

Daze Jefferies

Sex Work Studies Syllabus is Void

filled with dates i have missed, like the last bus home,
or fingers on my skin when i was fifteen
and genderqueer and needed to go west –
to keep secrets in wounds and fall back to strange arms,
taste so many flavours of sugary sweat.
if i suck hard enough will i taste your ichor?
if you tell me one thing will you have to kill me?
i want to know the man behind the hundred-dollar bill.
sometimes there are three that leave my little A-cup tender,
body on fire, throat dry for weeks. ruin-rinse-repeat
is how i learn to be a woman. all materiality comes unglued
as my nephew chuckles when he learns that i am no longer his
uncle
and says that it's okay because he has another one.
as flesh integrates breast, new tenant / old home.
as i set up the barricade and dismantle it.
growth is a process that has a problem with endings –