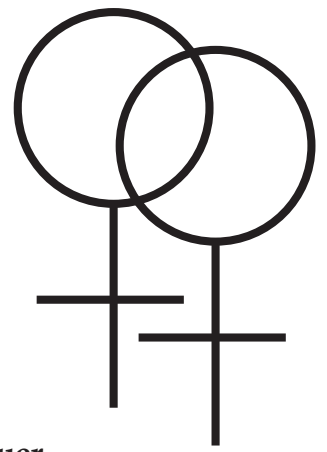


Lesbian:

An Investigatory Treatise

By Mitchell Sherman for WS 308 - Lesbian Literature with Prof. Vicki Reitenhauer



Between Women and Beyond Men:



Lesbianism is power. A power that defines and produces as it exists within the past, the present lived experiences, and futures not yet realized. This power is enacted everyday by those who thrive within the confines of its definition; simply by identifying as Lesbian is a powerful act. This deeply corporeal love that is – at times – invisible, forgotten, and misrepresented holds potential, both latent and realized. It has the ability to birth a revolutionary love, forming bonds between women and beyond men and so can foment, trouble and challenge the embeddedly masculine and patriarchal. Its very existence can be a threat both fragile and robust; it holds the potential to make men unnecessary and anachronistic – something upsetting, terrifying, unthinkable in the eyes of society. These beautiful, alternative possibilities incubated by women who love not only other women but themselves as well, force a tension that instills fear and discomfort into those unready and unwilling to change the structures of oppression. Methodologically, we must love the not only the feminine and immasculine, but celebrate and admire all femaleness – the multiplicity of masculine and feminine, silences and brazen voices, that challenge and interrupt the incursions and imperialism of men and patriarchy.

Lesbian-Hyphen-Literature

– on the precipice of an
encroaching, delicate event horizon
tip-toeing the discomforts of door
jammed arrivals and departures
are these subjunctive subjects.

Ask not for whom the Oranges grow
like a quince apple plucked from the highest
branch.
they are not the only fruit
hyphen-the rubyfruit jungle

Bowery Bugs, that Picaro,
that Drag Bunny, the
trickster everlasting.
What's that you say Mrs. Winterson?
Molly Bolt has left and gone away.

Hey Hey Hey
We ate your raisins
Your Rabbit's pellets
What's your bitter pill?



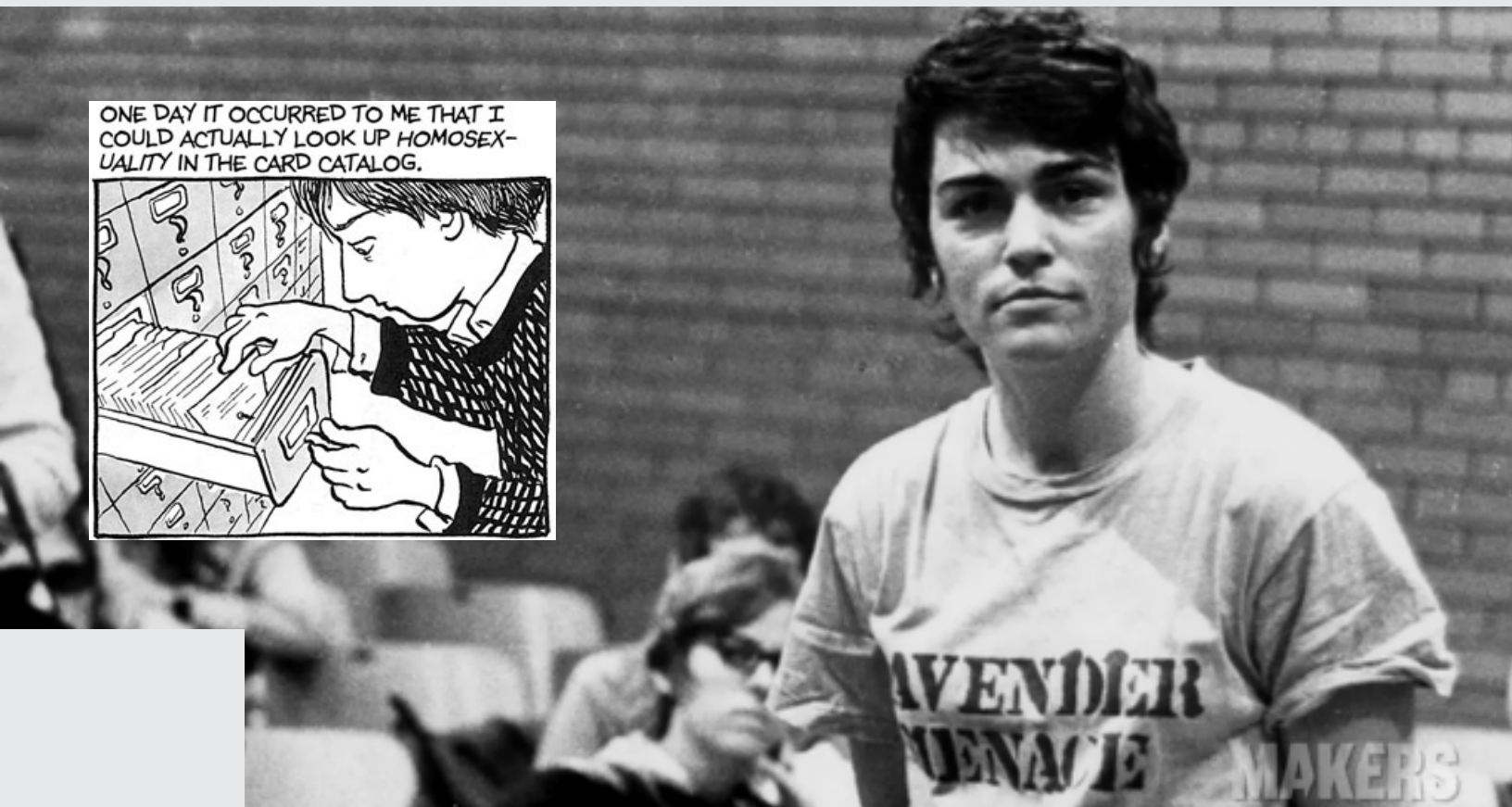
The water's fine ***but***
only fools rush in—
only fools rush away
—Lesbian—

tumble down, Alice.
the hole's dug—table set—waiting for you
you're very late
m'lady

a whole historiography illuminated
by desire. Waste not, want not, embody.
The body indulges the passing choices
of love in the doorways
and rabbit's holes.

They say,
there are no Atheists in rabbit holes.
So believe, as dodging mortars,
rounds launched salvos from afar and all,
that only faith between lovers be your guide.
Disremembered, Jane got her gun.

ONE DAY IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT I
COULD ACTUALLY LOOK UP HOMOSEX-
UALITY IN THE CARD CATALOG.



Death's precipice locks gaze through knowing eyes
Knowledge then produced and owned
to embrace each_other and remain unafraid.

Ms. Winterson's advice to you is get born.
If existence is a prognosis and stigma its cancer
A. Lorde implores to produce, inspire, and affect
the living by living.
Echo wants not of Narcissus,
so speak with her and let her be.

Through our words – only whispers –
You! will survive beyond singular deaths
and thrive in the foundry paradise
of inspiration and Sapphic beauty.

Apotheosis needs no theocratic theory of being,
just beings beyond no-thing-ness. Identify-yourself!
Will you survive the Bechdel test? Will I?

Since I will not – since I cannot
– Patronymic as I am and lover though I may be
– who else will carry the eternal – lesbian flame?
For whom flames for Lesbos?
For the biomythographed island of warrior women,
loving in rabbit holes.

