

There are Horses in North Philadelphia! There are Figs in My Stomach!

It is Sunday, a real full moon.

We are at an outdoor drag show
at Pentridge Station. A person of ambiguous gender
speaks to me softly. Gone for now is the vitriol of gluing a portrait
to an ashtray. A parochial joy comes. Happy are the mascots
to feed cats in the park. Come to me, Lucretia Mott.

Place a bill in my bra.

We worship. Six buck beer. Corn hole.

A friend presses an ear
to an all-gender restroom door.

If she hears crying,
it is September. We weep
and love it when someone notices.

I feel a great buzzing before any decision.

My heart then cracks,
rocking a smaller, shinier side.

All of it is interesting, but the heart is too common,
like a pigeon. No one has out their steno pad
to note my set intention.

A woman with a broom swats the highest branches
of her fig tree. I offer her my hands,
and the figs taste sweetest.

There are horses in North Philadelphia! There are figs in my stomach!
I wonder how they experience me. Then how I do.

Some nights, I am held in the light by a pronoun.

The weatherman predicts historic rain again—founding fathers in their dumb hats
falling like industrial chestnuts. Some congregations have church nurses
to tend to those who faint. They're there after, waving their hankies at the slavers.
Plastic birds make mobiles around George Washington's head. He is shorter than I thought.

I'd love to experience faith little by little,
but I drop my leaves like a ginkgo tree.

One thing I know?

I can feel divine ground. It is yellow.

A lot of churches closed upon discovering Heaven
is an alley with free parking. We have those here!

Many congregants crumpled their programs.
What does it take to remember
a spider, dead and curled? To see Heaven here?
When I died, I was leveling
my eye in a spider's corpse. I saw it all held.

I'd like to invite you to my making.
It will be quick and sexy.
Those in the back may only know it by the flash.
Those in front by the fleeting looks of friends around them.

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