

# Gandy Dancer Archives

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Volume 11 | Issue 1

Article 13

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12-1-2022

## Lynn Honey

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### Recommended Citation

Lynn, Jaden (2022) "Lynn Honey," *Gandy Dancer Archives*: Vol. 11: Iss. 1, Article 13.  
Available at: <https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer/vol11/iss1/13>

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# Lynn Honey

I have become the pet of my night class,  
sharing my favorite part of a dead aunt's name claimed mine—  
clad in a corduroy jumper, fluttering hands  
struggle through the make friendly part of beginnings.  
All older than me, the others coo in the  
hard plastic seats making room for the tiny girl with too big  
dimples...I am now Lynnhoneyhowareyou.

They take me with them on their 15-minute breaks  
to the Nabisco and Coke-sponsored vending machines in the building  
next door. Do you drive yet Lynnhoney? Get rides  
from my momma on her way home to the city. How do you get  
there when she doesn't come? They hover, make  
me nervous like all the parents in the world suddenly turned their  
overpowering rays of worry on me. Start sweating now.

Spend the night at my partner's place sometimes. The Jew?  
You mean the man who walks three blocks to carry my leather-bound bag  
and my hand when I'm afraid to go there? Alone? I thought Jews  
are more conservative about...that? You mean the lovely boy who  
brushes my hair and thinks my voice is more important  
then Plato and Shakespeare. I didn't think that was serious? Just as serious  
as the shea butter in his shower and my dent in his mattress.

Lynnhoney it's just a little different, that's all. Look at the girl  
glancing off the windowpane. Look at the milky coffee skin. Smooth the edges and  
kinky curls. Run my fingers against the smooth dark hair on my

tummy. See a mixed girl with a group of blond ghosts. I am different. You are more beautiful than different, Lynn honey don't worry, you are special. The boys nod along to this apparent truth. The girls twist my curls and caress my bright round cheeks.

I am more beautiful than different.

What happens when I am no longer beautiful, but just different?