

Queer People Love

the post office. I adore your handwriting enveloped
in tenderness,
stamped and scuffed, hand-

delivered. Built anticipation in each address
processed face-
up and measured like snails

in transit, our game edging
metal bar-
code machine scanners to read

and place correspondingly into particular
zip-code
bins. It is so simple; you

held this. I held this. The postal
worker held
this. We exaggerate

distance, phones held at length when
you obsess
over my new belly tattoo

and send kisses on two frog
postcards. Viewing
the twist and slide of your elbow

into a sleep-shirt, I imagine you
unfolding
like a letter beneath me.

Lessons from a Starfish

or, notes on gender affirmation surgery

- after *Eva Hayward*

I am cutting / cut // ing open / cut // open // opening soft and whole // cut soft / and whole //
wholly cut open / a need // not wanting / not left wanting // not want / not left / open / I am cut //

re /

/ assignment / moval / considered

damage

from injury / skin shiver sliced & sutured

contented with extending re /

/ generating

every spine sensitive / spine sensitive to light

I am pouring porous being I am living being I am porous living alive I am pouring life

re /

/ turn / claim / fold / form / spiral / ceive / veberate / crystalize / grow / vision / volution /
configure / join / unite / imagine / new / pair / join / embody / storation / cast / side

to feel sated / to detach

connective tissue

re /

/ placing my pain / my joy

Lonely Things

I am looking for a cowboy
hat, boots, chaps,
or maybe a bolo tie. I am looking
for a desert wash waiting outside

your house for me to cross. Dew against sage
against dawn rustle two woodpeckers investigating matted

deer fur, taxidermied
into soil. I ask for a list of ballads
so I can sing them to wake
you. They linger, like when you come
surprisingly upon my tooth

in your mouth. You remind me of lonely things
as the desert holds me for want of you.

Lessons from a Snowshoe Hare
or, notes on the ecology of fear

i. stressor

she desires / desir // ing me / an object // of desire / digesting / objection / levels // me /
without me / know // ing dis / belief / un // conscious // motion / less know // more object /

dis /

/ may / gust

not able // woken wet soaking open wet eyes brim / wet

body knows body witness / shock / vomit /

fever / as re / member with / out

me know / ing / I do not

think / how to re /

view a loss

ii. survival

I am hold // ing you are hold / ing me I shake / scare / stress // yet want / ing ache // want
kissing / so soft / wrapped // up tight / shaking soft / wanting soft / for you / I allow / desire

re /

/ wired / solved / new

how you love me right / how you unwrap

hurt & hold me whole / tight to you / perfect

warmth I let myself go / you touch me to remind

me / I am here / I am here

It's So Easy To Rename Myself In the World of Nouns

A longitudinal meridian
placed on my back. A bassline when
you walk. A clean body smelling

of linen. A dictionary opened
on the train. A wild horse drifts
out of documented range. I

want a world where we all talk openly
about our molting, where our names
transform when looking at buildings.

Count how many singular consonants
my body holds at arm's length, count
its measure, its motion. I become tired

of its surveillance, tired of naming
empty beds, tired of my body's dead
name. What word does a spoon make

when falling from the mouth? I pinch
around the root of my moniker and penetrate
into dense architecture. Looking at

"The Art of Naming Your Dog,"
for a revision, my new nickname
becomes 'highway.' Isn't this sifting

joyful? Like a screen door sieves
snow, I wipe off accumulating drift
and watch light filter in. Someone asks

you what to call a house echoing
and you pause, my name in your throat.
We are allowed small, simple things.

open as your mouth

after J. Michael Martinez

where should we go when we find ourselves in a light like this?

for me, the books are enough. for you, we line up and eat gold.

come to a place where life is possible. come see
sunflowers gently back to dirt. you turn your face,

following sun. taste it, taste sweet

bitter pithy cuties or melon molded
in the fridge. maybe old mango would be

better luck next time. teach me to cut

squares, suck on seed. teach
me to rest my palm gently on your chest. can i

hold your basket of fruit? you know

how to move in motion. when i dream
i still miss you. a sunny eye. a clouded

shoulder. kisses engulf me, you, bursting light.

let me rope in color. i want to give you
every harvest i bear. all this light, for

you, flooding every cold spot. we laugh and laugh,

how could we not? these flowers mean
to bloom together and open as your mouth.

you promise a garden and i rush to a field.

i love you

i love you

for iley