



They often ask me

What is it like

You know
To be

...

You

In this place

And I tell them

To be me
Is to dance
on the dash of
an aircraft
flying through rough air





To be me is
To feel powerful
In a world
Of synchilla fleece,
Of subarus,
Of black labs,
The heteronormative
Stamps of approval
For basic residents

I walk the line between
Mountain enthusiast /
River rat /
Backcountry skier

And

Artistic expressionist /
Combat boots /
velvet and furs /
A unicorn floating free

Mixing the myriad of
Identities





Why should I shoehorn myself
Into the cishet
So-called
“Mountain mentality”
When
I will run up the mountains
And ski down them
With superior grace and agility
And humility
Than those who challenge my
Prowess
Based on perceived notions
Of hyper-masculinity

Yes, it is a
solitary life
And I may
be alone
In the eyes
of the heteronormative
Sycophants
But I am not lonely
I sit in this
ivory tower
Neither helpless
nor hapless
Subjected to
my own fate





Because if being part of
“The norm”
Was as great as
They think it is
They wouldn’t be
Fantasizing /
Daydreaming /
Romanticizing /
Fetishizing
About this life
they decry to be
“hard”.