

Crosscurrents

by Wickie Stamps

Lately, I'm into my fem thing. Black silk scarf wrapped jauntily around head, ill-tempered and bitchy, I wield my power with a biting tongue and a perfectly timed strut. Sitting becomes an art form. No motion wasted as I drape my body in my chair, crossing my legs, laying hands on knees; sculpting my position to reflect the cold, hard power moving within me. Flirting — sometimes subtly, sometimes blatantly — marks my territory. Few, save the assholes, are spared. It is not just with girls I flirt, but with the gay boys who understand the female.

I'm a bitchy fem who likes getting fucked by a butch.

Who are you? Are you a fem? Are you butch? Or are you, like me, both? Or are you neither? Or do you, as I know some of you do, think fems are trash, unable to keep up with you butch motherfuckers. The one who can change a tire, wield a wrench

and ride a motorcycle?

Surprise. I and many of the fems I know can do your so-called butch things, ride those bikes, change those tires. Better yet, if we can't master a task we can certainly manipulate your tired asses into doing it for us. Ha!

Fem. Cooking for you, fussing over you when you try to walk out into the cold without your gloves; yelling at you when you track dirt into our clean homes. But always, always pausing to admire your strong backs that strains taut under your work loads; loving at night, before bed, and massaging your callused hands with lotion. Softening them so that they may fit more easily fit into our warm, hot places. And waiting, always waiting for you to dare do what this world has trained you not to do — and perhaps fuck — another woman.

Fem. I've given you a whiff of my side. Won't you tell me yours?