Amsler Anarchy and the Devious Distortions of Domination

When I was born
and I took my first breath in the world
it was assumed of me, no, expected
that I would grow up the girlhood path
wear pink flowing dresses and strappy sandals
learn to dance, cook, clean, and look pretty
dream of cute boys, then men, marriage, and babies
because that's just what every queer woman wants
to comply
to submit
to be straight
and locked into the devious distortions of domination
their suffocating, narrow embodiment

I wouldn't call that living.

And, when I was born
and opened up my big vibrant eyes
it was assumed of me, no, expected
that I would grow up the normate path
navigate the world unincumbered
learn to see, look, read, and drive with acuity
dream of gorgeous colours, then shapes, landscapes, and the world
because that's just what every vision-impaired woman wants
to comply
to submit
to be sensory enabled
and locked into the devious distortions of domination
their suffocating, normate embodiment

I wouldn't call that living.

But, when I was re-born
and I took my first breath in the world
opening up my big vibrant eyes
it was a surprise to me, no, miraculous
that I had grown up walking my very own path
becoming this powerful, self-actualised, vision-impaired dyke
learning to do whatever I wanted to, in my very own way
living life in rainbows, and kaleidoscopes, joy, and liberation
because that's just what this queer, vision-impaired woman wants
to be present
to be home
to be me
and freely occupying my diverse and defiant destiny
my magnificent, unapologetic embodiment

Finally, fiercely, authentically, living.