

DRAG
Angelique Chambers

It takes two
ace bandages, one roll
of duct tape, a sports
bra and a white t-shirt to
turn Sarah into
Zack. Twisting and spinning
in the handicapped
stall, I pay more attention
to her breasts than I have
in months and only in their
annihilation do I dare to touch
them. Her tits battened down,
flattened remind me of a
dream I once had of coming home to
find her breasts gone—a surgery completed
without me and only scars and scabs, red
bandages and black stitches remaining of
the chest I had grown to love and
ignore (kissing and grasping
biceps instead, both of us cringing when
I made a mistake). This little bit
of drag is nearly complete—a sock
strategically placed, my mascara becomes
a beard. I take two steps back, purse
my lips and kick open the
door. For the next few
hours we take in the heat of
overhead lights and alternate between
grinning and gasping for
breath.