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**the morning after my first dyke experience**

you looked like a dyke in that truck,
suddenly. i pulled myself up into it,
thought how strange to see you
in another context. who'd you borrow it
from, i wonder. you're just a
stranger in a borrowed pick-up.

you're my closet girlfriend
stored back in my musty brain.
it feels like i never think anymore

but suddenly my mind can't stop placing your
dyke hand which rests on the gearshift
on the back of my neck & suddenly i can't stop
placing us back in your bed last night.

you're my dyke girlfriend in a borrowed pick-up.
the morning light hurts my eyes
and i squint it all away.

*Jenna Capeci*