Pigs 4

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In rays of difficult questions and answers more difficult.
America, don’t listen when “the rest is drag” is dismissed as a lie
by the nature of performance.
America, performance is a means of searching,
Endless and inalienable as rights entitled to all people.
We without a defined identity to make a home in,
Explore our truths in drag.
America, the truest you is a bus ride chasing celestial lights
across your geography,
A collection of queer passengers and their indefinite identities
being redefined and performed, ever growing.
An identity from Simon and Garfunkel, haunted, indelible,
growing and growing as the choir of the body of America
intones melody and high harmony and descant in counterpoint
with itself and reifying itself.
America! Sing America!

America! To know you is to sing queer voices!
—To learn from strangers to themselves the heart of a nation of immigrants
—To understand a transcontinental journey inside one self
And why we fling open golden gates like closet doors
Onlooking outwards to a better knowledge of your
unending “why”
And embrace it and grow with it knowing that knowing America
is never gnostic.
America! In paroxysms of joy and confusion and fury and love
are you known, do we know ourself!
America! I know that we have it in ourselves and all of our many
voices and indefinite selves to be angelic!
America! I gaily sing our transcendent self, our God-gilded
queerness, shining and shifting among nations!
America! Sing America!

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