

Title: On the Politics of Being Too Much  
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bold

bright

we take up      space

e x p a n d i n g

between	wheelchair rim	and	performance stage
between	furled wrist	and	plastic straw
between	red lips	and	medical forms
between	silver hoop earring	and	boardroom doorframe
between	bloody tampon	and	leather bucket seat
between	LED streetlamp	and	gritty dirt

our silhouettes dance      guarded eyes      laughing loud

yet, it's an illusion we're ever (really) seen  
except through movement and tone of voice

in a reality defined by "normal"

they are unable to discern our contributions from the subtle shift in wind  
they feel (only) coolness blocking out the sun,  
they see (only) the change in equation  
their shifting future      they are afraid almost always

you and me      melting into squishy hurt feelings      doesn't help

we live real to us  
dreaming  
creating  
molding a future

every  
sound,  
breath,  
heartbeat,  
an omen of purpose