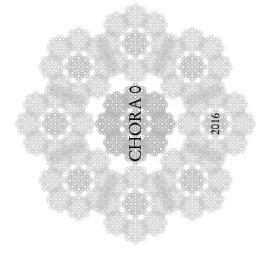
This zine is comprised of poems written from 2011 to 2013 (all before my transition). Most could use work, but I felt the urge to spill them out onto the riverbed and swim away.



Insect

in a bucket of silken entrails? into cochineal, once-white braids churning If I crushed you, would you turn like a black seed spotted with red. your sibling from the windowpane shone Crawling where wall meets ceiling:

just behind, papered over, luminous: The first time I nearly wept. And after that (When I fled the poem it remained, hovering

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at bay. Come to bed, love. Cold out tonight. The crisis is always all around and just

why blood turns sluggish and dark in the soft hollows under the eyes. responsible. It is not what kills them. It is not Don't hold the night

shifting of your slight body, making him in the head with each slightest however young, however beloved. restless orbits like a distant moon. Oh, you are graceless; you elbow Prone to tremors as if of remorse. There can be no excuse for you

Cold Out Tonight

I reach out tor you

in the shape of a laptop

light stains my hands and upper body

as floral print. Under it, pressure

drops falling but no more will At the moment the rain stops there are still

follow — they cling to the red maple, seep into the soil, unattended

Gutters burbling lines of glistening beads

I open my window to moist air

The silence does not break easily

lovers, each more pitiful than the last Outside a woman describes a series of ex-

you'd forget what went missing, or dream how, like a starfish,

at least some nights withered and was cut to flow again, if the limb Even if the blood refused doesn't frighten you anymore. Waking with a dead limb our skin was flensed. arriving with the dawn by which but through cruel proprioception. not by any act of the mind is your flesh, separable finally which says, this is my flesh, that pockmarks resolving themselves Gray skin covers the fused body,

you had grown it back.

is writing the same poem Somewhere someone I do not know

> Night fell who knew how long ago. splaying outward like a flower. We could not tell if the earth my body vivisected itself stayed pinned on its axis. In a subterranean place, within a dream,

Open your eyes: let the forest darkness rasp across them, the low gray fog spread its dim line, cutting off the trees of the Arctic Circle, summer light at their roots, occulting the river, folded unused in the hotel room. long gone, heavy black curtains the shapes of islands... North

Jokkmokk

Winter was over before

Red marks on my hands, Into my body, slowly. Where I crushed it, it is growing In its field for a time unmarked Inflamed with pollen. Now Stop tearing. My skin It is spring. The eyes cannot A kiss, a failed liaison. Sixty-one percent of the time. We knew it. The groundhog is wrong Backs of my knees. Beneath me, struggling to rise. With shadow, I felt it seethe Along the wind. When I lay down Impregnate me. Broadcast its seed This fresh-mown grass is trying to Days press on. Still the body knows I had forgotten — days. Forecasts could not predict Here in this light-filled room,