

## **Spikes on my Handles**

The spikes are there for your hands.

Push me, grab me, shove me,  
I'm furniture.

An inconvenient object.

I strap spikes to my handles  
And I pull on my gloves  
And I wheel **myself**  
To where I want to go

Without strangers hands stealing my autonomy.

The spikes are there for your hands.

*Angry Queer Poet*