Not in my genitals, my costuming,
my pronouns, or medical file.

I keep my gender in my perception.
My eyes look at the world.
My gender is excitement to be alive:
light sparkling on the surface of the water.
My gender is low clouds and fog,
the green-on-green
of the rainforest jungle
where part of me comes from.
My gender glows in my chest.
It has no checkbox.
My gender is the power that
continually re-makes me.

Where do you keep your race?

Not in my language, my job,
my name, or my title Mx.

I keep my race in my mitochondria.
My mom’s love is part of my body.
My mom’s hair, my own hair.
The way I take care of people,
worshipping Parent Earth,
pulling you into my family.
I keep my race in my plump body,
my hips, and my defiance.
I keep my race in a mixture.
I keep my race on my altar.
The candle is glowing.
My race smells like onions, eucalyptus,
wild fennel, fire roasting poblanos,
oak leaf litter, chicken BBQ,
the steam from tamales, corn husks,
night summer rain storm,
copal on the electric stove burner.
Pale lilac lightning is reflected
in my first pair of reading glasses.
I keep my race in an umbilical cord
which is buried under a tree
I no longer have physical access to.
But I have unlimited access
to the force that birthed me
because those stars stir
everything I do.

Where do you keep your sexuality?

Not in what I buy, what entertainer I defend,
an acronym, flag, or pin.

I keep my sexuality in my inner life
where I meet the moon.
Jaguar is my lover,
and I learn how never to abandon myself
when others decide
I’m too much pancake.
I keep my sexuality as a desire
which animates my whole life with appetite.
I keep my sexuality in my Shadow,
hidden with pain-violation
as its spark.
I keep my sexuality also in my ass,
which you can see clearly,
huge in my pants.
My sexuality is liquid, whether I orgasm
or just look at you.
I keep my sexuality for the dear ones
who respect me.
No one else is welcome to worship at that temple,
although some slobber at the gate.

Where do you keep your disability?

Not in an assistive device, a label,
a parking placard, or social security.

I keep my disability in physical pain
and a clear pool of wisdom
about shared suffering and unmet needs.
I keep my disability in understanding
ableism, which is loneliness,
including how shut down my neighbors
get when asked
to behave with compassion.
My disability is a difference
that breaks “can do” into “no, cannot do”
with crystalline crumbs
of fractured longing.
It makes me more outsider
by eliminating possibility.
I keep my disability in an intention,
because whatever I’m looking for
isn’t going to happen on accident.
Ornate planning
conveys me to the action,
where I last a short time
before returning home for collapse.
I’ll write you a letter about it,
if that…

Where do you keep your identity?
My identity is assumed by the least-creative based on outside markers, but

the closer you get to the Center, to the truth— Ask the right questions, and I'll unfold. All the cards on the table tell a story that might shock you. I'm not eager to show you. The miracle can be a secret right in front of you, a jewel-glint wrapped tight you never witness. Or you could glimpse the Mystery immediately. It's up to you.
My voice, my marriages. My identity smells like dew. The large dragonfly was right the whole time: this is a blessing for my birthday.

Strawberry Pancake Fae Nopales is an art-witch anarchist who lives in community. Pleasure is berry's favorite way to experience God. Find them at listeningtothenoiseuntilitmakessense.com, ilikeyourstims.com, and on instragram as @xtrikeslutsx.