

# TrypDyck with a Knife & a Not-Boy

Matthew 5:29

*If your right eye causes you to stumble,  
gouge it out and throw it away. It is better  
for you to lose one part of your body  
than for your whole body to be thrown into hell.*

Matthew 5:30

*And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and  
cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee  
that one of thy members should perish, and not  
that thy whole body should be cast into hell.*

Matthew 5:28

*But I tell you that anyone who looks  
at a woman lustfully has already  
committed adultery in his heart.*

*not - boy*

*The answer is not my phallus*

*The answer is not my vulva*

you are shapeshifting riddle      a mouthful of blood      rigid as an uppercut      dark as a throat      a mugshot  
in mirrors      hooded low in the cut      mongreled, mojado      the bottom of a well      boneless pit  
you empty      yourself & leave      a rag, a ring      wronged, wringed      tongue fat & thugged out  
quick to spit      in any pair of lips      stretched to kiss      you low down      spig      frontin like you got bones  
mama ain't know      how to raise you right      got no eyes & still see      too much, you ain't  
scared of your own      smell & darkness      each choke makes you      stronger      all you got is  
your pride, your hunger      held like a flag      a dirty shovel      digging its own      shallow grave

once / i was a boy / whose mouth never knew / the taste of salt / in blood & sweat / the bitter aftertaste of what lies / damp between legs  
once i was / a boy without a name / for the body except mine & please & no / an arm was not called an arm / a leg did not need a language  
once i was not / once i was a not - boy / what is a boy but a knot / a distance to untangle / the ache in his mother's back / a puzzle  
to roll between fingers / until it dissolves once / i was a boy without / a name for this secret / what is a boy but a naught / a locked door  
to a dark room / where the boy has no name / for what he is except / sin & didn't & lie / the boy spills out / of the boy / the taste of salt  
i was a boy then / prayer can't change that / history is long & hard / history touches me & leaves / me nameless an unspeakable  
thing if i was a not - boy / then what was i once / someone who blames language / for the misery between legs / for the stiff-necked miser  
always asking / for more once i was / a boy who held / a knife between his trembling legs / to free himself from / the Word the world  
was i a boy / a not-boy or a naught-boy / if the blade kissed the skin / would the boy spill / out of the boy / beads knotted tough as salt  
reader / if you have never looked / in the mirror and wanted / to carve a flank a hole / to devour yourself then / you never understood a knife  
would never / make a difference you / would still be a not - / girl you would still be / nothing if not a boy / not a boy & not not  
if you have then what / can i say that / will make a difference / you heard the Word / what to do with the knife / but i can't / i won't

you are a shapeshifting riddle      a mouthful of red      dark as a throat      a foggy mugshot      hooded low  
in the cut      the soft of you sifts, thick      chingaste, chingada      a boneless pit      the bottom of a well  
you empty      yourself & leave      a rag, a ring      wronged, wringed      lips fat & thugged out  
swift to      swallow the tongue      stretched to kiss      you low down      spig      frontin like you got bones  
mama ain't know      how to raise you right      got no tongue & still say      too much, you ain't      scared  
of your own      smell & darkness      each cut makes you      stronger      all you got is      your pride  
your hunger      tissue wet as a flag      swallowing & spitting      out flesh, refusing      to make a grave of me