

Jelly Beans

The harmony of a million languages —
Colors never before seen;
People with
Cultures so many so rich always changing
Each with a sense of place
Not ownership.

And also,
We began to see people
Becoming tangible and real,
Becoming their potential.

A thousand-fold of gender expressions —
A wild flourishing of sexualities —

The nuclear family unit had
Dis appeared,
Because everyone had everything
Collectively
Males and females were equal
Children were no longer
Blue and pink incipient workers.

It didn't matter anymore if you
Were mannish or womanish —

Why, you could be
Two spirits, three spirits, four —
Fluid, changing by choice
Or desire,
Merging
Interpenetration of sexualities —
And genders —

For some
Clearly male and female for others —
So many expressions
And speakings out
We no longer laughed at
But admired
The chick who kept her dick —

The tomboy who grew up to be a man,
The tomboy who grew up to be a lesbian,
The tomboy who grew up to be a woman —

The girlboygirl who is still changing
The girl man who is trying to find
The boy he had lost.

We decided that gender expressions
Like racial expressions
Were like jelly beans —
One alone is pretty enough
But one among many
Multi-flavored, multi-colored
Jelly beans
Is
Ecstasy!



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