

KATA AlvidREZ

## **WE WIMMIN**

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We're a dying breed, old dykes,  
and easy to spot in our perfect buzz cuts  
standing up tall with gel.  
We wear well-worn PC t-shirts  
tucked into blue jeans,  
wide leather belts to hide waists —  
no Scarlet O'Haras here in San Francisco.  
Our blank complexions,  
the honest pallor of wimmin  
contrasting with the painted faces of women,  
our various imperfections earning elevated status,  
honor amidst the charlatans.

We can swing our sagging breasts  
in apparent disregard,  
pendulous, bouncing and slapping,  
wet fins against our chests.  
No one dares to look,  
as if our elongated glands are invisible,  
sexless, of no interest to anyone,  
though we secretly dream to be touched,  
tasted, teased. It's our forbidden.

Hair speaks out louder than words:

Chin hairs a matter of pride  
(as if token testosterone squeezes  
into an old dyke's follicles,  
making her more butch than femme).  
And even the femmes measure underarm hair  
against the hair on their legs,  
making no apologies for who they are,  
100 pounds, 300 pounds,  
crooked smiles and missing teeth,  
*au naturel* is all that matters.

See, the truth is in the loving:  
to love a woman,  
to run soft hands across satiny buttocks,  
white and smooth in rolling curves,  
around padded hips to dimpled bellies  
to silky thatches of pubic hair.  
The rich fullness of breasts,  
large breasts, medium breasts,  
full breasts, languid breasts,  
even small breasts in a woman's hands,  
the round firmness,  
the tantalizing tease of brown aureoles,  
still small, still tight against her chest,  
unlike straights whose breasts hang  
with the weight of nursing,  
both husbands and babies,  
whose nipples spread into smooth saucers of brown,

erect only when cold air blows  
or orgasm tightens from the inside out.

And, oh, the kisses,  
the sweet-tasting kisses of women,  
their pillowed lips,  
tentative tongues darting in and out shyly,  
breath like soft warm cookies —  
no scratchy moustaches,  
no prickly beards,  
no hard demands made from hunger  
to own, to fill, to take.

Even a woman's scent intoxicates,  
a perfume of shampoos and conditioners,  
powders, lotions, sprays that women wear —  
not like men who hide behind male smells,  
no flowers, no sugar,  
no soap  
(or they might not be real men,  
only that which they fear most — female).

But we wimmin are not angry,  
the way they like to say.  
We are comfortable with our sexuality,  
our needs, our desires.  
We only want to be wimmin,  
women without men.