

The Face that Should Be Smooth

Jacqui Beck - for Judy, 2014

Every time I put on
the man-shoes, my soul
cried and bled.

Every time I knotted
a tie,
my soul crumpled on the gallows.

Every time I shaved the whisker-thorns
from my face,
the face that should be smooth,
I drew farther

into the shell
of my not-self.