

In gender neutral bar bathroom

we all dance to “I will survive” losing place in line
& there are no urinals & the graffiti sings consent
& revolution & we sing along, mostly out of key
& every surface sparkles glitter-grit & here, there
is no gender & here, there is nothing but gender &
we look good in that fogged mirror & we fix our
hair & pastel femmes talk shop & my lover adjusts
their binder & the Bar Mama who fought in
Stonewall adjusts her wig & stone butch yells at
masc in stall *get off grindr already* & Rabbi &
anarchist yell about nonviolence & everyone in
this bathroom is Jewish and anarchist & here &
yelling because we can & we are not a quiet
people & this queer bar is loud enough to drown
out Southern Indiana & here, we are something
resembling safe & and we sing along like we
believe yes, we will survive & in this bathroom we
are queer & ordinary & three generations queer
shoulder to shoulder & this goddamn line moves
so slowly & we’ve all just got to pee & we dance