



feral feminisms

Queer Feminine Affinities

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## *from* Unoriginal Danger

*Dominique Salas*

[A circle of women gather at a table to speak]

A circle of women gather at a table to speak  
of other women and infidelity  
and partners and are using the word EVIL  
and the words BAD PERSON and then  
the words WELL, NOT LIKE A REAL  
BAD PERSON. And I still reflect  
to wonder how I was A BAD PERSON. It was  
all in the argument of my artistry. My period  
of performance, that phase in which I was  
into giggling, WHOA, who the fuck am I?  
Sitting in the kitchen drunk, asking if people  
would please give me their pizza crust because  
I am lactose intolerant and who the fuck  
didn't order the pizza I wanted with extra  
sauce and no cheese? See, yes, that was me.  
It still is, but consoling a boy that he was  
nothing like his abusive father while then  
fucking him in the bathroom and then lap dancing  
on a Jacob-Something, that was not me. Technically it was, but it was not a healthy me. The  
magazines with good-girl celebrities know when women are healthy good-girls. In some  
dimension, it might have been that I could have done that. I never did, but I knew it was the  
commitment that really mattered. The commitment to be  
*that girl* at the party. You know, *that girl*?

You know? If you do, tell me, because I feel  
like I should have something to say  
aside from blinking slowly and eating chips  
while at this table of every-woman. Every one  
has a different image of *that girl*. Aside  
from the fact that *that girl* is mostly only  
*that girl* because of her possession of a clit or  
the absence of one or because of how her skin presents  
as butterscotch candy or some other  
syrupey sweet for you to suck into disappearance in your mouth.



[At first, I wished that a man]

At first, I wished that a man  
with a dick was writing about  
me, instead of me. No one  
walks into a museum to admire  
the woman who statued herself,  
glint of an open compact  
in her hand. But, I am saccharine  
hair-twirling in place of placid  
grace, and women are mandatory-  
resourceful. I can glance into the aureole  
with a wink and chuck it at your feet.

Manmade unoriginal danger, I will see your  
destruction, and raise you switch-blade sexy.

Do I really have to be switch-blade sexy? I assigned myself this duty as a child, rewatching *Interview with the Vampire* just to see Claudia in one scene. Her body frozen and neuter. She sees a woman, nude. If there were an argument deciding her beauty, this scene would be all the evidence. Claudia is enraged and tantrums out her anger. She wants her body to be whittled and lengthened: the collar bone jutting to catch the light, but designated plush on certain expanses of the body. Maybe of some use; maybe they are footholds for lazy lovers. I wanted that paradox of a body. As I got my period, I waited for my transformation. I turned seventeen, and finally rose to meet a B cup. I made the list of what this woman had, what I could not grow: the honeyed hair, pillows of white flesh and fat that cast shadows along the nakedness of her, and the height of her, just her stature meant Lady to me. So, naked, I stood in the restroom alone, tugged at my hair, the protrude of ribs where a chest should ascent. I had to stand on the toilet to get a full view of my body. If I could receive instructions to be a Lady, I would have been elated. I too could be that naked.

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