

poetry reading 11/18/2023

porch beers zine release

hacks (huntington, wv)

kyrsten hodge

1. the person i used to love
2. my body
3. when you fall in love with me
4. a kiss in the kitchen
5. we live in a society
6. we need more
7. i'm depressed
8. goddamnit kyrsten, goddamn
9. that's between you and god

the person i used to love
stashed her condoms in
a mcdonalds halloween 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

my body

has quietly quit me
after keeping the score
for over a quarter century
and now she's lost in lust
crying and coughing
and she's rusted shut
afraid of dying

but she doesn't
want to be alone
she wants to be ...
in love again
i think?

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 when you peak inside

you'll see a porcelain doll of me

holding a bouquet of dead roses

with a miniature teacup set

instead of teeth

and underneath this doll

i've put a poem for you

written exclusively

in our love language

with instructions

to come find me

and then bury yourself

and then pull me close

and big ugly cry into me

and finally give me

my rest and relaxation

a kiss in the kitchen

the yearning in your voice
agreeing we can't nest
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 will still love you

we live in a society
not an economy
and i want everyone to get firsts
before anyone gets seconds
but for housing
and medicine
and pets
and poems

i'm really not that radical
i just want a line
where we say
"this is ours and nothing less"
because there's nothing
powerful about the struggle
no fucking bootstraps
and yes, i still believe
that a better world is possible
that a better world is possible
as long as we fight for it

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
and mushroom purses

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

and we need more
genderqueer zucchinis
to cuddle under umbrellas
with their demigirl fellas

and we need more queers
because we always need more queers

i'm depressed

about my bananas again
and the rotten food
in my refrigerator
and i'm depressed about
the machine in this ghost
which is called my body
because she is so tired
and she feels so lost

and i'd rather not
spend the rest of our night
tied to this couch
because nobody
trusts anybody now
and we're all very tired, actually

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
this imaginary girlfriend
is so forgiving
my cute little cat girl
with glassy eyes
behind librarian glasses
her big breasts, bouncing breastfully
she's kinda fucking intolerable
my beautiful, incredible, and exhausting
imaginary girlfriend

that's between you and god
and me and my ninja turtles
because what you did to me
i forced them to learn
smashing plastic together
donatello wrestling raphael
leonardo french kissing
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 revealed
a pain that even april o'neil can't fix