

# Bath Songs



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## Forward

*Officially, I define them as my genitals. The first word I used to describe it was my dick. With my last lover, I referred to her as my big clit. I have never called it my cunt, but I am excited for the opportune moment to arise. Sex was cocks in cunts before my transition. More casually, they become inanimate objects: junk and bits. In a moment of desire, I might moan for my pussy. Internet slang like girdick or bussy shoot out photons from my phone at my crotch.*

*'Cock' and 'cunt' are insults; monosyllabic imaginations of penetrating/ed instruments. 'Pussy' is also an insult to ridicule the victim as a shameful, withered man. Its two syllables guide our mouths into a pss, like the sound of a splash.*

*Penis is not an insult; it sounds flaccid and at times medical or childish. Clitoris and vulva sound thoroughly botanical, and invoke mysteriousness, especially to masculine fundamentalists committed in their pursuit of vagina. The three syllables of 'clitoris' evoke folds, multiplicity; when shortened to 'clit', a target is placed on a site of pleasure. Genitals are truly non-descript, capable of referring to one or multiple, inclusive of intersex and trans bodies. All the above words are encapsulated in genitals. Aliens and animals can also have genitals. As a result of its sterility, it is safe and can be quite comfortable, but inversely can seem generic and nubile.*





ghost of a ghost  
may I sing songs  
that please you  
so you could please  
leave me alone





as boy I looked like girl  
now trans I look like man  
when do I get to be myself?

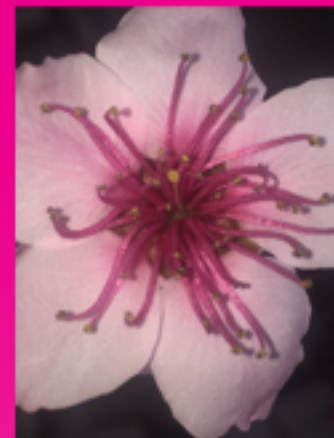






newly wanting to be wanted by you  
unlike old wants where I learnt these wanting words





what will I look at in the mirror  
when I am your beloved?





pleasant bath alone the washing cycle roars many spoonfuls of honey





in my fantasies  
you sit  
on my face  
perched  
on my mind







my sweaty palms hold onto my orgasm  
one day I'll find my body inside yours





I always want to be with you  
it doesn't matter who you are





steamy bath thoughts of cancer  
mind floats off to how I'll slice that big zucchini





being trans I forgot I'll quickly become another woman barren of children







what pain is this a new pain I felt before  
sunk in sad songs getting in touch





giving myself permission to be exactly this mad woman





words are like hot baths  
I get in it goes cold  
drains away





long sheets of rain outside  
thinking of nothing I please myself







bath water draining out to the beneaths  
gravity returns to my body

