



missladyma'amwoman

missladyma'amwoman
sixteen poems by kyrsten

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in my memories, i remember that

i'm just how i always imagined i was
my body, confusing emptiness for nothingness
and my heart, confusing sympathy for empathy

but either way i'm going to feel something tonight
because i want to lay prone and powerless

and finally feel
and finally feel
and finally
feel —
finally.

that's between you and your god
and me and my
teenage mutant ninja turtles
because what you did to me
i forced them to learn
smashing plastic bodies together
donatello wrestling raphael
leonardo pinning down
both bebop and rocksteady
and me confused
from figuring out
why their cowabunga sneers
suddenly felt so empty to me
and why their frozen faces reveal
a pain that even undressing
april o'neil won't fix

i was eight years old

when i was forced
to discover my gag reflex.
this was before
he made me wear the dress
and filled his grandma's bra
with his dirty underwear.

this was before
he chomped down so hard
on the cartilage of my cock
that it snapped and
filled his frenzied mouth with
quivering droplets of blood.

continued... on next page

this was before...

this was before..

this was befo

and i still have this scar

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.

i'm feeling guilty for
falling in love with
the queers
who deliver
my groceries.

but i will
enver admit it.

goddamnit kyrsten, goddamn
purrs my imaginary girlfriend
who i just broke up with again
after the greatest
hate sex
we've ever had
and i honestly
have no idea why
my imaginary girlfriend
is so forgiving
my cute little cat girl
her big breasts bouncing breastfully
she's kinda fucking intolerable
my beautiful, incredible, and exhausting
imaginary girlfriend.

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 tiny dog yapped loudly

man.

man, man.

man, man, man

maan —

this poem
is called
"ohio should be illegal"

thank you.

a kiss in the kitchen

the yearning in your voice
agreeing we can't
but what we can have is
different than
what either of us will have
with anyone else

and while we both recognize
our limits together
and expand our hearts
for the renewing
possibilities
of new people

just know that ...

i still love you.

we took a two week break
the week the target
broke in half
and there was
a lot of weight
to the silence
in the air
between us
my insanity
not an excuse
but an explanation
for why you gave up on me
and why i gave up on —

[illegible]

the person i used to love

stashed her condoms in
a 1992 mcwitch bucket
and was always herself
for halloween
every, single, year.

the person i used to love
spoke these sentences
with sudden sinkholes
that always surfaced with
these "scare quote" echoes
and god, she had a amazing laugh

the person i used to love
loved me not a long time ago
and maybe one day
i will love her too
maybe one day
i will love
this girl
i've named kyrsten

i just want to be
the person
you thought i was
being
when i was
the person
i thought i was
being
the person
i thought i was

they're calling me slurs
with their eyes again

what kind of faggot are you?

i'm **missladyma'amwoman**, sir
i'm miss lady woman... ma'am

and yes i celebrate
gay wrongs
and the right
to be forgotten
and yes i celebrate
your growth
and your right
to correct wrongs
and become
a better person
and yeah i guess
i can also tolerate
your need to be
fucking intolerable
if you can tolerate
my need
to serve cunt
and become
fucking ungovernable.

my asshole is phantom planet

aaahhhhhhgggglayloooya

small and sudden apologies

aaahhhhhhgggglayloooya

georgian ghost floating

aaahhhhhhgggglayloooya

i know i am still a caterpillar

but our time will still pass anyways

aaahhhhhhgggglayloooya

aaahhhhhhgggglayloooya

we need more

silly little bois
and big goons
and trans girls
obsessed with
tossing the shark

we need more
gummy bear butches
and transsexual tops
and squishy enbys
with date mates
carrying mushroom purses

we need more
dapper little mascs
with millennial
finger mustaches
and genderflux zucchinis
in checkerboard suspenders

and we need more queers
because we always need more queers.

artwork

the cover artwork for "missladyma'amwoman" is a reinterpretation of the representation of a woman from the gold-anodized pioneer plaques from pioneer 10 (1972) and pioneer 11 (1973) spacecrafts. the plaques feature prominent images of a nude man and woman along with several symbols and was designed to inform intelligent extraterrestrial life about each spacecraft's origin.

the artwork was designed by linda salzman sagan and originally featured a vertical line representing the woman's vulva. nasa deemed the woman's genitalia too obscene and erased the tiny line representing the vulva. the man's penis remained unchanged.

so i gave the woman a penis.



about

kyrsten hodge is an appalachian transsexual from huntington, west virginia. she works in a library and wants to be your friend.

you can find her online at [kyrstenhodge dot com](http://kyrstenhodge.com).

sixteen poems about... bottoming, the teenage mutant ninja turtles, scars, queer limerence, imaginary girlfriends, transphobic assholes at the texas roadhouse, the state of ohio, kitchen table polyamory, the barboursville west virginia target breaking in half, letting go, bipolar mood disorder, transphobia, gay wrongs, anal sex, and gender euphoria.

poetry / queer / appalachia

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