

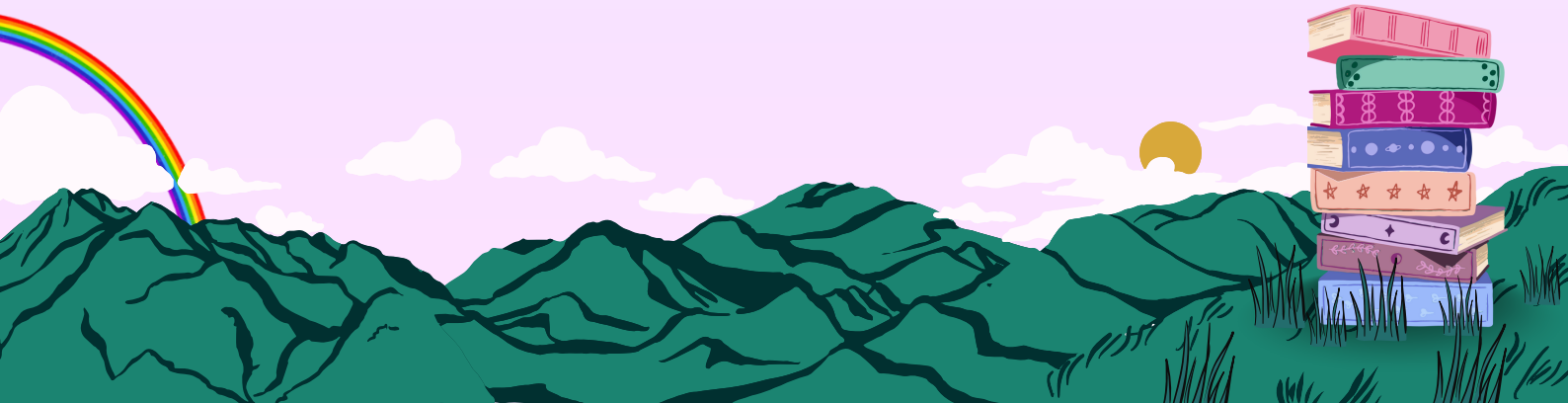
DREAM & IVORY

Ryan Davidson

Hands made from ivory that press to cold lips
There's a message on my arm for you, wrapped like your last Christmas gift
But it's okay, it's all-right
Because your touch is warm, and I'm blue
Blooded
Mumbled
How are you's
When you cannot cry wolf
And your friends are dressed as sheep
But what are you yourself?
When I know you keep your wings at home
And scrub skin down with wool
to a raw-hide-kind-of-pink

Are you a God?
Somebody that helped me go to heaven at night?
Or are you a Dream?
That blooms and renders gold
Because your eyes seem fond to me,
And only me
Glazed over with the same feeling
Your calloused hands hold

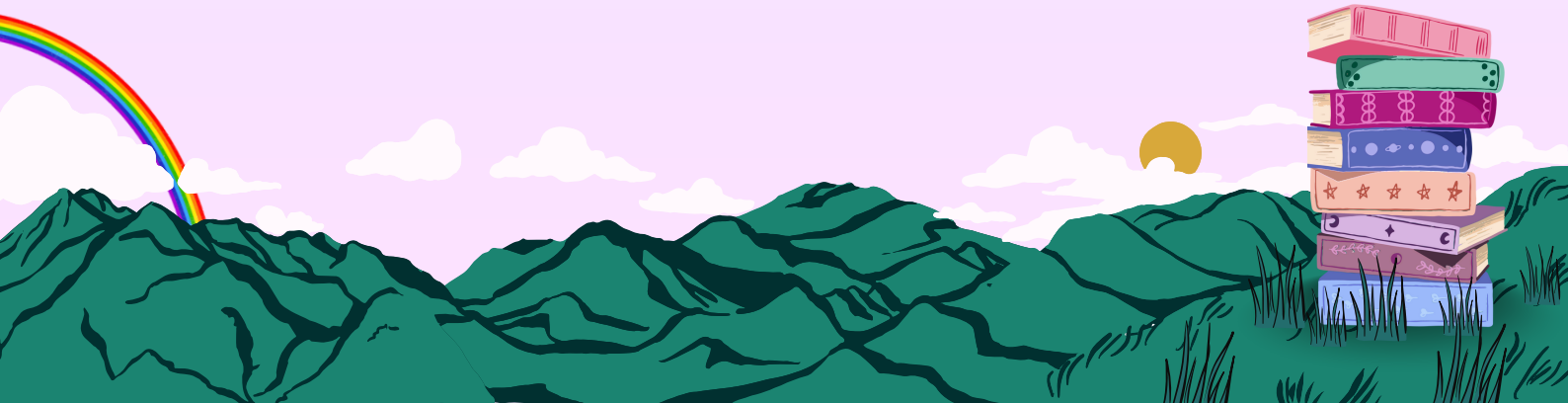
Me
Hold me closer, blankets can't compare
Androgyny is only your silver lining
To why your identity remains simply a glare



Towards the nosy crowd
Towards your nosy sports team
But I won't ask questions,
I'll let you be
If you want to be a Dream,
Then I'll let you be a Dream
I'll let you sink your teeth into a neck that's been
Gnawed
Six times in a week

We read sermons on Sundays
And you dog ear the page 306
Lithe paper and lilted-at-the-end-questions
Your fingertips continue to flick
Up, up, up
Curiosity caught the best of you
I captured the essence of you
Mmm warm lips,
Muscle and a memory of yesterday
You mark every page till it formed the number of your favourite pizza place
Hum, you hum
That was our first date

You don't like Tuesdays, school sports, or the colour black
Nothing can be so stark you say,
Like bare gums, a product of a hound's hackled back
You compare us to animals, I compare us to earth But as we spin on this axis,
I learn
I do learn
Because I see the Dream and the
Ivory



I see the freckled heart that dampens
When you don't fit the binary
Speciesism you call it, you separate like an animal from skin
But I see the hopeful wrinkles at the edges of your eyes How
can someone call that sin?

I see the fond laughs, breathy enough to blow wisps of hair
Because you're in a field with no crowd
And your masculinity isn't compared
To others in your team
You're Ivory, not Ivy league to me
Acceptance letters and animals
Not as grand as Achilles

By Wednesday,
Your moods were meritorious
Wrapping me like I was Venus
Encompassing love, prosperity
You couldn't wait for the weekend
Soothing coos like celebrations your tongue
Rolling, rolling
Lilting, flicking
You don't sound like an animal to me
Nor an "it" or a "freak"
You're moulded by a God
You're moulded by a Dream
I tell you this,
And you tell me,
Through a whistle in the gap of your
Ivory teeth
I am Dream – non-binary

