

Performance from the only dance floor for queers, New York

A fish out of water curls its body like a silver signal mirror that could start fire.

The dancer lights the fire with *his* fish-body.

He lights the fire with sweat-soaked skin,  
shining skin stretched over rippling waves,  
raging against the ground with every leap,

twist,

and bound,

trying to turn himself inside out,

break in half and grasp the wind,

Rage, rage against the natural laws that bind naked feet to earth,

The slap of skin and grunt of breath, capsize and corkscrew

the fish-body in the air, ever toward a thousand rippling eyes-

This shimmering body afflicted with radiance.