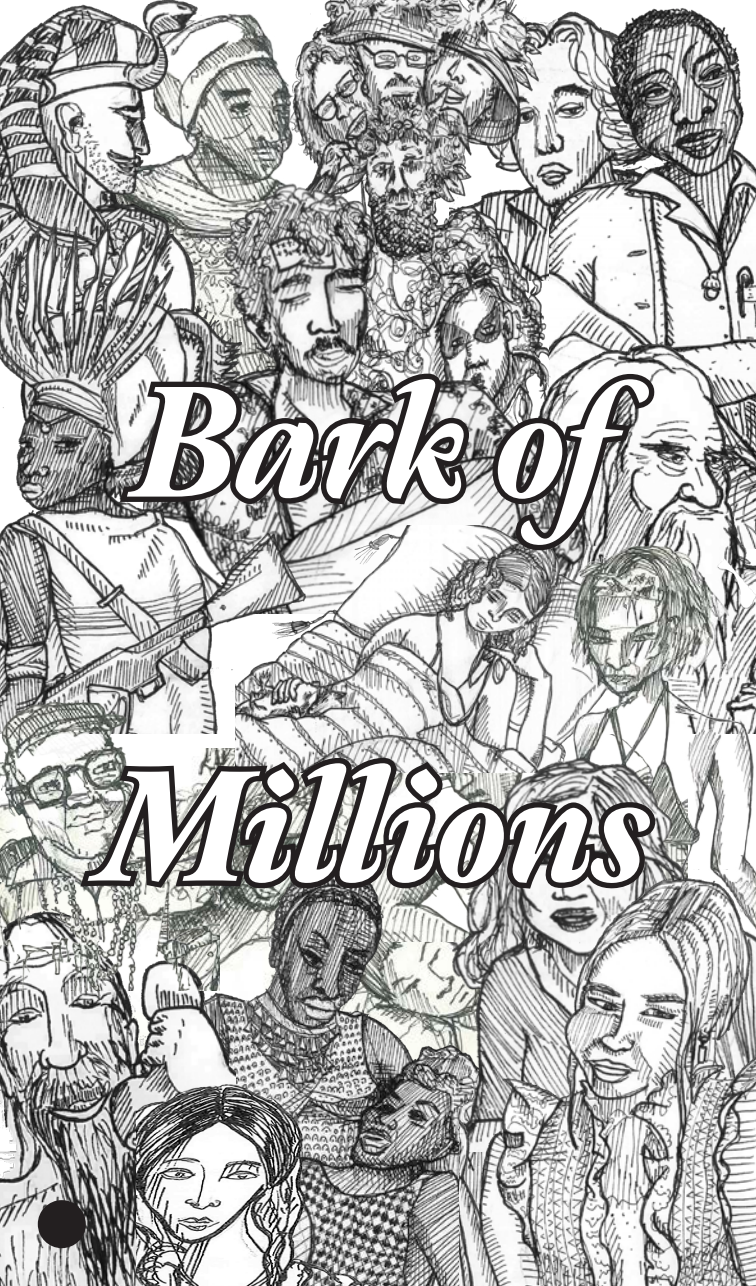




*Bark of*

*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.



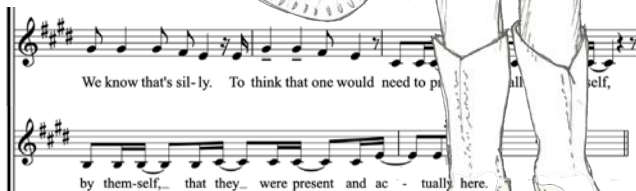
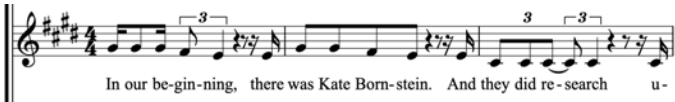
Would you be here if it weren't the hope?  
Would you be here if it weren't the plan?  
Would you be here if it weren't the hope?  
Would you be here if it weren't?  
Sink deeply.

# 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





# *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.

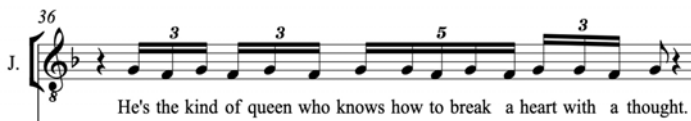
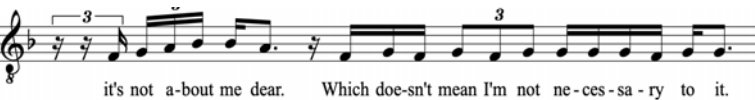
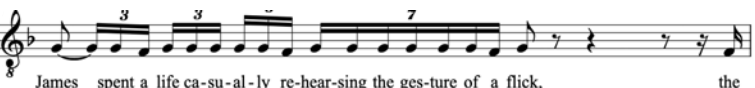


# CLAUDE CAHUN

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

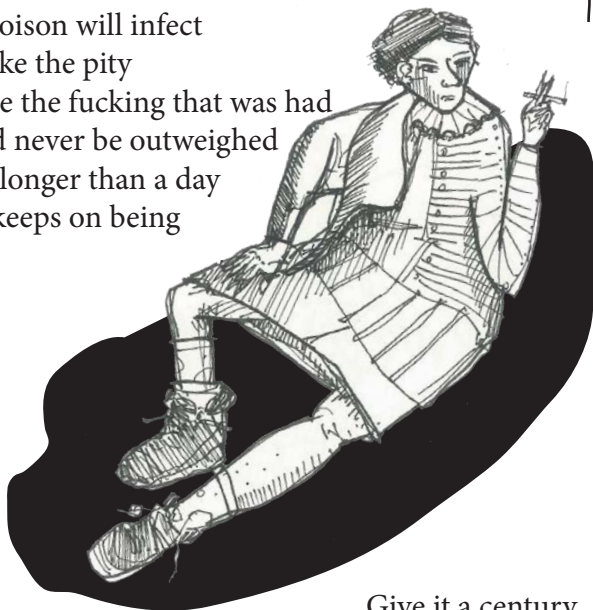


# JAMES BALDWIN



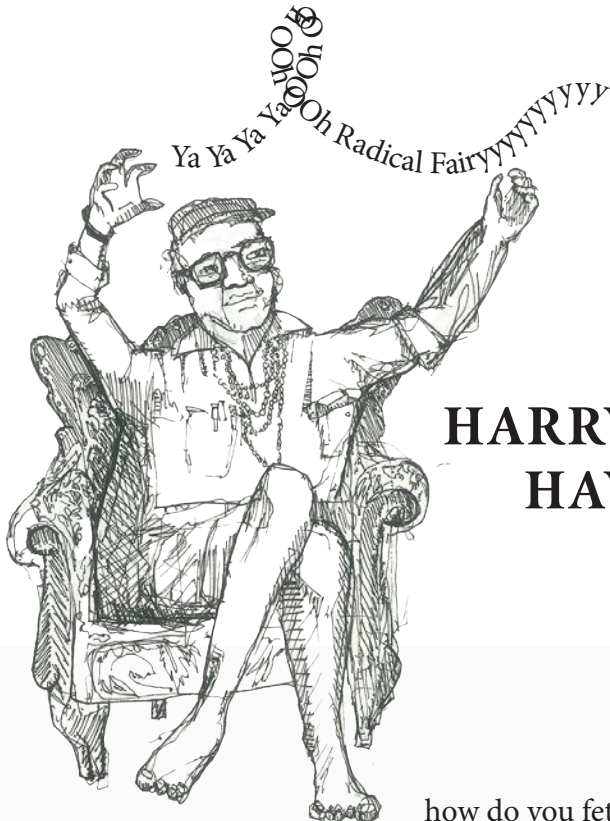
# *GIOVANNI DI GIOVANNI*

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





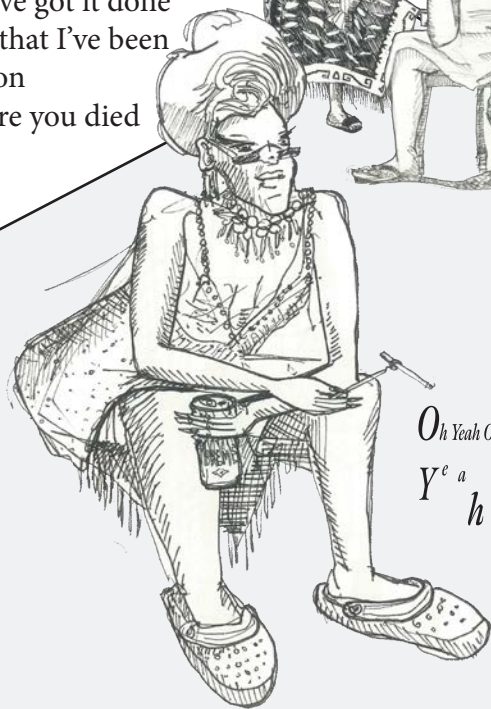
## HARRY HAY

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<sup>e</sup> 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

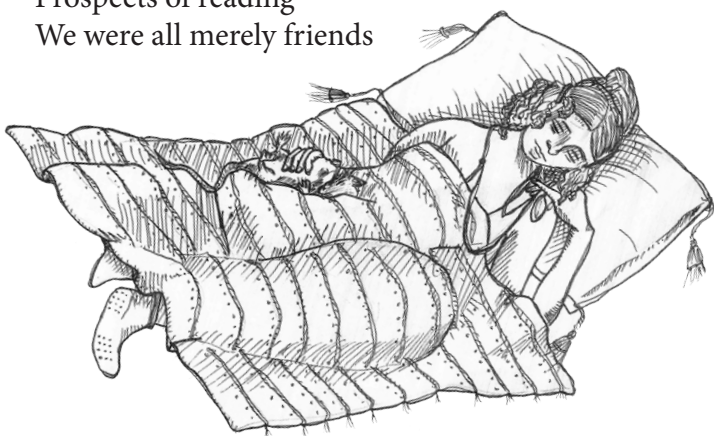
Change to sensible shoes in case you're followed  
Cut the poster-board and paint the sign  
Purge the lies that you have swallowed



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



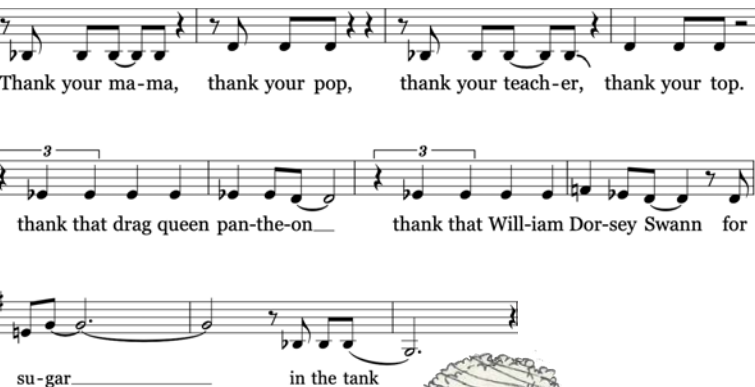
# WILMER LITTLE AXE BROADNAX

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



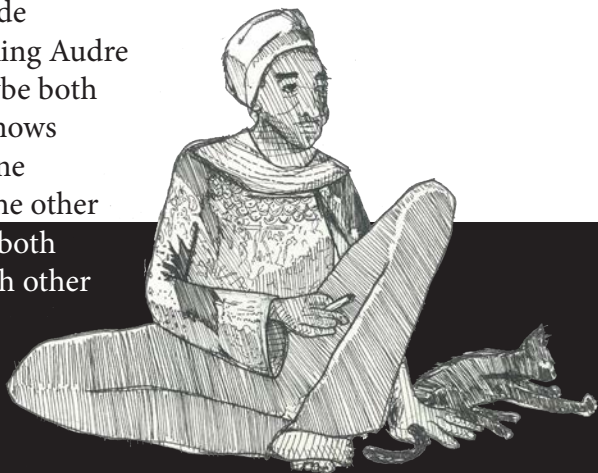
# JUSTIN CHIN

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

The dust is wet so the slime has grown brand new its own. The dust is wet so the slime has grown

brand new feet all on its own and the dead are co-ming.

# *Sylvia Rivera*

back for you. back for you.

# 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

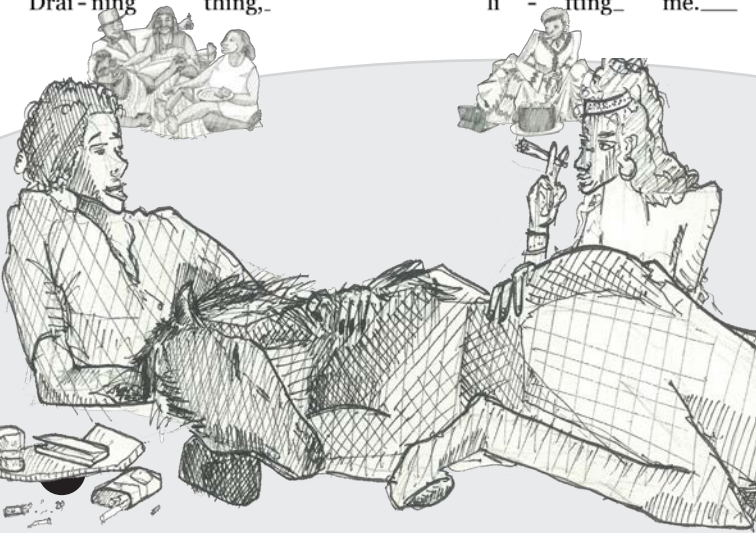
Stick

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 yours 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

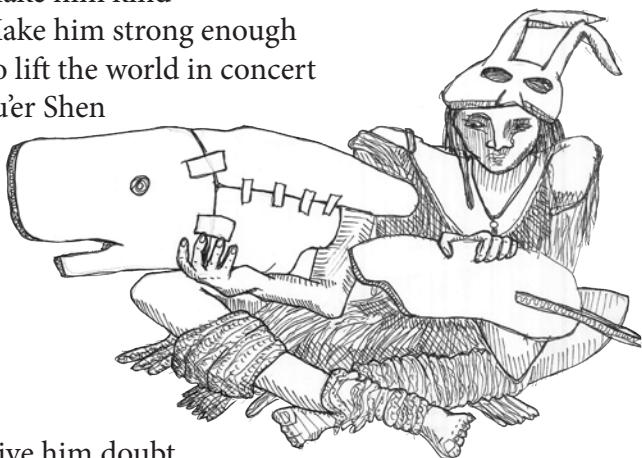


Mr. Jack Bee Garland, shorter  
Than a high-backed chair

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



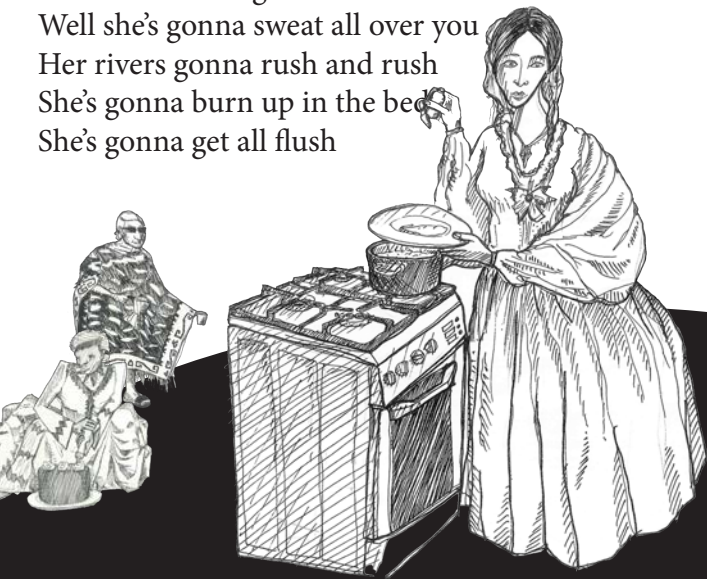
Give him doubt  
And make him brave enough  
to love again, again, again

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

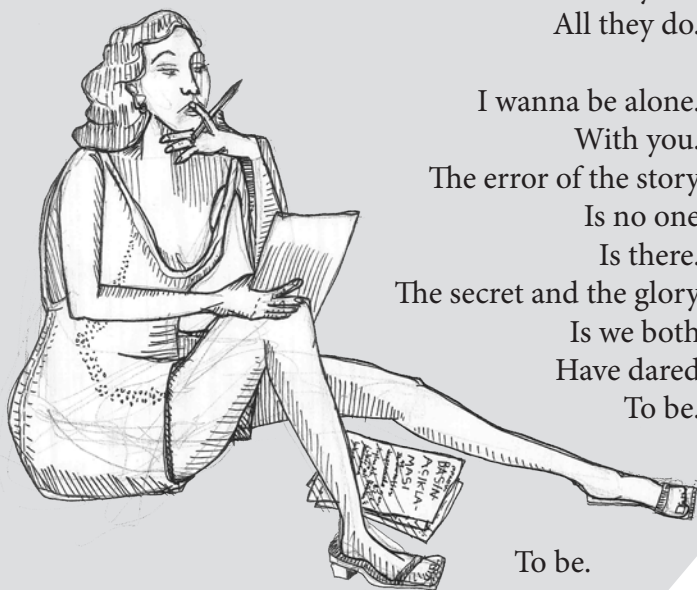


# GRETA GARBO

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

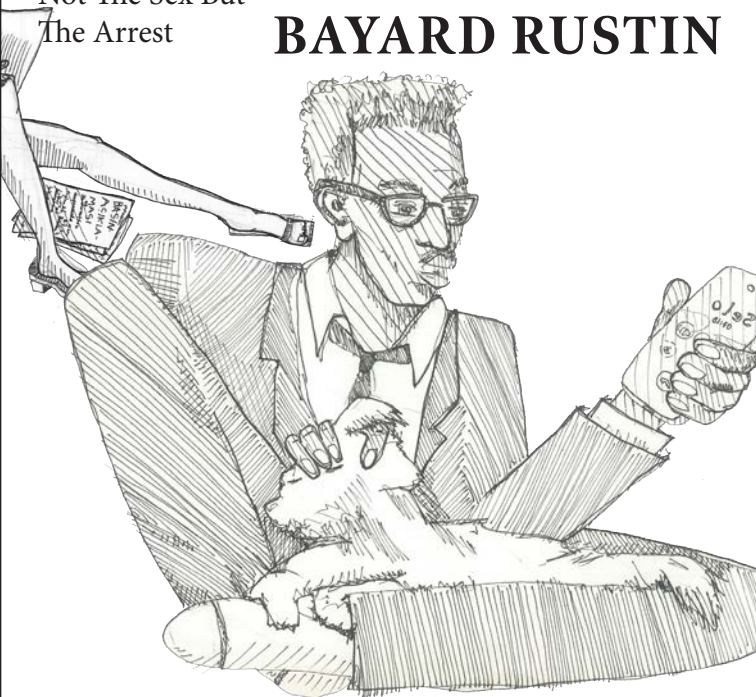
You ever made love  
In middle of a blue note?



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

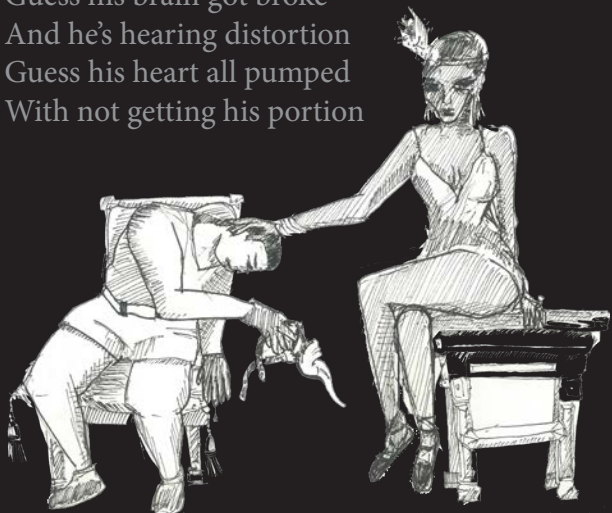
# YUKIO MISHIMA

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



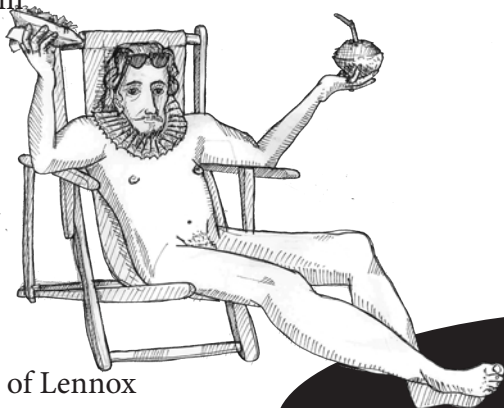
I got a death threat, an extortion  
A hand in my pocket  
From a walking abortion  
Guess his brain got broke  
And he's hearing distortion  
Guess his heart all pumped  
With not getting his portion



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

and

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

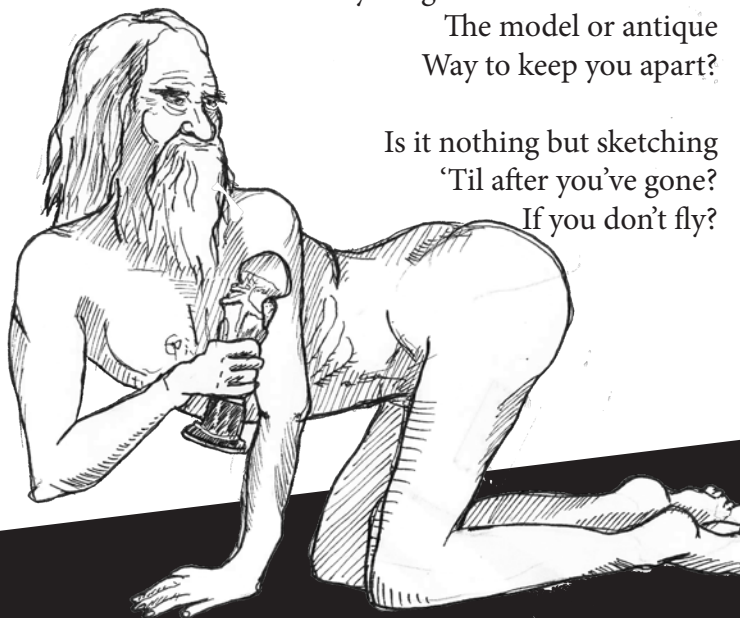


Is all this work  
For the sake of the working?  
Head down until  
There's no natural light.  
Why's that the best feeling you've had.  
If you don't fly  
Will the idea be fetching,  
When there's nothing but sketching,

**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

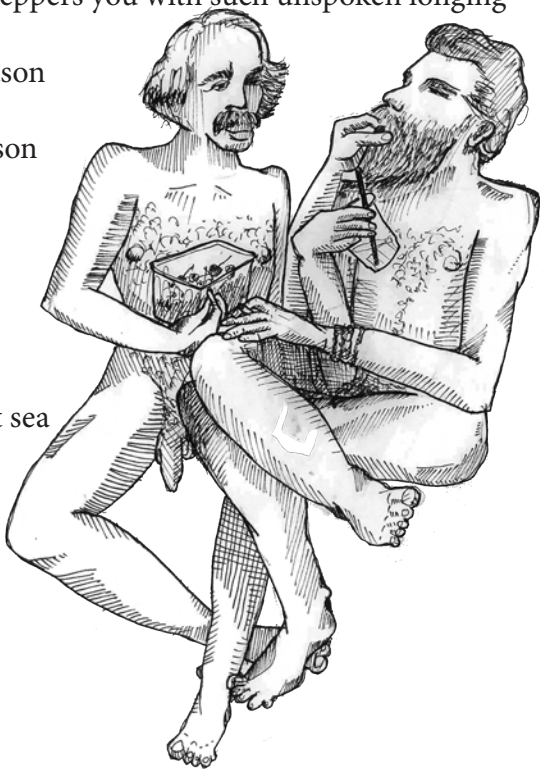
Nathaniel

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.

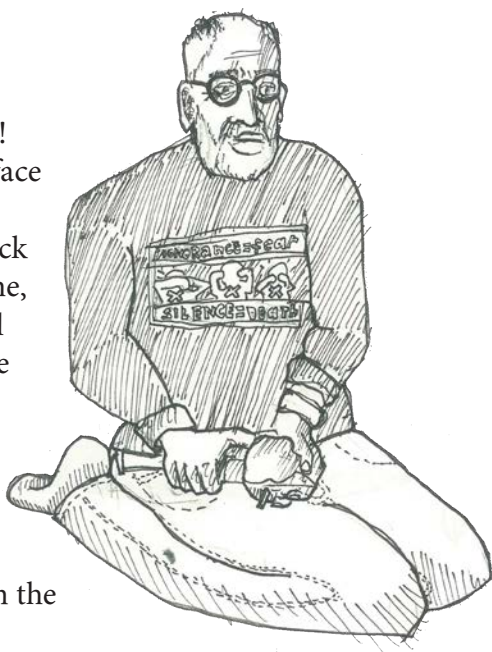
# DONALD GALLAGHER

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

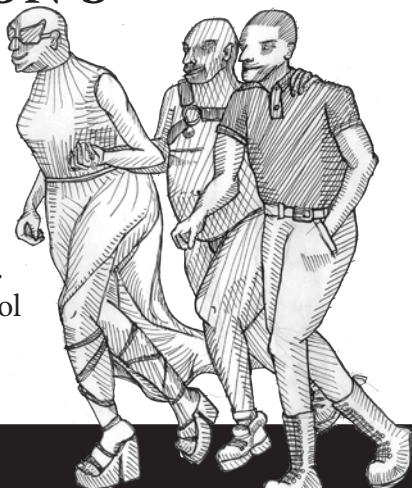


Again from a phallus of mud  
Oh Prosymnus  
What a wish  
You could have all the world and you asked for a kiss



# 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.



# ECCENTRICITY

E! (Egg)

C! (Cat)

C! (Cat eyes)

E! (Egg Yolk)

N! (Naughty brain)

T! (Twirling mustache)

R! (Ribald)

I! (Inverted sense of humor)

(CITY! CITY! CITY! CITY! CITY! CITY! CITY! CITY!)



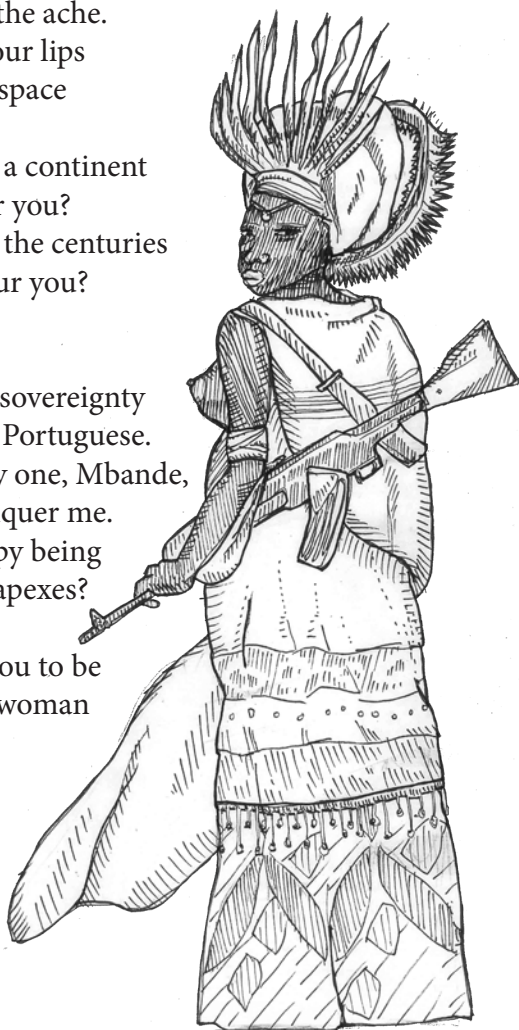
# NZINGHA MBANDE

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?

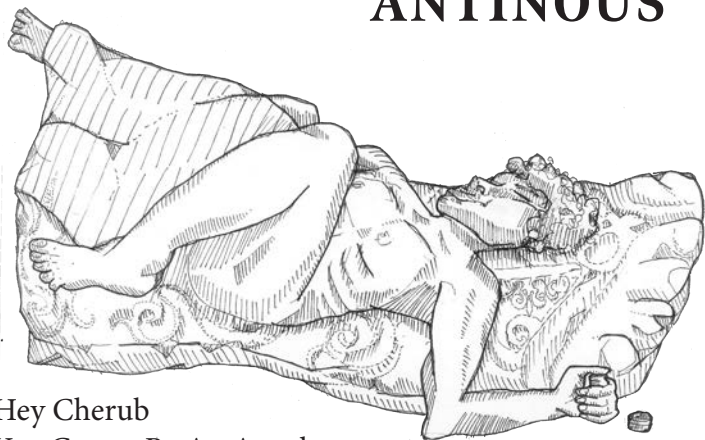
Did it please you to be  
The strongest woman  
Of all time?



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

Ensemble

Piano

T & M

Ens.

Pno.

T & M

Ens.

Pno.

T & M

Ens.

Pno.

Oh when we lived in that queer lit-tle hole called the  
Oh when we ached in that queer lit-tle hole called the

E E F#m7 A

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

E E F#m7 A E

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

F#m7 E Ooh  
A

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

ooh ooh ooh to - ge - ther.

G#m A C#m E

## CHORUS

*rit a tempo*

*rit a tempo*