

January 2010

## Love Letter to RuPaul

Marcus Wicker

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### Recommended Citation

Wicker, Marcus (2010) "Love Letter to RuPaul," *Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal*: Vol. 9: Iss. 2, Article 53.  
Available at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate/vol9/iss2/53>

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## Wicker: Love Letter to RuPaul

### LOVE LETTER TO RUPAUL

Marcus Wicker

You have one of the longest,  
thickest, most veined, colossal  
set of hands that I have ever seen  
and, frankly, they cast a spell on me.  
Not that I'm the type of man who  
goes around checking out other men's  
hands, but I know tightly tucked cuticles  
when I see them. Even sexier  
is the hourglass-shaping chokehold  
you can put on a mic.  
You could hurl a two-foot monkey  
wrench at a mirror  
or pull out  
and push in a date's chair  
with the flick of a wrist.  
I bet you don't, though. Bet you've never  
carried a man up four flights of stairs,  
limp arms flailing every which way.  
And if you have, I bet you took care  
to cradle his neck. To avoid banisters  
and walk slowly. Because you are fierce  
in the way only a 6'7" black drag queen could be.  
In one of my earliest memories, you are wearing  
a pink sequined dress, endorsing a hamburger:  
"Good enough for a man. Maybe a woman."  
I am a black man who has never worn pink—  
not a polo to a country club. Not gators  
to a church. And still, that commercial  
ravished me. How hard, to be sandwiched  
between what and who you are, tickled  
by every cruel wind, critic-voyeur  
playing rough beneath your skirt. How  
raw you must be. To sit before a camera,  
legs uncrossed.