

WHEN TIP DRILL COMES ON AT THE FRAT
PARTY OR, WHEN REFUSING TO TWERK IS
A RADICAL FORM OF SELF-LOVE

By Faimah Asghar

After Danz

Sometimes it's as simple as the reminder of numbers
& ridged plastic sliding through an ass: bent, shaking,
whirring up like an arcade game when touched.

Sometimes it's as simple as the boys, howling
under bright lights, who only see the dissected
parts of you—
 nose, wrist, nape of neck, nipple—

that which can be held down, pinned back, cut open,
frog heart pounding & exposed to the science class
of club & white boy & hands.

Sometimes it's as simple as sweaty nails pushing
gritty into your stomach, the weight of claws ripping
at the button on your jeans.

Sometimes it's as simple as a look from your best friend,
alive on the dance floor, the light of her own sweet sweat
to realize the powerhouse in you, to realize the sum

of your body, not its dissected parts but the whole,
damn, breathing thing. Sometimes it's as simple
as standing still amid all the moving & heat & card

& plastic & science & sway & say:

No.
Today, this body,
is mine.