

**From *Blue Slumber*, by Gianna Russo**

**Tag**

When awake, I sometimes noticed  
the shadow of her beard.  
It was evident here, too,  
in the tumble of light  
which rotated our identities  
as if we were a tag-team soul--  
one moment I was she,  
    sliding my pointing feet  
    into her pantaloons,  
then she was I,  
    fastening my corset of bone.  
Beneath the sheen of our skirt,  
our hoop swayed like a skeletal bell  
with me/her as the breathing clapper.

A menacing man lumbered  
toward us/me/her,  
his eyes blunt, milky nuggets.  
He wore a future century  
in his clothes.  
He lunged at us like a hunter.

Up the marble staircase,  
across the mahogany floor,  
she/I skittered like a startled pheasant.  
We were saved by a secret boudoir,  
powdery and feathered.  
Secure, I glided to the mirror  
and found her gone,  
no trace left on my chin or jaw.

Myself undid my satin jacket,  
unmuzzled my breasts from the bustier.  
Then the outer door disappeared.  
My nipples knotted like  
blind, pink fists  
as he rushed in.