

One of the Guys

Among clanking glasses and hors d'oeuvres
I proclaim myself a feminist.
(Pro-anything it seems). Though under oath
a confession perhaps: that at times
she seems to have risen from a foamy sea
like Aphrodite and Lorena before her,
severed member close behind, crooked finger
beckoning. I blush the blush of the accused.

The beauty of the J.D. journey is that of
Santorelli's breasts: oh the weapons that arise,
the empowering, contradictory swords that
cut so readily in any direction. The me who ponders
shouts "equal protection!," the me who pisses
considers the possibilities, and the residue
of dissonance is like thick shower scum,
irrepealable. I step into the streaming water,

Exposed. I flex my muscles and join in a celebration
of differences to which I have no invitation.
Mind of mediator, voice of Limburger, reciting Roe
can't help me now: this is the shameless, invisible
guilt, the thriftshop of threadbare intentions. It's
three-piece suits and Leave it to Beaver and porno
flicks, incriminating skeletons assumed to have dibs
on my closet. The water grows cooler.

But even convicts have rights, and I demand
more therapy: too many "labels" jostling for position,
some the afterbirth of misinformation and macho
convenience, others the offspring of MacKinnon and Paglia.
I search for a label-less utopia, balanced and just,
no actus reus assumed or reparations required:
where my crimes are pardoned and the showers
have no scum. The dripping slowly continues.

DAVID L. MARIN*

* J.D. candidate, Washington College of Law at The American University, 1995; M.A. candidate, The American University, 1996; B.A., Harvard University, 1991. According to the author, this poem is "generally speaking, a confession. . . . Part of the Aphrodite myth involves a severed penis, and the Santorelli reference is to [People v. Santorelli, 600 N.E.2d 232, 80 N.Y.2d 875 (1992)]."

