

## DANCER

I always like nights like this in the bar  
when I go alone and there's a drag show or  
other acts playing. Tonight it is Santa Fe  
but other nights it has been Tuscon, Nashville,  
or New York.

I know I am not the only one alone. Perhaps  
we all come together to observe, alone,  
together in our aloneness. Perhaps I come  
alone to these parades of drag queens, strip  
tease dancers to see who I might have become,  
without witness. I have thought about it often.

Tonight the entertainment is hot from Las Vegas.  
Carmen Cocoa and "her" review. The mirror light  
is spinning and the crowd parts as she glides  
onto the stage from near the bar. She loses  
feathers. Straight men come to the bar for this,  
pick them up and put them to their noses.  
With her they are safe.

She dances, is a better woman than I'll ever be.  
Goes through her acts: a latin number, a dramatic  
waltz, and disco acrobatic coup.

And it's usually more of the same. But tonight  
she introduces a treat, she says, for the women.  
The music starts up, a current number on the top  
forty charts, and out she comes.

A mulatto woman, beautiful, with green eyes. She  
dances haltime to the music. The women in the bar  
are yelling, stamping feet, ooohhhhing. Yes,  
this woman knows how to dance, and is naked, just  
for them.