strapon
is the femme fucking a trannygirl with it
mutual fantasy fulfillment
the strike of lightning
oh yeah you like that
goddamn you are so hot
the cameras are always on
like the star she is
says I'm the first stranger she's trusted to fist her
entering
twisting
slowly
shaved pussy
no cuff
do you want to make me ejaculate?
turning over
oh baby oh baby oh you fuck me so good
oh you're going to make me come so hard
sleeping cold and uncomfortable
waking happy,
visions of morning after scenarios
a thousand clichés of regret and tragedy
ryder asleep
clothes and accoutrement strewn
no regret no fear
waking up rolling over grabbing my arm smiling saying *i like you*
lying in bed

talking for another hour
cell phone name and number exchange
so terribly modern
in the garage with hair tied back
reminding me of summer.
text message that day
i really dig you...i want more...

this is who i am
now



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