

We Gamble (Preview)

“Yes, I will be busy...And men can take their dicks, penetrate their own asses / after a cavity search my body with prescription lenses / they still won't know this pussy. Memoirs of a Transsexual Misogynist, Thank you.”

As she bowed, the other women rose, applauding as if this was an electoral celebration, she must be a regular. Hopefully a crowd favorite. I would have to say this is a good test of talent though; I would also have to say that throughout my life, women have slowly become my greatest interest. He's probably not going to win a third time...

“Nex', ladies and lesbians, we have a real virgin. So let's be gentle. There are two important reasons I am excited about this next performer. One, he's a man, and wait, let's give him a chance, c'mon wait, and two, this is his first performance ever. So he really is a virgin. It takes a lot of courage to come here and perform for us for the first time ever. Please show some luv for the first male to come up and perform at the Titty Bar in three years, Damon.”

After the initial claps and the microphone screech stopped, there was complete silence. Walking up from the dark marble corner, 90 percent of the women here probably didn't know I was here or performing. This is not the type of lounge that anyone should be strolling into. These people have agendas. Women come here to be free. Free from themselves, and the world. There's no need for make-up, hairstyles, wedding rings, boob jobs, diets, tummy tucks, carb-counting, shoe brand comparisons, lipstick or even something as simple as decent language. They are either shocked to see me or searching their purses for six shooters and high noon watches. Now, on stage, I can see most of their faces. An expression can tell you more than anything if read properly. The upset ones that have already judged and sentenced me, the curious ones that want to give me a chance, the eye rolling, heavy breathing ones that see every man that's ever hurt them or complimented them when they didn't want it, and the very few welcoming faces, two smiles and the host, she looks like she wants me to do well so a riot doesn't ensue. I guess property damage will make someone reconsider their stance on things. I

feel waves of tension. This might be fun, I've never been at a loss for poetry, but what could I think-up to win this bet. "I thank you all for allowing me to enjoy your work and share some of my own. Spontaneity here we go, hmmm... Eyes don't fail me now... I got it!

"I would like to dedicate this poem to the two young women sitting to my right holding hands, I hope that you understand my words, and connect with them." *They're surprised!*

There are only two / to whom I can refer, / it's her and her.... / together,
combined, / yester' equals today / intertwined and / mine. / her and her. //
Stronger, / longer, they steam naughtier / her and her.... // as my dream-queens flee
/ it seems, I mean... / I need, / her and her....

Keep my focus on them. I have to do better "Part two"

The only trinity that will outlast / infinity, / it still seems, / unlike dreams, / I
know, I need / her and her. // Should I be rewarded for being so forward? Like
multiple choice chosen wrong twice / when you see / me, unscripted / sprinting /
twin angels / goals from a past presented / ask me / I'll confirm // her and her. //
This may continue from, minute venues / sensually perusing truth / behind clues,
guiding / me / her and her....

I think its working. "Part three"

The Bi-avatar of fantasy, / four eyes, breasts and wings enchantingly /
transferred love from melancholy-joined / with my lesser hands / definitely, / her and
her... // carefully I carried // her and her / hover / diffused hints my seventh- / -
sense began to fuse- / -surreal nose and mouth sense. / Enticed to resist, // to insist
/ on a future / a fate to finish this. / Like an infant teething for adulthood. // Do
you think so? / yes ma'am, / her and her....

"Thank you." They loved it, I can't wait to see his face when...

*As they booed and yelled man hating phrases I actually felt like I failed completely. Fucking
bastard got me good, I can't help but smile as I walk off the stage and wondered how he's doing. I*

hope he's getting fubar'd like Tango and Cash. It would be great to see him with fat lip. I doubt he's getting fucked up beyond any recognition. Salvaging this night will take miracles. He should've backed out. He's too stubborn.