

Bark of

Millions

ATUM

I make myself
Hidden in water
I make myself
Straying in darkness
I make myself
Hidden in water
I make myself
By uttering a name
Atum Temu Tem Ra
A bennu bird
Flying from the nun
A bennu bird

A favor from the sun
By uttering a name
Atum Temu Tem Ra
A bennu bird
Nesting in the spices

A bennu bird
Fashioning a bough
A bennu bird
Burning then reborn
By uttering a name
Atum Temu Tem Ra

Crossing heaven on a vessel
Called the Bark of Millions



BARK OF MILLIONS



The Bark of Millions
Brings the sun
Victorious
Again

And the bark is a boat
Made from a tree
And a bark is a shout
And a begging to be seen
And the boat has a captain
And the captain's name is Atum
Atum is Ra and Ra is Atum
And Ra is the first god

And the first god birthed the world
And the world birthed the human
So the human comes from Atum
In the Bark of Millions
And Atum is queer
Mixing genders and desire
So the god who birthed the world
Who birthed the one who gave us fire

So were made between the genders
In the Bark of Millions

FRANKIE KNUCKLES

Queer Baby.



Would you be here if it weren't the hope?
Would you be here if it weren't the plan?
Would you be here if it weren't the hope?
Would you be here if it weren't?
Sink deeply.

BELLA DUBALLE

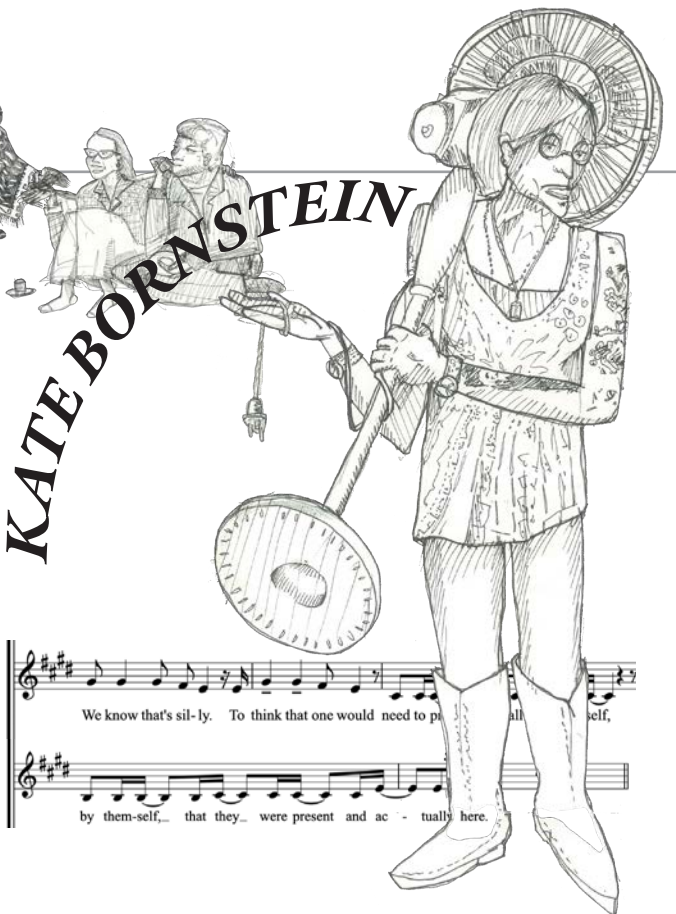


Sex and children
They don't wanna admit
That the children got their barbies
All rubbing their clits
Plastic panties
Ain't stopping the rub
Ain't nobody learned it
From the queen at the club



In our be-gin-ning, there was Kate Born-stein. And they did re-search u-

pon them-self. U - pon them-self they proved the science of be - ing here.



We know that's sil-ly. To think that one would need to p... all self,

by them-self, that they... were present and ac - tually here.



Shwe Shwe

Shwe Shwe

The Burmese beauty parlor elder

Shwe Shwe

A reliquary stupa

Shwe Shwe

The Burmese beauty parlor mother

Shwe Shwe

A temple of the moan

You pray to eight strands of hair

Locked in a temple

As a tribute to the gods

You pray to eight strands of hair

And the monks make slaughter

I pray to all strands of queer

Freed in a shack

And against all odds

I pray to all

strands of queer



Choose a color

Blue, black, violet,

Mother dyes away

The violence.

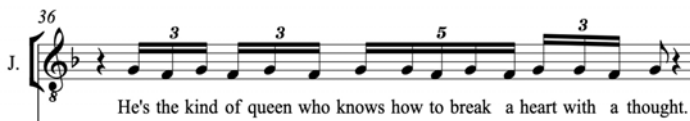
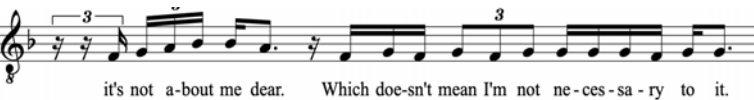
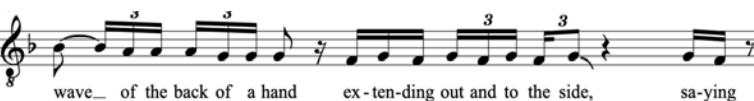
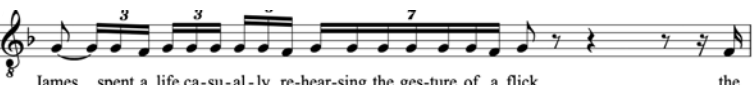


CLAUDE CAHUN

Button 'em, suction 'em on
Dragging in the pants of the enemy
Trace it, paint it all on
Eyeliner stash of the bourgeoisie
Print 'em, hand 'em out
Flier in the pants of the enemy
Lift it, win it girl
Posing in the frame of the bourgeoisie
And the muscle
She broke the bustle
And the pay
Is paper mâché
And the coon hounds
Are on the hunt
For Claude Cahun

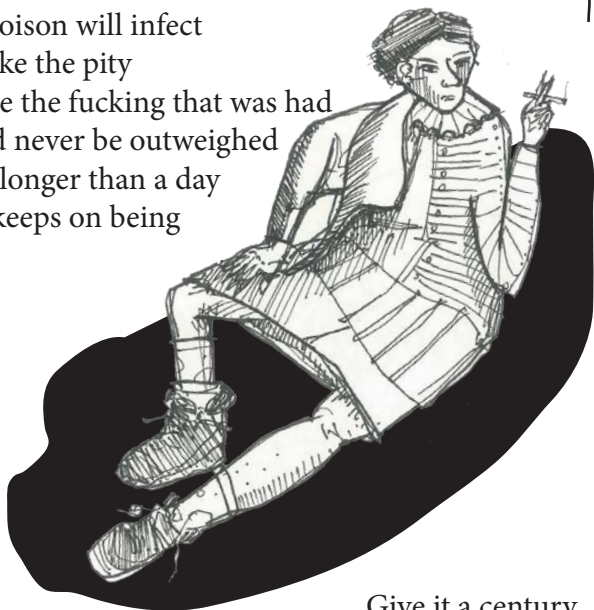


JAMES BALDWIN



GIOVANNI DI GIOVANNI

They say
It is a horrid death
Like drinking molten earth
Like turning inside out
And it's not pretty
They say
The grass won't grow again
Where I'll be laid to rest
The poison will infect
Just like the pity
Maybe the fucking that was had
Could never be outweighed
Lives longer than a day
And keeps on being



Give it a century
Maybe less
Perhaps a year
The threat and pain of it
May disappear





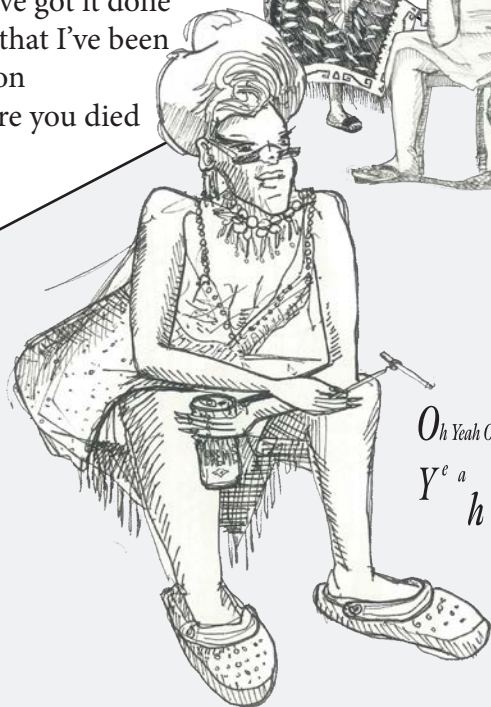
HARRY HAY

hey
how do you fetishize
the masculine and nelly?
how, when the bears are thin
and the twink shows off their belly?
how will you all agree
when the beat is so contrary?
ooh ooh ooh ooh
radical fairy.
how do you end the sides
when the word is non-binary?



MOTHER FLAWLESS

Hey Mother Flawless
I might have got it done
That song that I've been
Tink'ring on
Since before you died



Oh Yeah Oh
Y^e a
h oh yeah

Do you remember the night
We dressed like Minnelli
And you speed talked my mom
With your AZT belly

● Cause suffering ain't so bad
When it's set to music

Investigate all of the penal codes
As it pertains to the lesbian expression
Propose the change and then take a breath
To bat away the worst of the aggression

DEL MARTIN & PHYLLIS LYON

Change to sensible shoes in case you're followed
Cut the poster-board and paint the sign
Purge the lies that you have swallowed

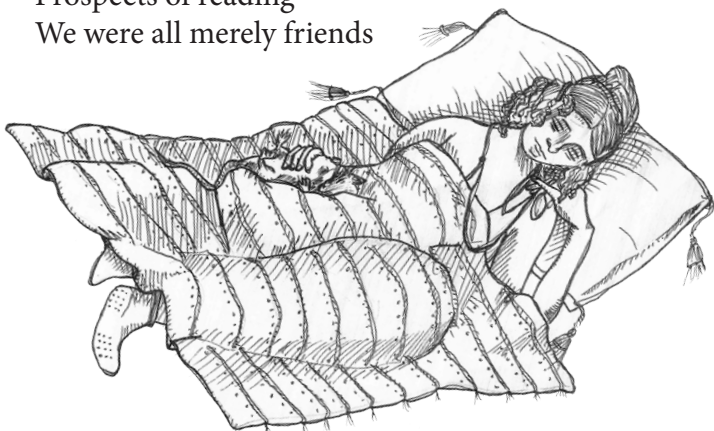


Dream easy in the night
Oh oh oh oh
Then wake up for the fight



Prospects of Percy
Prospects of Dod
Prospects of holding
A calcified heart
Or prospects of turning
Tousey-mousey
For you
Prospects of Percy
Prospects of pens
Prospects of reading
We were all merely friends

MARY SHELLEY



Instead I made a monster
No I wrote the book
The man made the monster
So the man is the crook
Did I make a monster
No I wrote the prose
The world is the monster
In the emperor's clothes



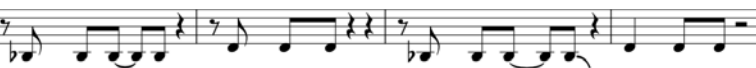
WILMER LITTLE AXE BROADNAX

What you feeling
When you bringing that
That high tone soul
Fitting in with the whole
How is it *H e a v e n*

How is it *D i r t*
How is it both
Like dying and birth
To sing like you
In your mystery



WILLIAM DORSEY SWANN



Thank your ma-ma, thank your pop, thank your teach-er, thank your top.



thank that drag queen pan-the-on__ thank that Will-iam Dor-sey Swann for



su-gar _____

in the tank



JUSTIN CHIN

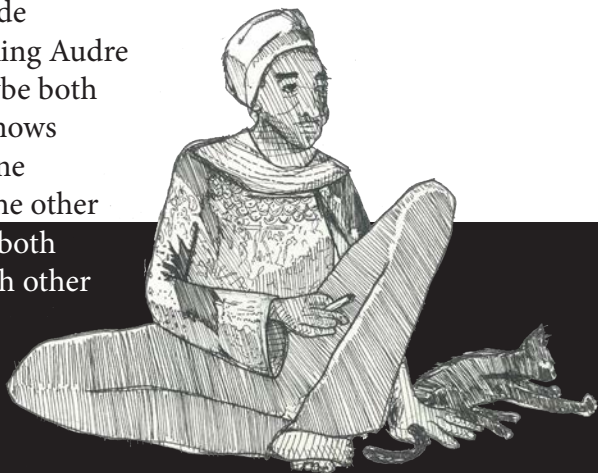
One To Watch
One To Pray
Two To Bear My Soul Away
One To Watch
One To Pray
Two To Bear My Soul Away
Angels In The Bed
Angels In The Pen
Angel Sweat
Angel Sin
Take Me To The Angel
Justin Chin
One To Kiss
One To Hold
Two To Keep Away
The Cold



Oh You
Freaky Geek
Rest In Peace
While Your Poems Burn Burn Burn

Take Me To The Angel
Justin Chin

Shouldn't there be a word for that feeling
Of sinking into a lover
After you've left them for awhile
Shouldn't there be
A word for that feeling
Of you being gone and everywhere
Oh Lorde
I'm talking Audre
Or maybe both
Who knows
Since one
Made the other
Maybe both
Are each other

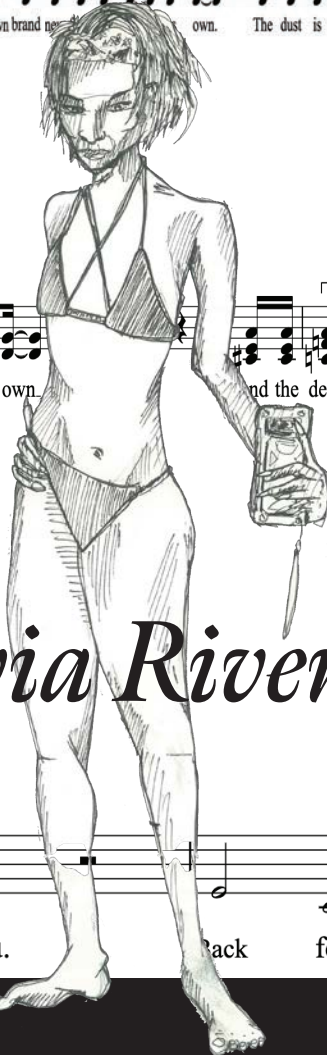


'Cause Audre said it's all how you've
dreamt it
In the songs in the banners
In the long long changes
In politics of manners
You're everywhere

Oh Lorde
You're everywhere



AUDRE LORDE



Sylvia Rivera



REINALDO ARENAS

A School In The Tide
Una Escuela En La Marea



And When The Flash Flood Comes
How He'll Swim
Cómo Nadará
Cómo Una Escuela En La Marea
Cómo Nadará
Cómo Todas Las Escuelas En La Marea

guts

goo

broken bits

stick

slip

and take the piss

testin'

'testines

one two three

tangle up space

'tween the you and me

BHAGAVATI-DEVI



NORMAN & SHIMIZU

Oh, wo, oh, keep your powder dry
Keep your powder dry
You load your bullet baby
You whet the stone honey
I'll wet the wick
You pack your gun girl
I'll pack my dick
You shoot your ship baby
I'll shoot my lip
Stick
And sync it
Just don't forget the trick



SAPPHO AND THE AMAZONIANS



MADELEINE PELLETIER

Save formalities
For gods and rules
And all that's cruel.
Instead, jolt me
Out of what we're made to be.
If I'm scared of me
It's only from the way I see
Decree the stations
But they're there to
Set you free.

Oh,
There's so much to be,
There's so much to be.
Get to it
I'll be her abortion doctor,
Cuz he knocked her up
And shocked her,
While he mocked her



Chains are curtesies and lotions,
Glistenings and rivals.
Chains are what we call survival.
Chains are sad eyes and demureness.
Chains are pouts and all the petting,
Still I'm betting all my life on you.
Even though the yous give me the blues.

BDB WOMEN

Her Tux Is Styling
Her Grill Is Piling Up
BDB Women
BDB Women
What Makes The Girls All
Come
BDB Women
To Hear Them Sing And Strum
The Lady Day Bed's
Where
Tullalah Bankhead

Sounds like there's
room for you.



BDB Stands For
Bull! Dyke! Blues!

Stormé Delarverie

this gentleman i knew
she pillaged
a heart or two
the guardian angel of the
village
this gentlemen i knew
worked as a bouncer
she'd take ya by the arm
escort ya home
she'd open doors for
all the whores for
when the johns don't
treat 'em
like they are someone
she didn't play with
pimps
she didn't pinch or
skimp
but doled out tips
while looking dapper
the only thing she stole
was a certain heart of gold
with her homemade
doubled down strapper



JACK BEE GARLAND

The shoes are polished with spit and the elbow.
Though no longer living come and find me
In the window you pass
On your way to sleep

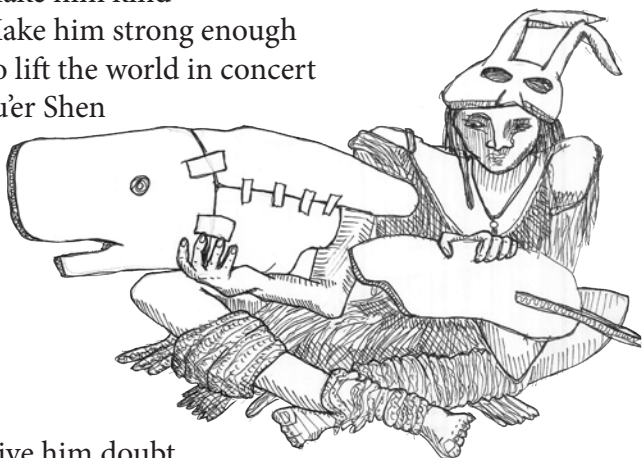


Mr. Jack Bee Garland, shorter
Than a high-backed chair

Or taller than a captain

TU'ER SHEN

In the peep hole
In the dream
In the burrow
The rabbit queer
Will find your lover
Bring the sugar
Bring the pork
Bring the fingers
Smear the lips
Of the rabbit queer
And find your lover
Make him kind
Make him strong enough
To lift the world in concert
Tu'er Shen



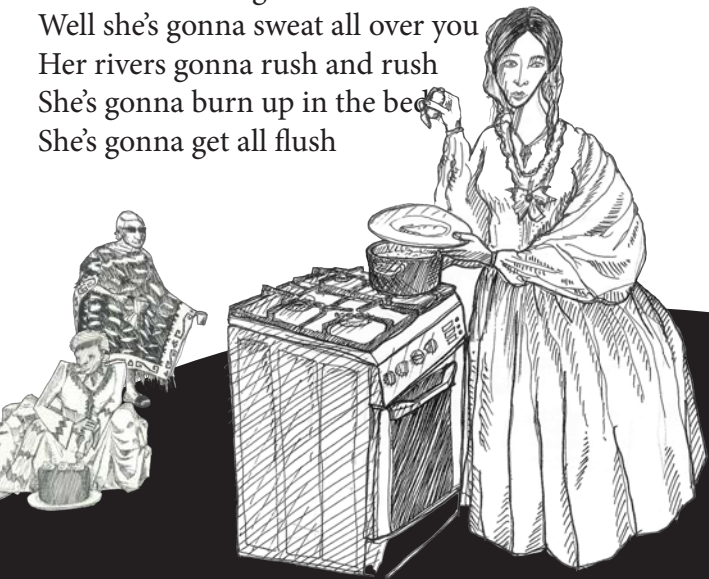
Give him doubt
And make him brave enough
to love again, again, again

Tu'er Shen
The rabbit queer
Will find you



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

Who who
Who will sing
Who who
For the nightingale
Will it be her
Down in the slum
How does she know
Just what to hum
And did she mention
Her voice is cracking
Well she stayed awake all through the night
With the farmer girl and her blush
Well she's gonna sweat all over you
Her rivers gonna rush and rush
She's gonna burn up in the bed
She's gonna get all flush



LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN

The Ladies of Llangollen
In a cottage of stone
Aren't troubled by being
In the world on their own.

A witch

and a witch

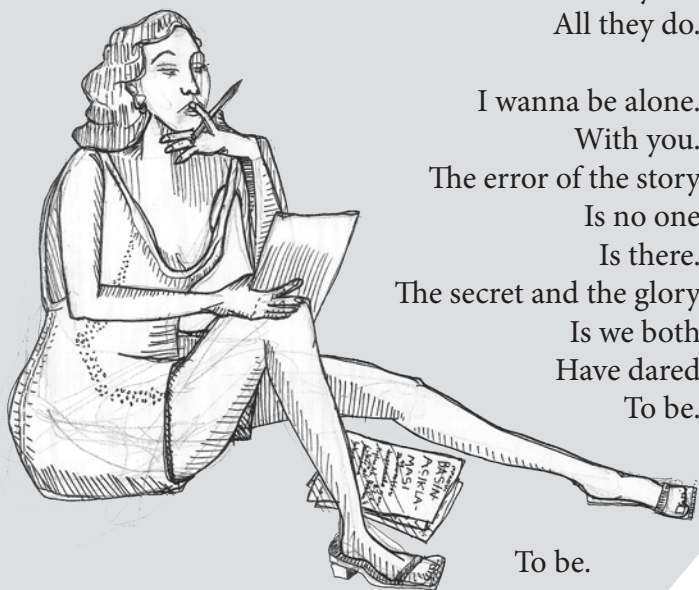


Coupled forever



GRETA GARBO

I wanna be
alone.
With you.
The misery of others
Is lovers
Aren't rare.
The misery of others
Is lovers
Will share all they do.
All they do.



I wanna be alone.
With you.
The error of the story
Is no one
Is there.
The secret and the glory
Is we both
Have dared
To be.

To be.

LORRAINE HANSBERRY & NINA SIMONE

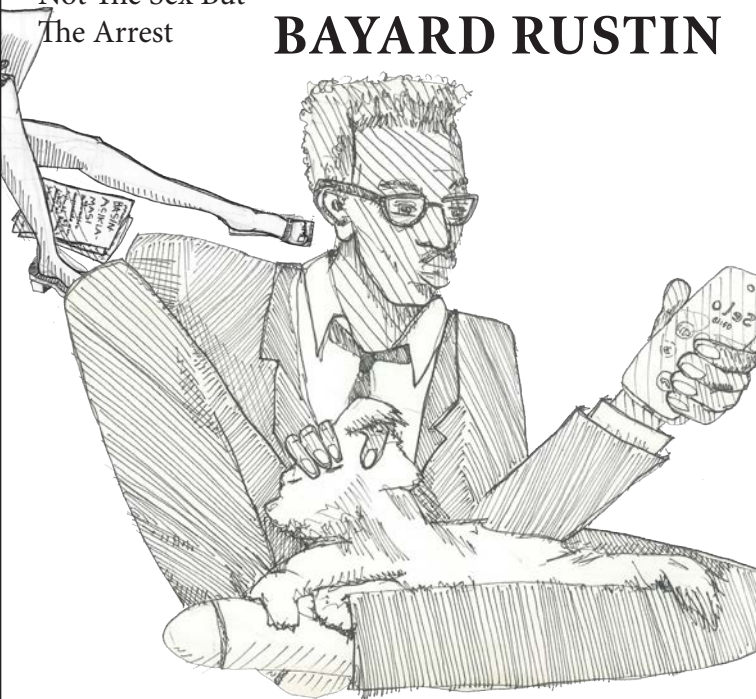
You ever made love
In middle of a blue note?



I'm playing sounds,
Lead a woman to her kind
I'm playing sounds,
Saying come on and
Find me, come on and--
There's no revolution
Without you leading the way

The Flashlight Shines
Off The Windshield And The Wet
On The Tarmac
And Inside On Your Sweat
The Light's A Stage, A Reveal And A Chain
Your Dicks Are Out
And Your Heartbeat's Inhumane
This Is The First Time
Not The Sex But
The Arrest

BAYARD RUSTIN



This Is The Third Time
Not The March But The Arrest
What's The Difference
Both Are Grassroot And Protest



FRANCES THOMPSON

The devil's in the white man
The way he licks his lips
The devil's in the white man
The wealthy and the hicks
The devil's in the white man
And In Memphis '66



You want that devil
Climb inside
You want that devil
He hitched a ride
You want that devil
Then take a trip
You want that devil
Time travel
Unravel
'66



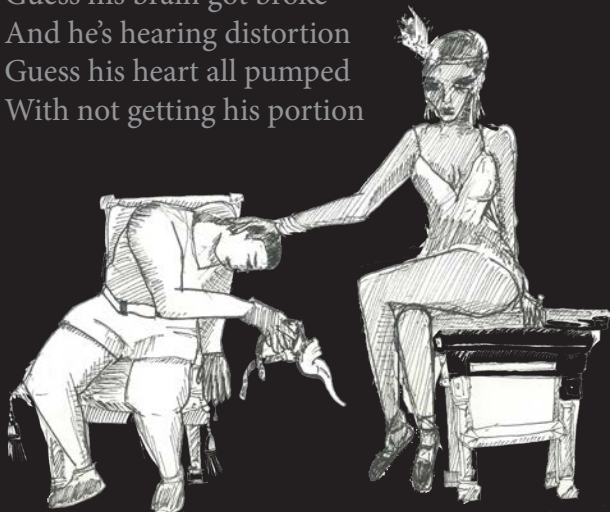
YUKIO MISHIMA

Mishima Mishima Mishima
You still give me a boner
Mishima Mishima Mishima
But it's limp when it's all over
It's hard to imagine a man
More a stain of perfume on a ball gown
It's hard to imagine a man
With a way with words and skin
Who would rather conquer all the world
Than live within

Silly little beauty



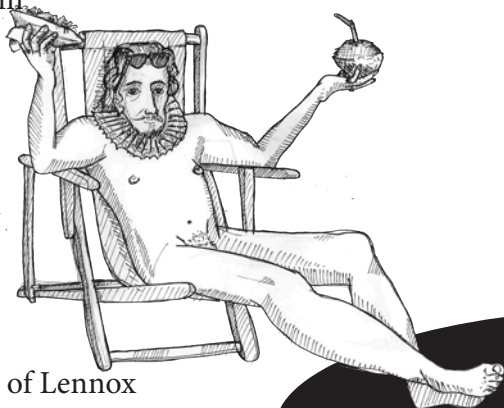
I got a death threat, an extortion
A hand in my pocket
From a walking abortion
Guess his brain got broke
And he's hearing distortion
Guess his heart all pumped
With not getting his portion



Hurting certain,
Someone done him wrong
Curtain curtain
Come down in the middle of his song
The bug-eye tugging on his caged little dong
I guess the drink and the tina got him goin' goin' gone
he gonna coddle the hyena all night long
He gonna coddle the hyena
Of the gestapo
Stapo stapo

● **VIOLETTE MORRIS**

There were satyrs at your birth
And the spit of priests refused
But now the mother's in a tower
Locked away from further use
And a kingdom at your beck and call
Though your first word's not been said
Will the wisest fool in Christendom
Ever love again.



After the loss of Lennox
After the loss of him
Will the wisest fool in Christendom
Ever love again
And the king he wept and wept
And the kingdom blushed and blushed
While he was chastised by his chaplain
For the tears will always birth us
Will the love and loss of men
And the pain of the mothers
Mean you'll never love a woman
And you'll always mourn the brothers

● **KING JAMES**

FELIX YUSUPOV

why the queer always nuts

why the

queer

always

killing

or spilling

their guts

andy

valerie

why the

queer

always

mental

why the

queer al-

ways killed

and killing

their gentle

bonny

read

why the

queer gotta

bleed

why the

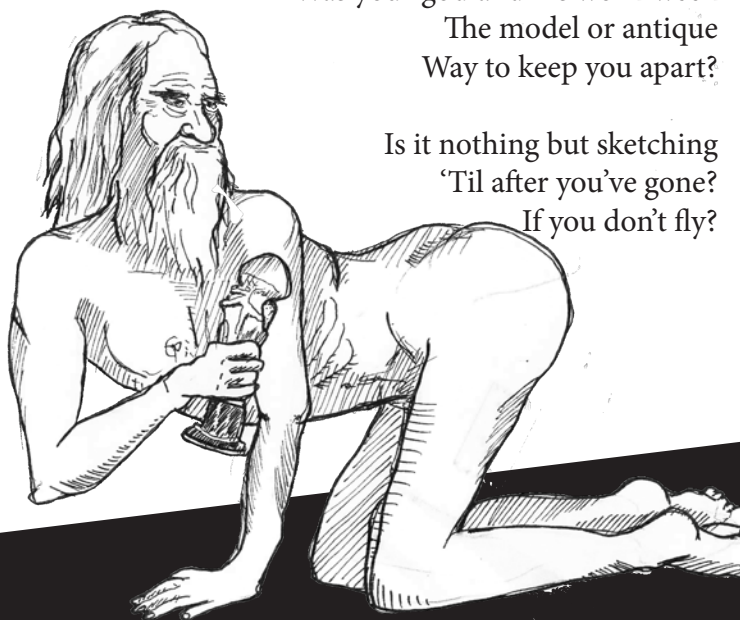
queer gotta

pirate

to be their own lead



Is all this work
For the sake of the working?
Head down until
There's no natural light.
Why's that the best feeling you've had.
If you don't fly
Will the idea be fetching,
When there's nothing but sketching,
Leonardo Da Vinci 'Til after you've gone?
If you don't fly?
Do the lovers accept you?
Do they even respect you?
Never lying the night,
Making most of your time.
Why is that the best feeling you've had?
Do inventions sustain you?
Was your god and his work-week
The model or antique
Way to keep you apart?



Is it nothing but sketching
'Til after you've gone?
If you don't fly?

Herman Melville & Nathaniel Hawthorne

Is there a reason Moby Dick's so long and the middle,
with such excessive fishing like a man who's lost at
sea when the days are all a'blending

Is there a reason

Oh

There's a reason

Is there a reason when a love won't be returned

Though he peppers you with such unspoken longing

Is there a reason

Oh

There's a reason

Nathaniel

Unrequited

You fucker

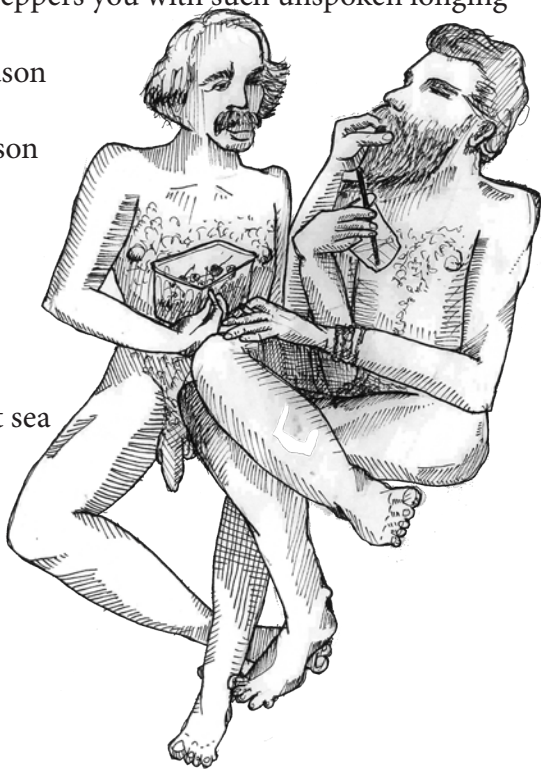
Nathaniel

So I'm lost at sea

In the cold

In the cold

Masterpiece



MARSHA P. JOHNSON

It takes the street clown
to get fed up
It takes the queen
to sermonize
It takes the woman
whose down on her luck
to swat the bullies
like their flies



It takes the ones who have been trampled
Not to do what they've been told
But pull the teeth from those who step on them and
pave the streets with filling gold.

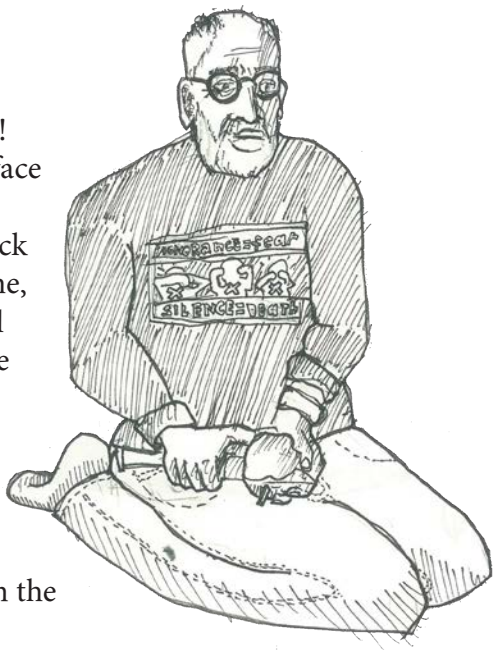
DONALD GALLAGHER

Donald
The avatar of mirth
And the pan of all chi
Donald
Patron saint of pleasure
And the pixie of pee
Donald,
The sun, it got
Captured in
The gleam of
His eye
And the moon
It shakes
Above his little
Stick and bone
Thigh
Oh Donald
Come to me
Donald
The leprichaun of Jersey
And the gnome of the knowing
Donald
Fairy of the fairies
And the hoe of the hoeing
Donald, Donald, Donald, Donald
Come to me
Donald!



Larry Kramer

is
ha! ha! ha! ha!
larry kramer is
ooh eee ooh eee!
larry kramer is face
crack knee slap.
not from the wack
of the funny bone,
not from the hill
and not from the
stone,
not from the
roast or from a
homophone,
not from the
picture, not from the
rally,



not from the tally of the rest in peace
but the l.o.v.v.v.v.v.v.v.v.e.
not from the weather or the aid for the aids,
not from the market and not from the trade,
not from the docks and not from the piers,
but yes from the queers in the herstory,
yes from the queers in the balcony
and the l.o.v.v.v.v.v.v.v.v.e.



CHAVELA VARGAS



Can-ta Cha

69



ve - - la, des-pi - er - ta nu - es - tro do - lor. _



Co - mo u - na ti - gre - sa fu - ri - o - sa, _



ha - ci - en - do _ el _ a - mor.



LE FEMMINUCCE

Le Ragazze
Tutti Arrivano
Su San Domino.
Indossano Cappelli Estivi Bianchi
E Estivi Bianchi.

Le Ragazze
Tutti Indossano
Su San Domino.
Indossano Vestiti Fatto Di Erbe
E Cappelli
Fatto Di Fagiani.

Le Femminucce Stanno Ballando
Su San Domino
E Ballano Senza
Luce La Sera
Senza Luce La Sera

Le Ragazze
Tutti Indossano
Su San Domino
Indossano Amicizia
E Amanti
E La Libertà.



MARGARET CHO

In the back corner stall plastered and 'gainst the wall
at the Cowgirl Cafe. From the two long parades I
dreamed of Margaret Cho. And I thought of your
joke how it's built from the broke little bits, from a
pain ringing sunlight from rain. Oh Margaret Cho.

And your joke went like this:
I'm not straight,
I'm not gay
I'm just slutty,
and hey, where is my parade?

Oh woe and sorrow
A parade full of sluts
But a queer's not a slut
Still a slut is a queer
So I think that each year
You're good to go

And do any of us
Feel the show is for us?
Even when we're upfront
Even in the witch-hunt

And it's silly I guess, to be sad in the mess of this
queer happiness, plastered and 'gainst the wall at the
Cowgirl Cafe.



Nainknum Khnumhotep M-R Jr Ant

(Overseers Of The Fingers)

Hrj Ssta

(Guardians Of Secrets)

Mrr Nb.f

(Beloveds Of His Lord

In All Enduring Places

In All Enduring Places)

Hm-Ntr Ra M Szp Jb Ra

Sun Priest In The Heart Receives You

NAINKNUM KHNUMHOTEP

Overseers Of The Fingers

Holding Hands Through Centuries

Overseers Of

The Pageantry

All Pageantry

Bury We Together

Growing

Growing

Into You

M-R Jr Ant

(Overseers Of The Fingers)

Hrj Ssta

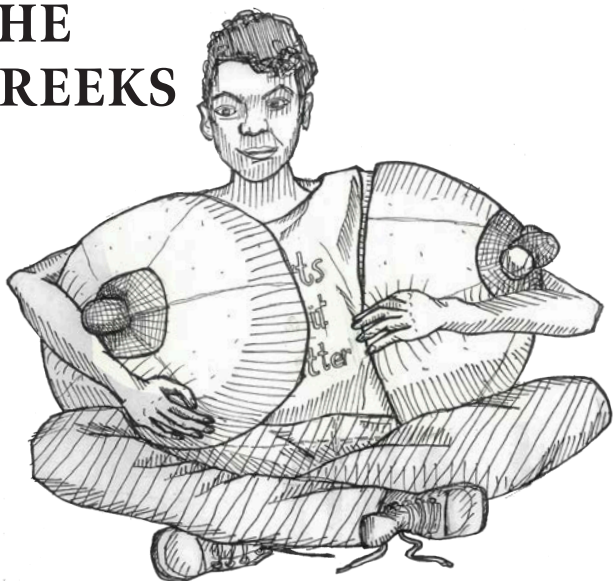
(Guardians Of Secrets)

Mrr Nb.f

(Beloveds Of His Lord)



THE GREEKS



Mounting upwards to beauty
From one to two to all fair forms
We're mounting upwards to beauty
From all fair forms to all fair actions
We're mounting upwards to beauty
Mounting upwards to beauty
Philosophy is Greek for love of wisdom
And love of wisdom is love for all of you
From all fair actions
To all fair notions
We're mounting upwards to beauty
Mounting upwards to beauty



PROSYMNUS

He died and crossed that River Styx
He was born again from the fig and stick
Oh Prosymnus
His breath ran out with all the blood he was born

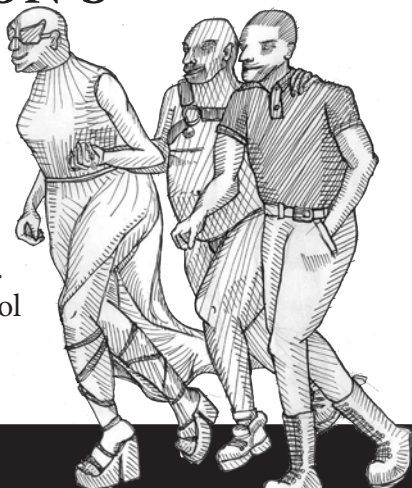


Again from a phallus of mud
Oh Prosymnus
What a wish
You could have all the world and you asked for a kiss



PATTERSON'S LOVERS

He had a lover
In the Factory scene.
Put a wig on a Warhol
And call it some art.



Should he or will he ring the doorbell to sex?
Or sit on that stoop with a trembling heart?
He had a lover with razor blade cheekbones,
A jaw that inspired Merce Cunningham's lines.
What happens to beauty when shared with so many?
On the magazine covers and in the pools in the Pines?
He had a lover, the original Rocky.
Does doing the Time Warp ever get old?
Does walking in nothing but flipflops and speedos
From uptown to downtown ever get cold?
He had a lover, was a mover of bodies:
Diagrams, patterns, and leotard thighs.
He stayed with him for the sweat and the sweetness.
Nothing good last in epidemics and lies.



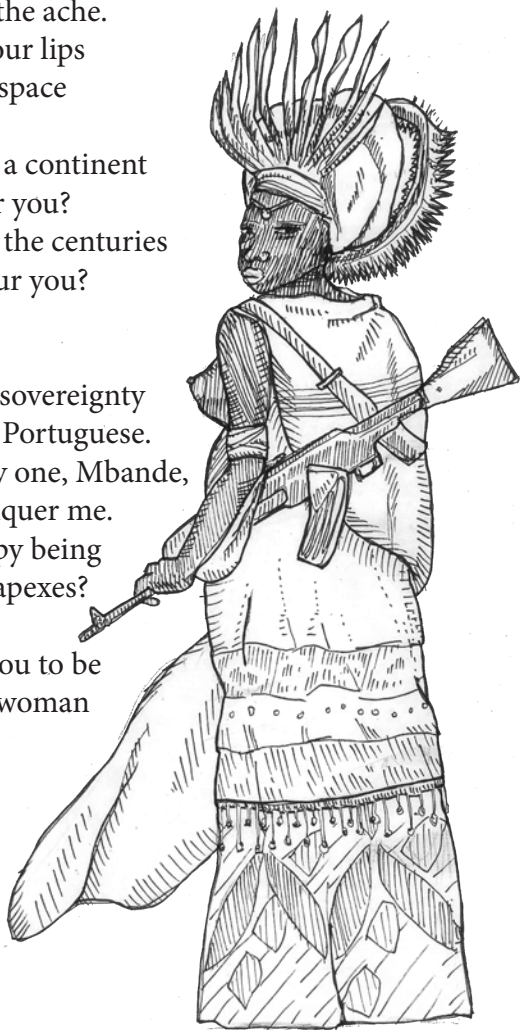
NZINGHA MBANDE

I'm lying in the night,
Restless from the ache.
Thinking of your lips
Taking all my space

Would you let a continent
And seas deter you?
Would you let the centuries
Between us blur you?
Would you?

Forty years in sovereignty
Beating slaver Portuguese.
You're the only one, Mbande,
I'd let ever conquer me.
Were you happy being
The top of an apexes?

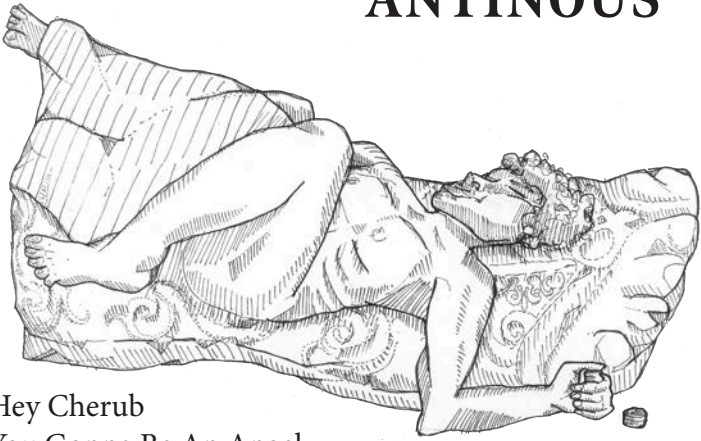
Did it please you to be
The strongest woman
Of all time?



Kinnara If I Were A Kinnara
Traveling The Astral Planes
I'd Hunt For All The Cracks
By Following The Rains
We'd Pour Down Ancient Buildings
We'd Trickle Through The Cells
We'd Gather At The Bottom
Of The Levels Of The Hells
Then Feed And Fester Creatures
The Ones That Make You Sweat
We'd Grow Them Into Layers
From The Flames And Grit And Wet
It Always Is Surprising
When I'm Called Out As Unique
We All Come From The Drippings
And We Can't Contain The Leak
If I Were A Kinnara
With A Posse Of The Flown
We'd Kiki In The Fuchsia Silks
From Worms That We Have Grown
We'd Dance And Play Forever
Just As I Do Right Now
We'd Gather All The Spectators
But Sing For Sacred Cows
And In The Early Mornings
When The Rest Has Wrapped Us Tight
I'd Count All Of My Siblings
And Thank Them For The Night



ANTINOUS



Hey Cherub

You Gonna Be An Angel

Hey Lover

You Gonna Be A Romance Novel

Hey Apostle

You Gonna Grow Around The World And Make 'Em
Grovel On Their Knees

Anyone Can Have A Cult

Count 'Em

One Too Many Have Coerced It Love It, Pray It,
The Result

Is Emperors Say Who You Worship And I Say You
Hey Player

You Gonna Have A Game

Hey Heart Slayer

I'm Gonna Name It In Your Name Hey Pretty

You Gonna Get A City

Cause You Aimed That Gaze On Me



OSCAR WILDE

Oh the prison is damp and unbending
And the time is long and unkind centuries to go
And barely keeping mind
His lungs are full of puddles
His bones are swollen and sore
Round the yard he roams
And barely keeping score
When carnations are held
From the warmth of companions,
They will wilt like the green
When the frost comes a calling.
They will fall to the ground
Without thinking or knowing.
They will die all alone
And be gone while they're going
Oh the Wilde for a lover is breathless
His light is from years that have past
All his hope is for
A beauty that never lasts



YOU & ME

Piano ballad, ♩=68

Lyrics by Taylor Mac
Music by Matt Ray

INTRO

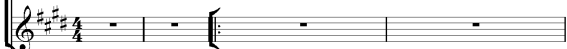
VERSES 1+2

Taylor & Matt

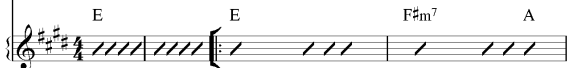


Oh when we lived__ in that queer lit-tle hole called the
Oh when we ached__ in that queer lit-tle hole called the

Ensemble



Piano



T & M



world. And oh when we loved__ in that queer lit-tle hole called the world. And we
world. And oh when we sang__ in that queer lit-tle hole called the world. And we

Ens.



Piao.



T & M



strolled to - ge - ther. And now, in ce - les tial
cooked to - ge - ther.

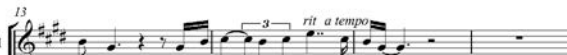
Ens.



Piao.

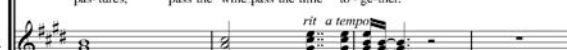


T & M



pas - tures, pass the wine pass the time to - ge - ther.

Ens.



Piao.

