

## **HER IGLOO.**

Femininity isn't for me. I don't fawn.  
I feel most alive when I'm rocked and rolled.

I count the rolls with which I can fake it.  
Snare sounds different when it's held so close.

Ripped t-shirts and mosh pits in igloos with ice cold beer are the things that make me.  
Chromosomes are the things that stop.

But I dived into the pink for a split second of memory.  
It felt good. It felt light. I was cold.

When I walk in, I am cool girl aesthetic. I coined the name for myself. I claimed it.  
Head down. Chin up. Eyes squinting just enough to let them know I know it. Already.

I live to show them that I'm okay. I get off on convincing them that I'm better.  
I strive to supply them with ammunition that says I've survived.  
Something. They don't need to know what.

Because to be cool is magnetic.  
If I've learned anything, it's that.  
To look like you already  
figured it out  
is just as good as  
the real thing.

I don't want to change what I've been given.  
I don't even want to change how you see it.  
Magnetism is and was and will always be.  
But sometimes pink looks so easy.

Fawns are endangered and will always be.  
By virtue of their birth a calamity.  
And part of the reason I don't want to be.  
But am. So where does that leave me?

Into the igloo to freeze the fawn that's there.  
Into the igloo to build the bear that scares.  
Into the igloo to die my hair.  
What's still there. And love what is there.  
Because it is. Still. There.