

## Gender Envy for Howl from *Howl's Moving Castle*

Basil Wilcox

I don't want my chest anymore  
I want it slopping onto the floor I want to step on it,  
get it under my boot  
and walk home barefoot.

Howl would love me because of my manic episodes,  
because of my affection for stained glass windows  
if nothing else about a church.

I'd like to be a man in a stained glass window,  
they look so serene I'd be out of place.  
None of them have scars under their nipples,  
I'd be too proud to have them left out of my portrait.

I'd curl up inside the castle bedroom if I could,  
all those emeralds and condensation making me wet and new.  
Caterpillars go liquid in their cocoons, melting away.

I bet it feels great.  
The way it feels when all of your clothes fit how you want them to.  
The way the wind must feel against a bare chest.