

# RAQUEL GUTIÉRREZ

#39

Curse the state of contemporary art  
Mid-Spring; I sit up front behind Black  
Church, an elegant curvature as lithe and  
white masculine bodies seize the  
season amongst the seizure-inspiring

strobe; when I follow the catwalking  
I see the entire audience behind me; angular  
asexual. A brutalist movement. And muscle  
butch queens are the only semblance of  
camp

there is only one black choreographer  
and she shouts me down about cuntiness;  
scolds the woman in front of me about  
her less than ebullient response to her call and  
now perhaps less shall travel to Harlem.

Non-existent is the approach.  
Is it just  
better to not exist?  
Question the approach to  
the House of Xtravanganza

and other grander  
authenticities with custody; even  
the highest of priestesses  
greet Yemaya with their backs  
turned to the ocean