

ALEX CLARK

A Not-So-Angry Inch

Contrary to the patriarchal obsession with the phallus in art, architecture and literature, it is not hard for a female-bodied boy to grow a penis, or at least, to grow something that looks and feels like one. A different kind of foul smelling fluid injected bi-weekly, a sudden influx of testosterone and even before the acne, the voice-drop, the body hair, down there: a different kind of swelling. It feels strange at first, to have *something* hang, a tongue sticking out from a different kind of lips, uncomfortably rubbing against boxer brief cotton. Nothing flashy, just a little tape measure for how hot and bothered you are in a particular situation.

The cost? Every time someone plays “A micropenis” in cards against humanity on the table: a lack of smart-witted quip, a measuring tape pokes out, a different kind of blush.

Alex Clark is an MFA candidate at Northern Michigan University. His work focuses on transgender identity, particularly exploring his own complicated experience of engaging with the world after medically transitioning from female to male. His essays have appeared or are forthcoming in *Foliate Oak* and *Barking Sycamores*.