

### **kyrsten's poetry #3**

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### **dedication**

this zine/chapbook is dedicated to eliott and lenny. <3

### **contents**

i was eight years old  
editing out the sad reality  
i don't want to pass  
huntington, two-thousand and six  
when you fall in love with me  
that's between you and god  
it's not that easy  
and i still mostly wear my mask  
i am due for a good cry  
my hypersexuality  
i'd probably fuck a pikachu  
marxist-leninist-maoists  
i am yearning to see  
i joked that i was  
if not, remind me  
girl, it's never too late

cw: several of these poems deal with sexual trauma  
especially "i was eight years old" and "that's between you and god".

**i was eight years old**  
when i was forced  
to discover my gag reflex  
this was before he  
made me wear the dress  
and fisted his grandma's  
bra with his batman underoos  
this was before he  
chomped down so hard on  
the cartilage of my cock  
that it snapped and  
filled his frenzied mouth with  
tiny droplettes of blood  
this was before...  
this was before..  
this was befo

and i still have the scars  
and i still have to tell this story  
before someone can  
truly love my body  
and understand why  
i disappear sometimes  
and why i

stop

**editing out the sad reality**

the line between past and present  
and future and the imagined past  
it's a transexual right of passage  
mourning what i could have been  
if i knew what i could have been  
and when i could have been  
the culmination of my inner child screaming  
so loudly, and i refused to listen  
so i get drunk and talk about      , again

my god, i love you so damn much

**i don't want to pass**  
i want to be left alone  
because passing is a code  
where i push femininity  
until i disappear

because bangs are coded girl  
and bright nails are coded girl  
and makeup is coded girl  
and big eyes are coded girl

but if i overload the code  
and tip into hyperfeminine  
i will no longer pass  
and they'll call me  
faggot, hey freak,  
fucking groomer,  
grrrooss, just disgusting

which is why  
i don't want to pass  
i want to be left alone  
i want to disappear completely

**huntington, two-thousand and six**

when i survived on sadness and nothingness  
and the desperation of eating rehydrated pizza bones  
made soggy under sink water and re-microwaved  
while hoping to avoid the nightmare blunt rotation of  
the worst person in town with okay weed  
and two people i thought i knew  
they smashed xbox buttons while talking shit  
screaming "oh... headshot" and "got your ass, fahhggot"  
while he bragged about eating "that high school pussy"  
and how good his shit was and how big his dick was  
and they cough-laughed and told their own stories  
of dorm girls and dumb teenage fondlings  
so i left for a walk without even saying anything  
wondering if i could sleep there again that night  
or if i had to myspace message someone else  
and ask if it was "cool to crash or nah"  
but the library was already closed and  
and i think it was sunday anyways?  
i remember holding my tears in tightly  
feeling a frozen weariness in my heart  
and started walking back  
to see if they ordered pizza

**when you fall in love with me**  
you'll know that i love you  
because i will send you  
a heart-shaped coffin  
scented with my perfume  
and a porcelain doll of me inside  
with three dried roses  
and a miniature teacup  
and several shellac-covered seashells  
and a poem no one else can even read  
with instructions to dig me up  
and hold me tight  
and motorboat my chest  
and finally give me rest

**that's between you and god**  
and me and my teenage mutant ninja turtles  
because what you did to me  
i forced them to learn  
smashing plastic together  
donatello wrestling raphael  
leonardo kissing both bebop and rocksteady  
and me confused from figuring out why  
their cowabunga sneers suddenly felt sad to me  
and why their frozen faces revealed  
a pain that even the turtle wagon can't fix

**it's not that easy**  
to be vulnerable and ask  
the world to stop and hold you

but it's okay to ignite yourself  
and burn your past  
when you finally find your people

so when you can finally stop  
and cry and swallow the sour taste  
of mourning the person i was

just know that i still love you



**and i still mostly wear my mask**  
but it's mostly to just wear a mask  
and to hide my stubble and sadness  
but also so i can do a little time travel  
to when most things felt more anonymous  
and oddly alien and nearly alive again  
and i felt that good kind of sadness  
a kind lady surrendering to the hopelessness  
of just moving on and on again  
the cadence of history grinding us to rust  
that machines that metastasizes our memories  
and infantilizes our fantasies  
but, it was good while it lasted  
and it feels good to disappear  
behind the mask  
behind the mask  
behind the mask again

**i am due for a good cry**  
because the way i cry  
when i really cry  
is really fucking weird  
because when i really cry  
i wipe my tears  
on the tips of my fingers  
and inspect them for blood  
and start and hyperventilating

*i just can't. i just can't. not tonight.*

so please pull me close and  
let me hide my head under your chin  
and bury my face into your chest  
to dry away this round of gender tears  
on your cool band t-shirts  
and hear your deep heart beat and  
know your words about me are true  
and i'll mumble my little mumble:

*just love me until i'm me again*  
*just love me*  
*until i'm me*

**my hypersexuality**  
is a trauma response  
and that's the point of this poem  
because i've been broken  
and mended many times before  
and i'm going to need  
you to mend me again  
and again and again  
but don't look at me  
when i need you to fix me  
because i hate feeling needy  
but i also love feeling  
really fucking wanted  
and if this is a problem  
i'll do the difficult job  
of fixing myself  
and then get rid of you  
and *gaaawhdfuckindamnit*  
i had to learn this  
about myself  
from a fucking podcast  
because i couldn't afford  
an actual therapist

**i'd probably fuck a pikachu**

if i were also a pikachu

but i'm not a pikachu

so i'm a little mortified with myself

and what i would be capable of doing

if i could be anything

**marxist-leninist-maoists**

are multi-level-marketers

who will totally

take a bullet

for you babe

if you will

just fucking shave

for the revolution

so come on babe

just guillotine those pits

and slip into your

red ribbon bikini

'cause each according

to her needs babe

and your ability amazes

the fuck out of me, babe

so have you had a chance

to read our pamphlets?

i am yearning to see  
the rainbow of impossible  
chimerical colors  
simultaneously dark and  
impossibly saturated

i see stygian blue when  
i stare into the sun  
bounded by a cloudless cerulean sky  
and when i cover my eyes with your skirt  
i find the dark blue alien afterimage  
of ducks smothered in oil  
that unstirs my skull

i see self-luminous red  
glowing hot as volcanic sand  
when i stare into your emerald yawn  
the crimson afterimage revealed  
by the whites of your delighted eyes  
glowing brighter than the sun

i see hyperbolic orange  
so neon-clad and saturated  
when i cough up cyan phlegm  
and stare into my tangerine hands  
the afterimage revealing an  
orange more orange than orange  
and purer than the purest orange

**i joked that i was**  
yearning to seriously be  
a cat girl with a captivity boner  
practicing my purrs  
tugging at tufts in my fur  
but i'm not a furry furry  
not that there's anything wrong  
with furries furries  
it's just not me  
that said, i would totally  
yap up warm milk  
from a ceramic saucer  
and purr beneath your feet  
while wishing to also be  
the comfy marbled cushions  
under a sleeping hermaphroditus

**if not, remind me**

because flames don't cast shadows

and as soon as i write

something down

i become the thing

i am writing about

i become the s/mothering grasp of

the longest sigh imaginable

i become the feverish restlessness

of dry mouth vampire dream

i become the anxiety of yanking

a bus stop rip chord

with these ancient anxious thoughts racing

and finally i become the impolite laughter of

a garbage bag full of frozen kitten heads

with open jaws collapsing

around the scruff of my neck, taking me away

"jesus fucking christ kyrsten"



**girl, it's never too late**

i took my first estradiol pill  
in the cvs parking lot  
on september first  
two thousand and twenty two  
i was thirty six years old  
it tasted strangely sweet and  
i held it under my tongue  
until it disappeared  
just like reddit told me to

and when nothing magical happened  
i realized i was the magic, happening  
the first change i noticed were my hands  
they were soft and smaller  
and my nails felt shiny and brittle  
i had never liked my nails before  
but i liked my nails now

and then a few weeks later i cried  
my first big estrogen cry  
and my first just actual cry in years  
and it felt better than anything i've ever felt  
but i was worried i would get addicted  
to the release where the void once was

but girl, it's worth it.  
i wake up alive, i go to bed alive  
and in my sleep my dreams are alive  
and now i'm slowly seeing

the woman smiling in the mirror  
and the woman smiling is me