

JOLLE@UGA[®]

JOURNAL OF LANGUAGE & LITERACY EDUCATION

“Muse” & “Ode to Camp”

By Christina Pulzone

Muse

I used to think there was someone
Inside me, hiding.
My masks strung together
Like a web cocooning my core.
Every day I open a new set of eyes.
Will I look at the world
Blue or brown or hazel.
My body shifts.
I am feminine I am masculine.
Today is a dress and sneakers.
Tomorrow,
Some heels with my suit.
Should I expect the unexpected,
Or expect no expectations? Hiding
From myself.
I read about others
Finding themselves,
But where am I?

If the pages are blank
Maybe I am too. So, I write.
I use paper as a map.
Instead of following,
I'll make my own.
After a while,
I look in the mirror.
I don't see masks,
But I see all of myself at once.
I'm all those people
And I am one person.
Every day I am myself
Times ten thousand.
I am everything I am.
I'm me, exaggerated.
I try without trying.
I'm effortlessly purposeful.
I am camp.

Ode to Camp

How does one declare

Love for an idea,

A sensibility,

An exaggeration?

Oh! But it is

The greatest idea.

A language that

Is our best kept secret.

You are:

A million feathers,

A field of rhinestones.

You walk

With grace,

Drape

Like silk,

Dripping in diamonds

And patch-work fabric.

You don't enhance beauty,

You invent it.

Fashions,

Genderless.

Genders,

An aesthetic.

Aesthetics,

Campish.



Christina Pulzone (She/her/hers) is a graduate student at the Florida State University earning her Master's degree in English Education. She has worked in several high schools in the Tallahassee area since attending Florida State. Christina also worked at Columbia University in their Internship in Building Community through the School of Professional Studies. She looks forward to starting her career in Colorado as a high school teacher. Her preferred email is christinapulzone@gmail.com.