

poetry reading 08/18/2024

appalachian trans music and arts festival

huntington, wv

kyrsten hodge

poems

in my memories, i remember that

that's between you and your god

goddamnit kyrsten, goddamn

since i was there

“ohio should be illegal”

the person i used to love

i just want to be

my nsa agent broke up with me

we need more

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 betrayed
a pain that even kissing
april o'neil won't fix

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.

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

my nsa agent broke up with me.

after nine years of
surveillance together.

i had brought up a new text
document and typed

– how are you today?

my screen flashes three times
which is how they respond

– "good"

i type into my search bar

– do you want to get lunch?

my browser window shakes
side to side, which means

– "no"

i type into a new email

– why not?

my screen flashes
sixteen times, which means

– "i don't know if
this is working for me"

i bring up a new word document
and type in comic
sans font size 72
– i love you.

my agent takes
control of my cursor
closes the new document
and saves the file as
– im_sorry.docx

and then my computer shuts down

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.