

Female Perversion

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My hair in a stranger's hands
At a beauty salon
on the end of Canal Street

Comfort water
Silently touched
My mind whirls into
a bath in heated steam
where I become Him

he retells,

My hair in her hands
First time my hair being
washed
Slowly in time
Her hands pressed
down the sides of my head
Strong fingers
Tenderly lifted
Strange rhythm
Familiarly run
Scent of the gingery
shampoo
Weaved into each of my
long Curls

I become a tiny little ball in
her hands
She plays with it in
Any way she likes

When I was a child
I could wear mama's dress
I grow up into a man
Waiting for Her to come
And force me into a girl
again

In heated steam,
I look at myself through
his eyes

These golden threads
turn soft across my hands
I am a woman
without finger nails
I kneaded his temples
till his eyelashes quivered
Above my senses

My tiny little ball
Slowly utters each word
into my ear
like a child

I held his waist
There we fight in our
Playground

Both at the age of fifty-
two
We become
Childhood best friends