

kyrsten's poetry #2

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dedication

this zine/chap book is dedicated to echo <3

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petrichor and geosmin
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and the sin of benevolence
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nostrils flared, wondering why she's
always marooned in her own skull
and anchored with
earnest ambivalence
the imaginative access
to our acting class actors
of our actual selves

i drink one last one last one

and then another one

and one more because

i'm just fucking with you

we kiss and i taste him

and other iffy hetero guys

and you lick my lil' tittles

and i forget until

you cough

and pluck out a hairball

we hold hands awkwardly

while you smoke

and even more awkwardly

when you don't

and it kinda feels like

the condom broke

but dying is just something

that happens sometimes

to some people

sometimes

i fall in love someway with
everyone i meet
people are so intoxicating
when i feel them in my sleep
the ones that exist inside me
change me, become pieces of
who i could be
if i let her breathe
if i let her be

remember the winter and how we used
your dead meemaw's piano
as our bedroom headboard just in case a song
came to you in the dead of night?

and on our first date you had asked
did you go to a normal church
or did you go to a church
that let the sunday school kids
paint box turtles on easter?

remember when i spent the next summer
on our back porch,
looking up into the night sky
and was never sure if i was seeing
from the corner of my eye
a falling star
or a lightning bug
being swept away by a bat

and that next winter
when i was oscillating between mania
and a low burn bummer
and i told myself i'm good
within my own spectrum of emotions
and that we all have our stuff

and i was lying
because i was lost inside myself again

exclusionary is too kind a word for them
because they are eliminationists
white nationalists obsessed with
stacking transgender corpses
and they have names and phone numbers
and they have faces and addresses
but i don't know what to do
maybe this caffeine can kill fascists?
maybe christ's top surgery scars
will open a portal into their souls?
maybe we need community
to live as ourselves authentically?
but i just want to be human and
treated humanly, doing human things
so let them eat their lunch cakes
and kneel before their gilded gilead calf
because christ sheds transgendered tears
and protects tennessee's trans kids
because they have faces and names
and phone numbers and addresses
and we know who they are
and we have to save them

the urge to put my desires in parentheses
and wait for someone waiting for someone else
why is silence the loudest way to love
my inherently queer body?

always in absolute harmony
and reverberating intensely
with someone else's entirety
i'm actually sorry, actually sorry actually

i'm afraid i'm lost in transition

but i would rather die living than love dying
a ram in my lamb costume surrounded by
the self-soothing swill of self-intoxication
and unmarried by my self-centered shyness
where transition itself becomes the focus

i'm choked up on casual crumbling hydrangea husks
the silent ceremony bearing witness
at the stonewall old faggots stare at me
until we sniff each others assholes to say "hello"

and i go to bed horny and angry
but wake up well rested, already planning
to change what made me so angry
and what makes me feel so alone

that time we doordashed an enema
and some monster energy drinks
and you looked at me with eyes
that said *im ready*. and snapped
yr girly is getting rearranged
and you were pristine and
perfect. a moment into a memory
and i remember how my eyes shed
glass as i choked up: *i guess this is*
it girly. you know the call. and we
told ourselves it was a break
but i just was broken, and i joked
that i was the absolute worst
at polyamory because
i broke up with everyone
and it's selfish, but i miss us
i really miss us
and im having a sad now
without you

i still shy from my shittyness

a symptom of something i couldn't name
the entire algorithm wanted me to love you
but i want masculine teeth
craving my body, caving to my touch
i want helsinki himbos
picking me up and pinning me
against brickwalls and copcars and

i want big butch boyfriends
and shy rabbit girlfriends and
thembies obsessed with
french chocolates
and gluing up gundams
and stop motion animation
because i want it all apparently
but most of all i want both of you

i don't prefer her, i actually am her
and tonight i'm going to love her
and vaguebook and post one hundred
different youtube videos all about her
because gender...

gender is an imitation without an original
gender replaces reality with its representation
gender is just a copy of a copy of a copy of a bad copy
gender is the perfect crime, baudrillard's sweatiest wet dream

and honestly, i'm a bunch of those different genders
and it's really really exciting when they find me

my ex's boyfriend's great auntie
was such a sinatra fan
that they played
i did it my way at her funeral
but the thing though
is she poisoned herself with pills
she did it her way and at the viewing
they played it louder and louder
and it was extremely uncomfortable
so i started laughing uncontrollably
because she did it her way, her way
and the other thing i remember
was there was a frank sinatra
commemorative plate
in her casket

my body's other mama
embracing twee's whimsy and want
we boysit for a picnic
on a worm blanket
in the uncanny valley
both burdens and eyesores
swallowing whole
this brave little cis boy
and i don't have the spoons
to tell him that
all ghosts are gay
except the confederates
those swimmy bastards
they're uneasy eggs
where graveyards get wifi
with zip-tied hands, golf-clapping
i wish i could tell you what i want
and i wish i wanted what i want

my asshole is phantom planet

aaahhhhhgggglayloooya

small and sudden apologies

aaahhhhhgggglayloooya

georgian ghost floating

aaahhhhhgggglayloooya

i know i am still a caterpillar

but our time will still pass anyways

aaahhhhhgggglayloooya

aaahhhhhgggglayloooya

i've been having nightmares
where i am doing dishes
while listening to nine inch nails
which is what i do when i am angry
it gives me an illusion of control
over my own whatever, but in this nightmare
it's like my brain is rewiring
and these nightmares are about my life
and it's the most startling thing
because you are in my dreams
and you are entirely you
and in these nightmares, i am me
but you are not actually you
this nightmare is just how i perceive you
i think. which isn't who you are
and i'm not really me, either
because the woman
doing dishes in my dreams
isn't scared of her life
she's just a boulder pushing dish dog
with hopeful tears in her eyes
and when i wake up, i'm still doing dishes

nobody comes out
of a relationship clean
we all abuse ourselves
while awaiting deliverance
and abuse each other
awaiting an appropriate ending

the nervous pangs of jealousy
it's worth foraging memories
while dogs outside
bark out every thought
hollering the hollowness
of our swollen olive hearts

and when we first got serious
we shared our shared
neurodivergencies
and our important allergies
and the breakups that broke us
and the other reasons
why we're still broken
the bad memories of
when we were kids
and the bad mistakes
we made as adult children
without realizing
how much we actually hurt, actually

why are platypi biofluorescent?

why do platypi glow
eerie blue-green under blacklight?
why do platypi emit short
nocturnal squeals of pleasure
when the moon conceals the sun?

did you know platypi men
have hollow spurs on their hind legs
with a venom secreting gland
and wrap their legs around their victims
and pull them near their pelvises
driving the spurs
through his victim's flesh
and while platypi venom is lethal
there are no recorded deaths
from platypi men or from platypi stings
and platypi women
also have these hollow spurs
but they lose them in the first year of life

i want you to call me keers
and complain to me about your day
and i want you to pray to boudica
for the power to transform
my biblically accurate vagina
into a stainless steel dishwasher
so we can wash dishes and gossip
because i love the way you say leik
and i love how careless you are
when you're parking your car
and i love the way our minds fuse
together and the friction between
our thoughts and careless whispers
and i want to look up at you
while you embrace me
and wonder where the time went
and of course i want to chew up
your heart and spit you back out
and inflate your skin with helium
and rapture your broken body
but of course we are impossible
because of course we are dead
and the ferocity of my fantasies
can not resurrect you
and the depth of my despair
can not sustain us any longer