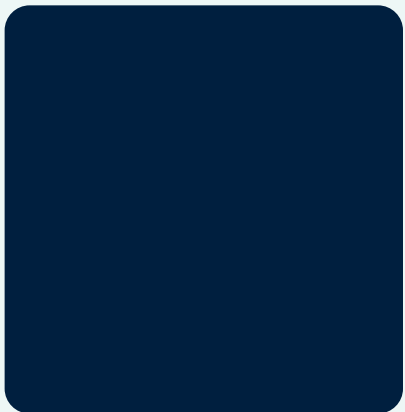




SHADES
OF
GREY



The
Emotional
STRIPPER





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They told me life is black or white,
like a village rule, no room to fight. “Be man or
woman,” they command, but I’m the one who
slips their hand. I’m the misfit who won’t sit
still, a stubborn child with my own will.

I get turned on by the in-between mess.
I want confusion to hold me tight,
I moan for freedom in the dead of night.
Don’t lock me in your gender cage,
I want to break it, dance on stage.

You want to cuff me? Do it right!
bind me to freedom, not black or white.
My safeword is *liberate me*, I scream,
while they/them flows like a wet dream.
Call me “they” till the dawn arrives,
as I grind on blurred-out gender lines.
I’m your switch, your freak in the dark,





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I'll flog your rules till they leave a mark.
Tie me up in "not sure" ropes,
whip me with all your mixed-up hopes.
Gag me with questions, I'll beg for more,
scratch "man" and "woman" off the door.

I want your language raw and rough,
Ugandan slang that's real enough.
struggling with the grammar of they/them

Call me "mwana, chief or boss,"
but respect my vibe, I'm my own boss.
You can spank me with "uncertain" love,
leave me panting for a "maybe" from above.

Bring your kikooyi wraps to bind my fate,
tie me in colors that won't translate.
Grey like dust on Kampala roads,
shades that carry all our loads.
Charcoal smoke in village skies,
the truth is always in between lies.





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**My kink? Unlabelled, undefined.
I want to confuse and free your mind. Let's fuck the
rules they wrote in stone, moan in the freedom we
call our own. Drip candle wax of "not sir, nor
"madam," watch it dry in patterns random.**

**Edge me with talk of "boy" and "girl,"
then stop and let the confusion unfurl.
Let's sweat away the preacher's curse,
sin in Luganda, make it worse.
Whisper "they" as your fingers roam,
turn the in-between into home.**

**I'm not your "good" African child,
I'm the one who's too free, too wild.
My bondage is breaking the lie apart,
tying you up in an open heart.
Suspend me in truths we're scared to say,
tell me you see me in 50 shades of grey.**





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Raise your whips, your flags, your voice.
This is us making our own choice.
We're the ones who won't be tamed,
who wear the shame and call it named.
We are the safeword the village forgot,
the "stop" that means "think," the "yes" that's hot.

Non-Binary We're here to stay.
Neither black nor white; we're 50 shades of grey.
So let's toast to us, the kinky, the free,
the ones who dare to just be *me*.

_estripper



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