

XXY

and here i go,  
legs burning, as we race across frozen earth, on plastic sticks with waxy bases,  
i need to beat you,  
i need to win,  
because, *darling*, it's only the y in your chromosomes that lets you be stronger than me- it's  
*only your bones, your muscle, your body*,  
nothing else, because i'm better than you, i know i am,  
i'm certain,  
"it's just biology" i tell myself, because i am painfully, fatally aware, of how the XY makes you  
strong, and i envy you for that, yet i can't fix my own XX, and oh how dearly i wish i had that Y-  
and this hill  
good god, it's going to kill me,  
and you're so painfully slow on the hills, i swear to god, *issac*,  
you need to HURRY UP,  
and yet,  
i still can't pass you, because my own body hurts, and dave won't give us a rest,  
even on the hill of broken hearts  
but in the end,  
we've neared the final school,  
and you've slowed down-  
sixth-grade science class taught me how XY was *made for speed*- but my own terrible, weak  
gender gave me endurance, *it's the XX chromosome at work*,  
and i pass you, on the right,  
you watch me as i go,  
~~eyes on my ass, clad in craft ski pants~~  
but i don't mind,  
because i've won,  
*i've won.*