

kyrsten's poetry #1

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dedication

this zine/chap book is dedicated to athena and coco. <3

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how do i bring this disaster into language?

lowered into a cosmic oubliette

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in a memory, i remember that

i've been around

i don't want to save her

i'm not afraid to admit

since i was there

not to be a nudge, but you and i

and finally, when i am alone

you know

goddamnit kyrsten, goddamn

i was the worst kind of woman

it's kyrsten now

it's an eerie queerie mood

how do i bring this disaster into language?

how do i give you the freedom to forget me?
because i am the technology of memory,
not just an act of mourning,
but a resurrection of my surviving self.

and when forever only lasts until another,
with sentences strongly separated by silence
a communion of our histories, woven together
a queer marriage collapses, my darling.

i am pulsating butterflies, screaming and
suffocating from the loss of
searching our memories for meaning.

i was a walking widow, stumbling through
these thoughts, still wiggling around
a little. waiting to be tucked in

i am infinite, unbroken, unavowed and unaware
i am the sacred syllables of what's left of us
i am your voice acting up
i am the joyful noise of knowing
and i am what's left

lowered into a cosmic oubliette

the mingling of awarenesses
you and i, extending our legs
thrusting our arms
behind us for support
and lifting ourselves up
and locking our bare feet
together
our naked soles

boko-maru

we crab walk, together
an intimate act
of prolonged physical contact
busy, busy, busy
how complicated and unpredictable
the machinery of life

harmless untruths

and a useful and harmless sort of horseshit
today i am bulgaria
tomorrow, i will be helen of troy

in any case,

there's bound to be much crying
but the alone will
let you think while dying

i sat in her car, watching the powerlines
do jump-rope swings in the wind, thinking,
may you get what you want and still want it
and i meant it.
and then: me yawning&stretching
and doing anxiety flusterberries with my lips.
and laughing aloud: fuck. i fucked up.
and i am,
so.
utterly.
fucked.
up.

in a memory, i remember that

it's just like how i'm always imagined i was
me, confusing emptiness for nothingness
and me, confusing empathies for sympathies
but either way, i'm going to feel something tonight
because i want to lie prone and powerless
and finally feel
and finally feel
and finally
feel —
finally.

i've been around
good dudes
when they think
there's no women around
and the silence of good dudes
around bad dudes being bad
is the worst feeling ever
especially when it's me
being silent
a woman without knowing
afraid to reveal myself

*of course i would fuck her
and she'd like it, totally
hurr hurr hurr
totally*

silence

yo chris
why are you so silent
all the time?

bro...

you still there?

i don't want to save her
i want to make her worse
i want to average the
ghosts of my past
against the
ghosts of my future
but i like this
feeling
it feels like
i'm hiding
under my own skin
except that
everyone can't see me

i'm not afraid to admit
i was a toxic person
who let my emotions
get the best of me
always acting on impulses
in search of my genuine self
the truth i kept hiding
and sometimes i was ugly
a work in progress
and this isn't even a poem
it's an apology
to everyone i've ever loved
and everyone who has
ever loved me
you know how i am
and i'm not
saying i'm sorry
but i am sorry

since i was there

an old fart was talking loudly
about caitlyn jenner
like i fucking cared

"i probably wouldn't fuck that thing"

another time a mother
tugged her toddler away from me
while her small dog yapped

man man man man

man man man man

not to be a nudge, but you and i
we'll meet at solar noon in the negaverse
shaking with restaurant server urgency
and i promise that i'll smother you
with sweat drenched snuggie kisses
even though boys don't love that way
and girls can't love anything at all

and we'll just be a couple pillow-flippers
all rub and tug, tippy-top and bottoms
averse to gendering gender things
because i've seen the best genders
of my generation destroyed by sadness
uwu uwu uwu uwu

and finally, when i am alone
i know i still want
someone to kiss my
shoulder bones
until i shake
and skip stones
and chuck rocks
into the slick open wound
of the world
and we can be
completely and unapologetically
together again

you know
i want to hate you
you were
my friend
before you
were her person
i miss you
of course this
is about you
and i almost
made you my person
but i knew
what you needed
and i needed
to be her

goddamnit kyrsten, goddamn
purrs my imaginary girlfriend
who i just broke up with again
after the greatest hate sex we ever had
in the theater of the mind
but we're back together again
and she loves me
i honestly have no idea why
this imaginary girlfriend
is so forgiving
this beautiful stupid cat girl with
glassy eyes behind librarian glasses
and big breasts bouncing breastfully
she's kinda fucking intolerable
my beautiful, incredible, and exhausting
imaginary girlfriend

i was the worst kind of woman

i was orange juice and toothplaque crust
i was still stilettos, and dull doll dildos
i was corn dog tonsils, fumbling and fidgeting
i was your stink and our saliva
and i was marked yours, forever

i was calloused fingertips
from you manically crunchy crescents
of what you left of my thumbtips
and i was your droopy bra/straps
tugged on by dog teeth
and i was your cock,
caught in my snickering snarls

i was clam dust and lavender
and the milk soap of pungent pear tree flowers
i was inhaling intoxicating inches
that i'll exaggerate with an accent: *pyrus calleryana*
but i was your worst kind of woman
i was orange rinds and caterpillar children pupating
i was stabby sawblade stubble and
the soft indentation under you in my bed and nothing more

but you are forgiven, because
i was never uncertain, i think
i was righteous hunger, and i was just another
i was indignation and i was somebody else's mother

and i am a woman, reborn

it's kyrsten now

and i've always been kyrsten
and i'm trying to be brave
while embracing big-egg energy
but of all days, today i am invisible
unafraid to be swallowed
by my own interior world
because my brain just
ruins things differently now

it's an eerie queerie mood
clear with periodic dampness
from a girl who isn't afraid
to seep out a soft cry
and sigh the queer madness
of another silent/quiet frenzy
because i'm just kyrsten
and it's enough for me
to just be kyrsten
at least for now