

Chella Courington

Hegemony

I spend my class on *The Color Purple* discussing Shug. How she shares sex with Celie and Mr, not thinking it wrong to love whomever she loves. Students ask if she's a lesbian. I reply she's a goddess: Shug Avery never chooses sides.

You call and talk thirty minutes about *hegemonic untruth in bisexual narratives*. Too Southern to say, *Those words sound empty*. I hold the receiver, chastised for not seeing the straight woman in drag. You name her *evil and repressed*.

You make me feel as if some boy just yelled *stupid bitch* because I slammed his car door or burned his popcorn. I could tell you about those relationships, again. But not tonight. I open the fridge for Sierra Nevada and leave you inside, lecturing eggs.