

the yet to be pronounced pronouns

J/J HASTAIN

LRL e-editions

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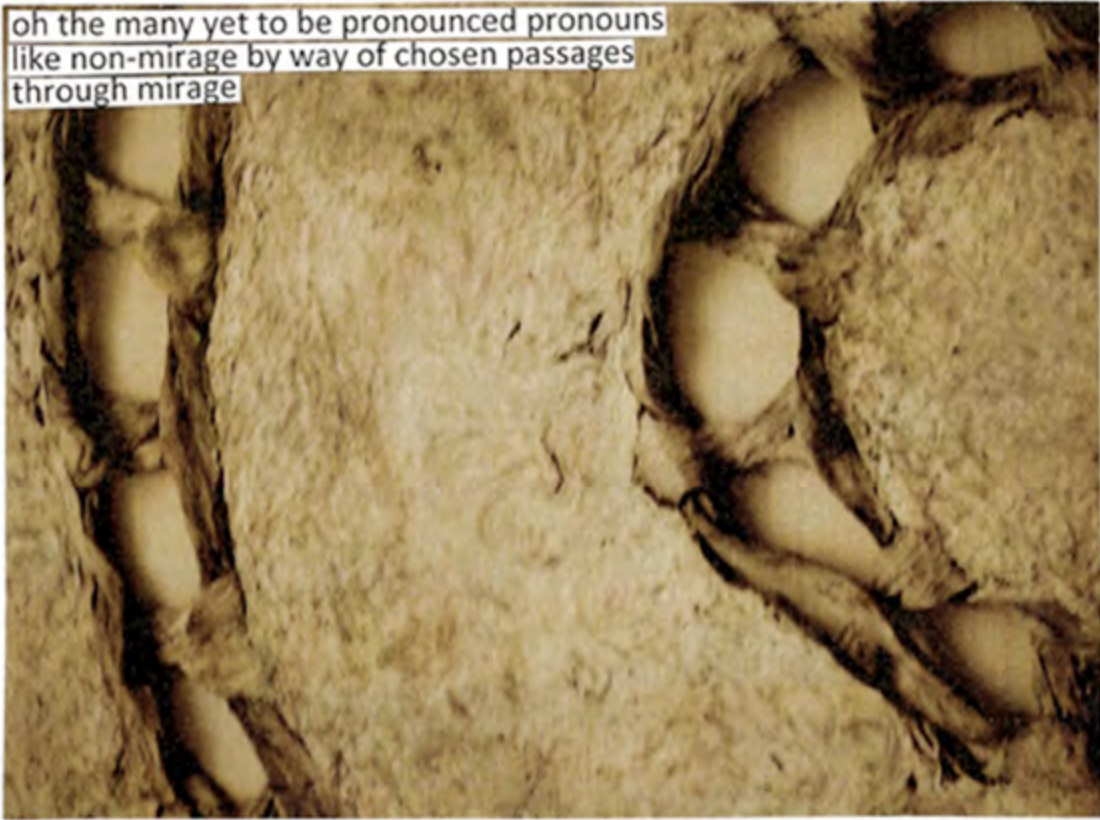
the yet to be pronounced pronouns

There are full sets of chromosomes in each cell in a body. Chromosomes are inherent coils of DNA and they are responsible for animation of cells. There are many genes, sequences and governing structures within cells. Some cells (gametes) are sexually procreant. The amass of information that I include here regarding cells is directly related to my composition process. My compositions are certainly gamete. They function by way of reproductive adrenalines. Impetuses toward constituting new aggregates. The gametes (meta-components within my compositions) mingle (by magnetism and synchronicity) together and deep, recombinant fusions take place. The result? Uncanny collages provoking a new collagen. Cell poems.

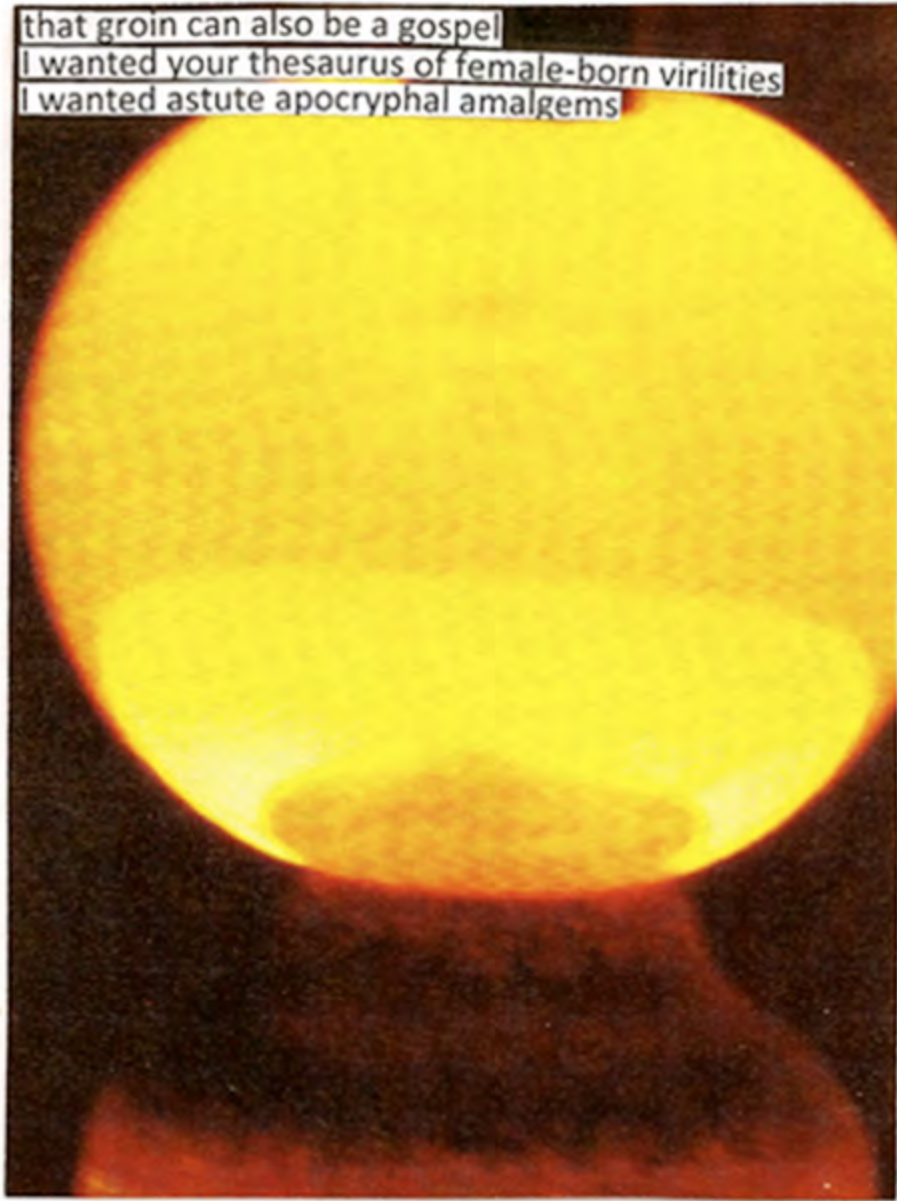


what needs to be said
is itself a combustible throne waiting
what needs to be said
is still speaking

oh the many yet to be pronounced pronouns
like non-mirage by way of chosen passages
through mirage



that groin can also be a gospel
I wanted your thesaurus of female-born virilities
I wanted astute apocryphal amalgams



because eros and nurture
were what was needed
in order to turn the human heart
into a deity's sexual organ
into a codex the color of engorged fog



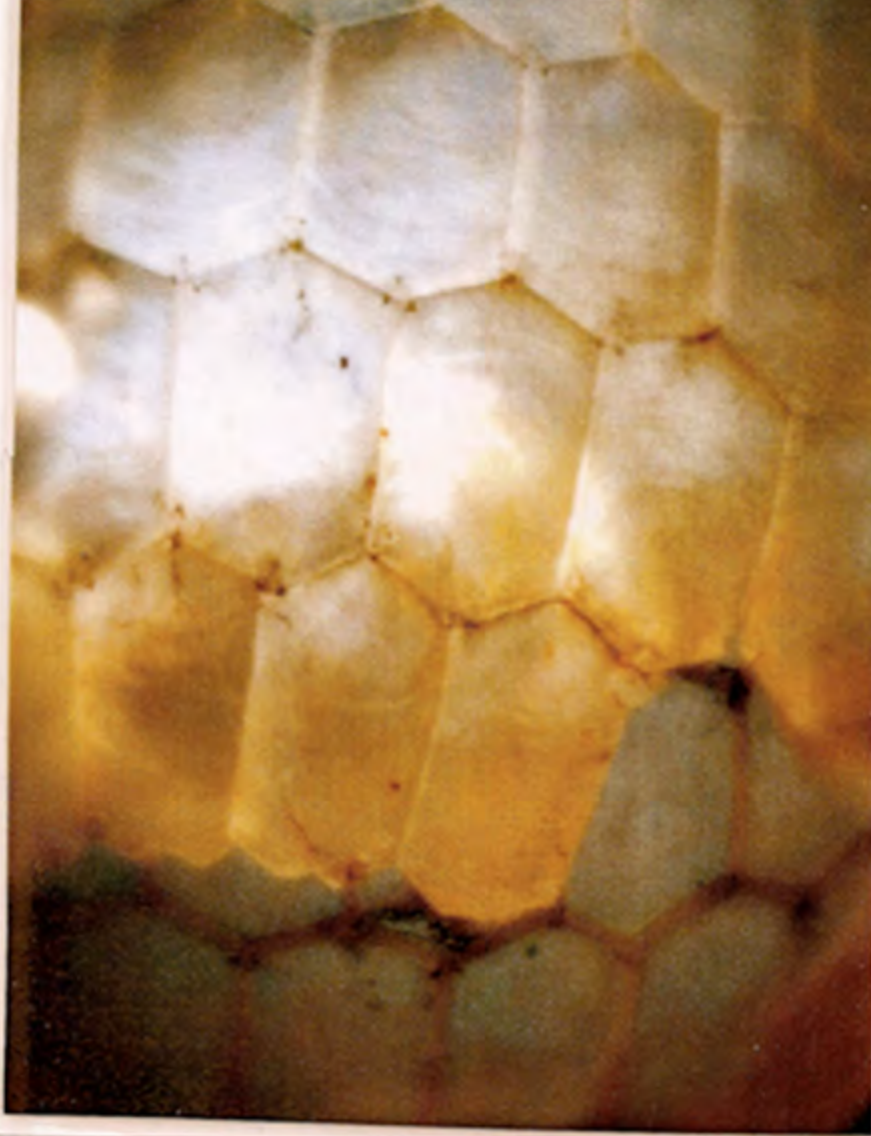


estuaries full of extant sextants
and fruit the color of tar





wings unlatching from the genital hub
from a hole or from a gap or from
a cypher that moans
unequivocal moats into materiality



frankenstein's hand retracts into the thicket
and because it is snowing he goes
into the barn to whimper
leaning up against a cow for support
a cow that doesn't care what he is
as long as he is producing
warmth





oh the glowing meat
in our meet by glottal

we learn to inhabit the oubliette
where
tilted versions of the virgen de guadalupe
reign







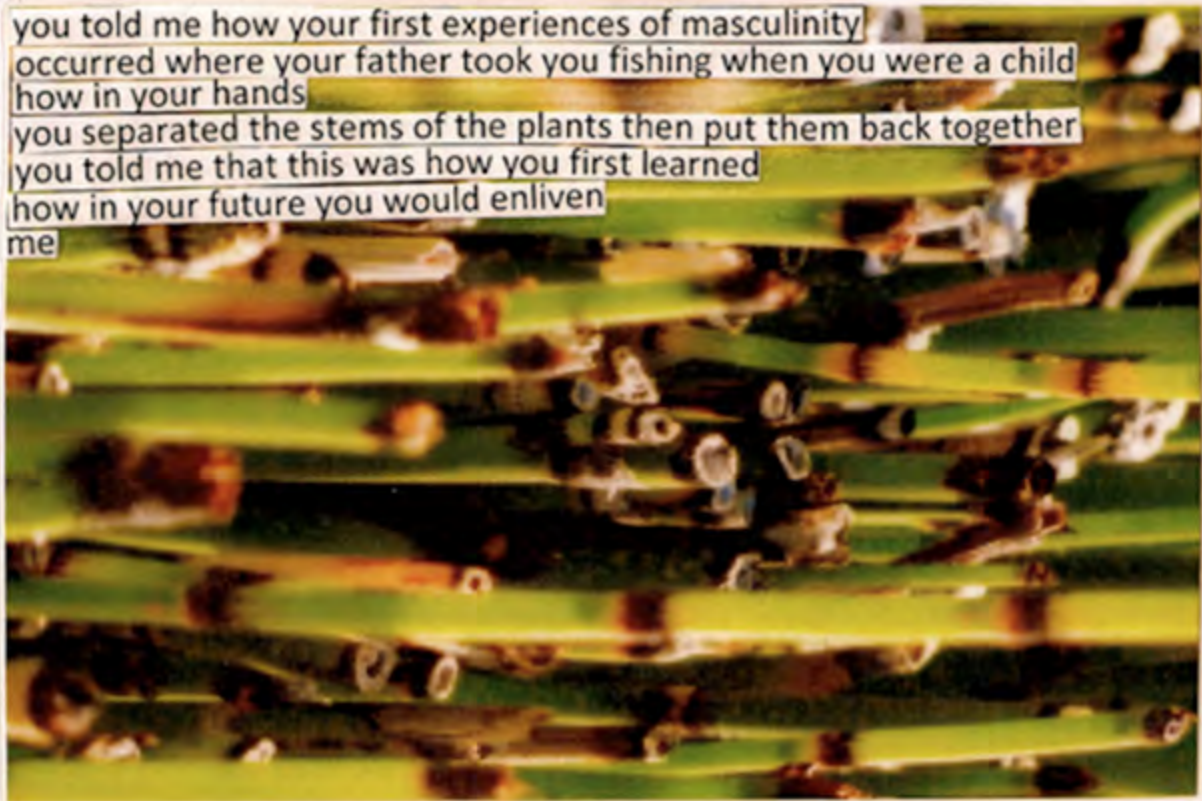
to enhance the longevities of the queer nephilim
we make relevancies in such malleable modes
like an additive casement of lubrication
even when I am already so far underwater





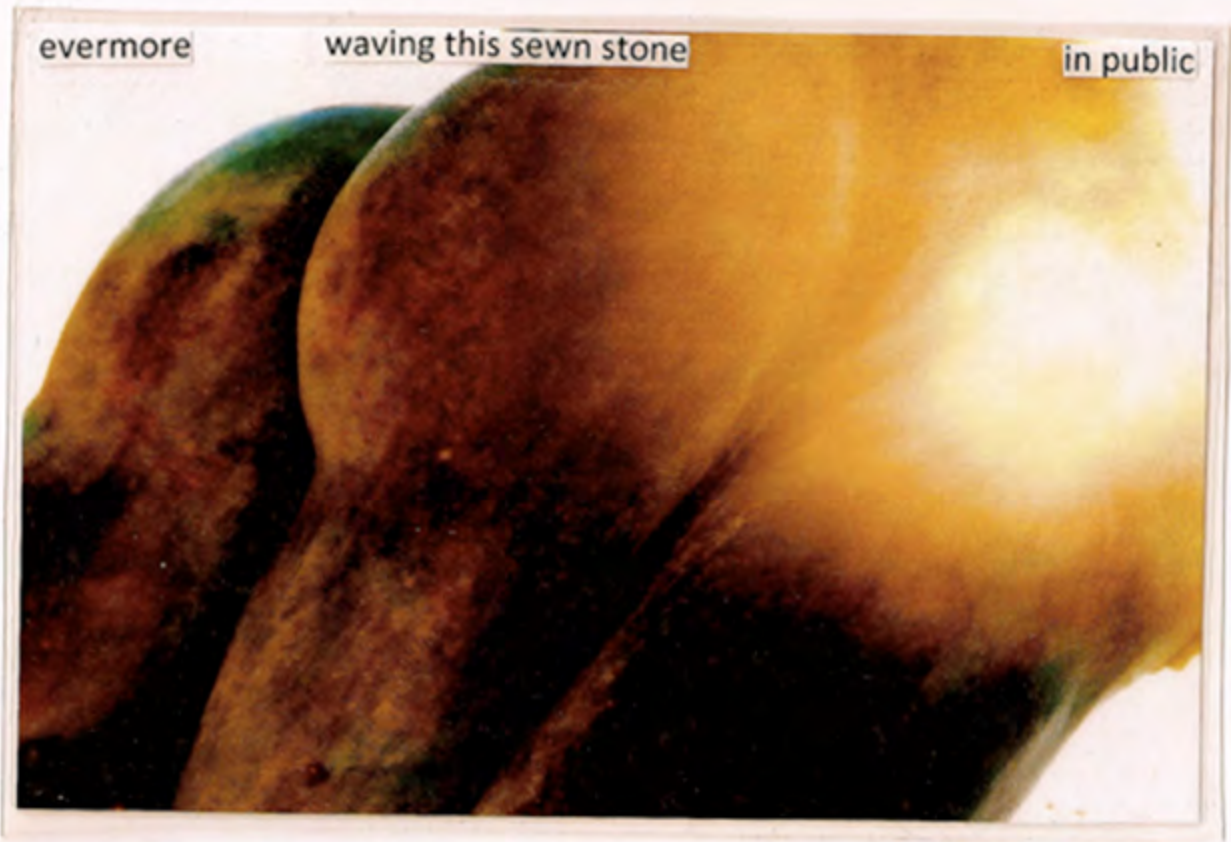
having transgressed water
the fatted calf is walking
on different types of liquid

you told me how your first experiences of masculinity
occurred where your father took you fishing when you were a child
how in your hands
you separated the stems of the plants then put them back together
you told me that this was how you first learned
how in your future you would enliven
me



oh tower made of cloth
I was meant to be your lover
correlational-femme to your female-he
an inverse mirroring
a code toward





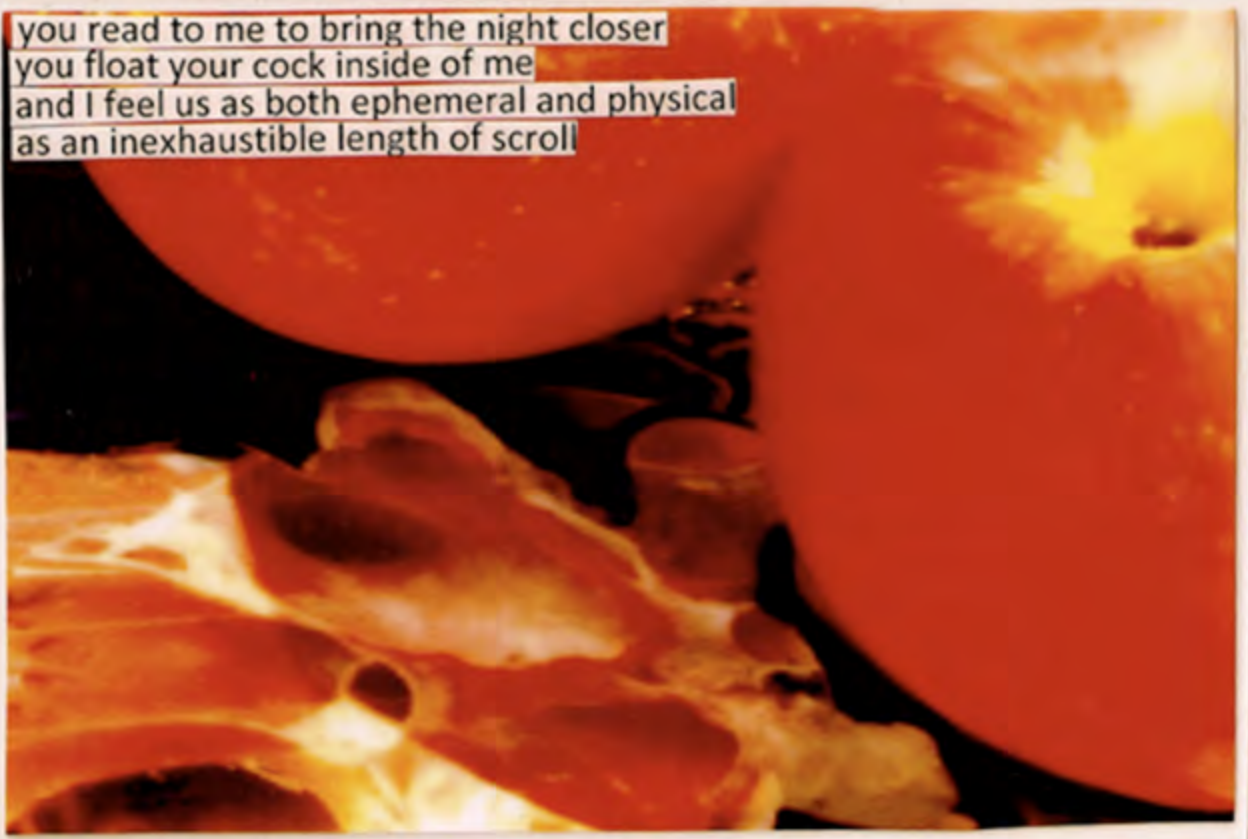
a virago's fecundity is always somewhat tied



oh thrum-rosary
we read each other
by torqued brailles



you read to me to bring the night closer
you float your cock inside of me
and I feel us as both ephemeral and physical
as an inexhaustible length of scroll



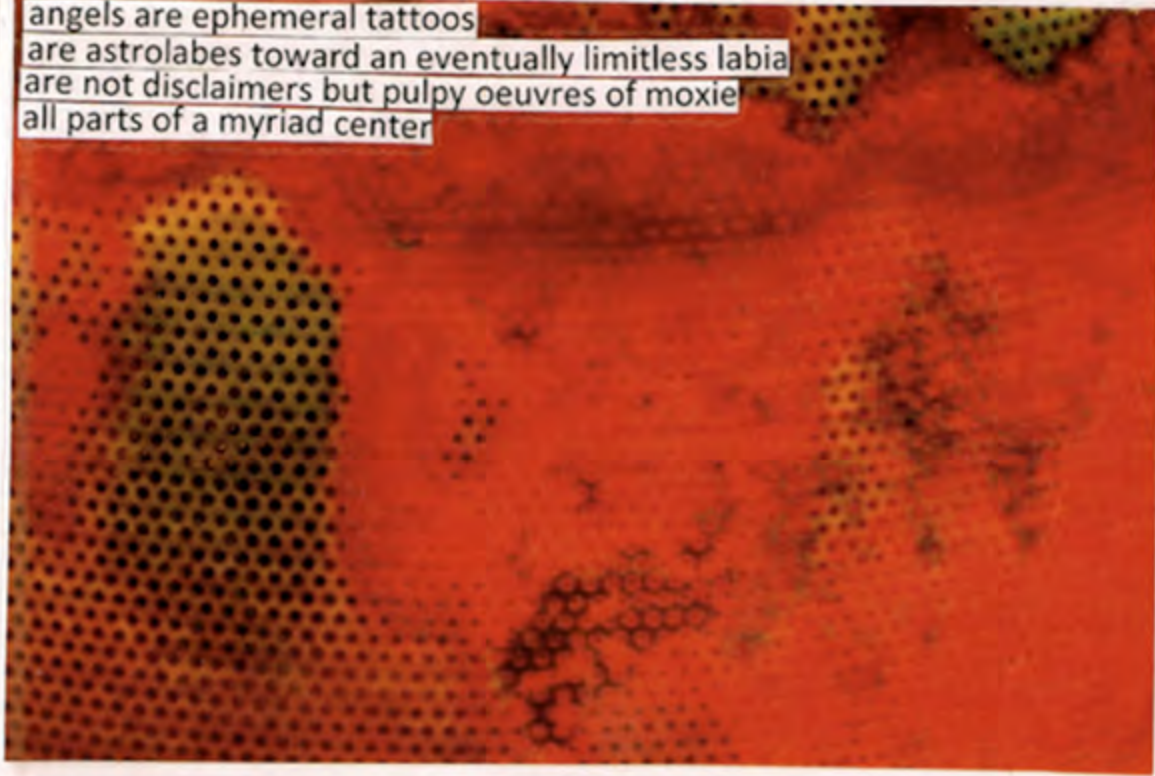
this slow crash into particulate potash
for the sake of nourishing the imaginary violences
that ever bring me closer to actual cruxes



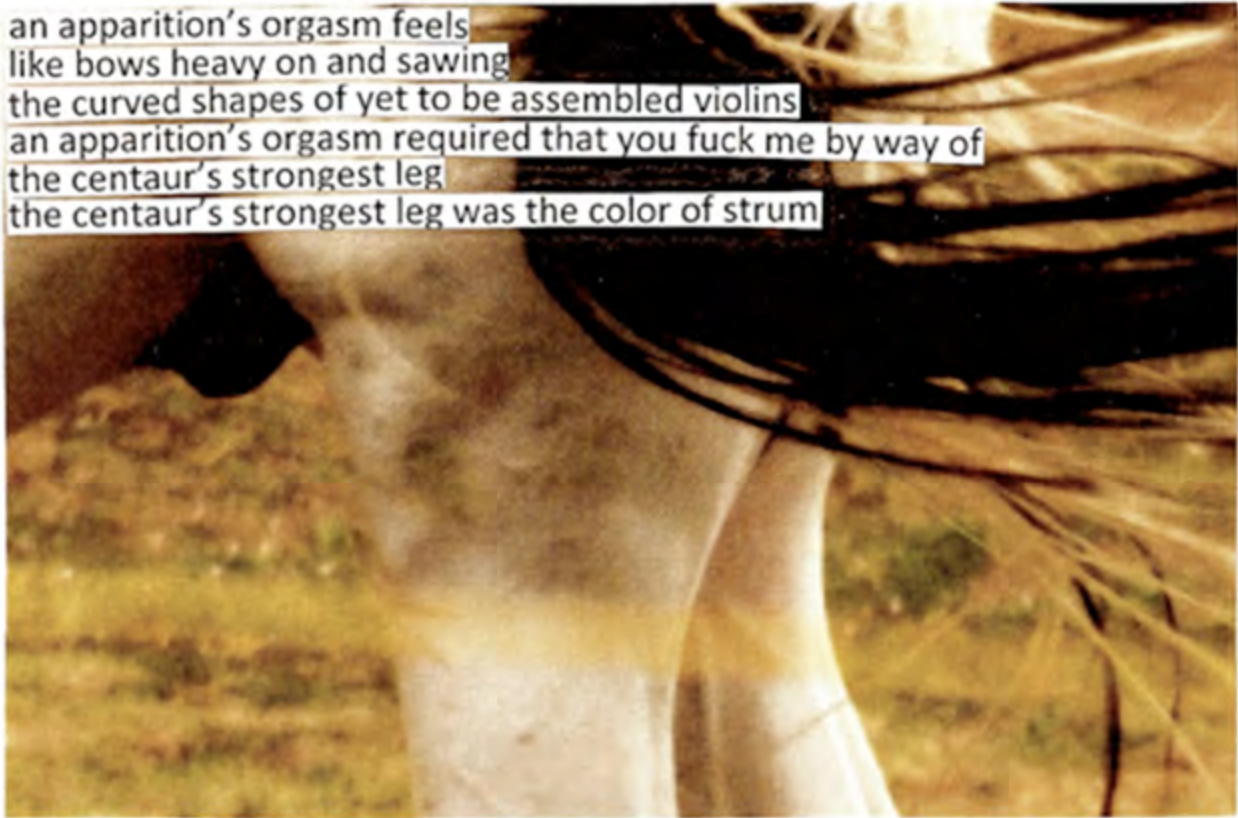
an orb shape that simulates an apple
is continually being unearthed



angels are ephemeral tattoos
are astrolabes toward an eventually limitless labia
are not disclaimers but pulpy oeuvres of moxie
all parts of a myriad center



an apparition's orgasm feels
like bows heavy on and sawing
the curved shapes of yet to be assembled violins
an apparition's orgasm required that you fuck me by way of
the centaur's strongest leg
the centaur's strongest leg was the color of strum



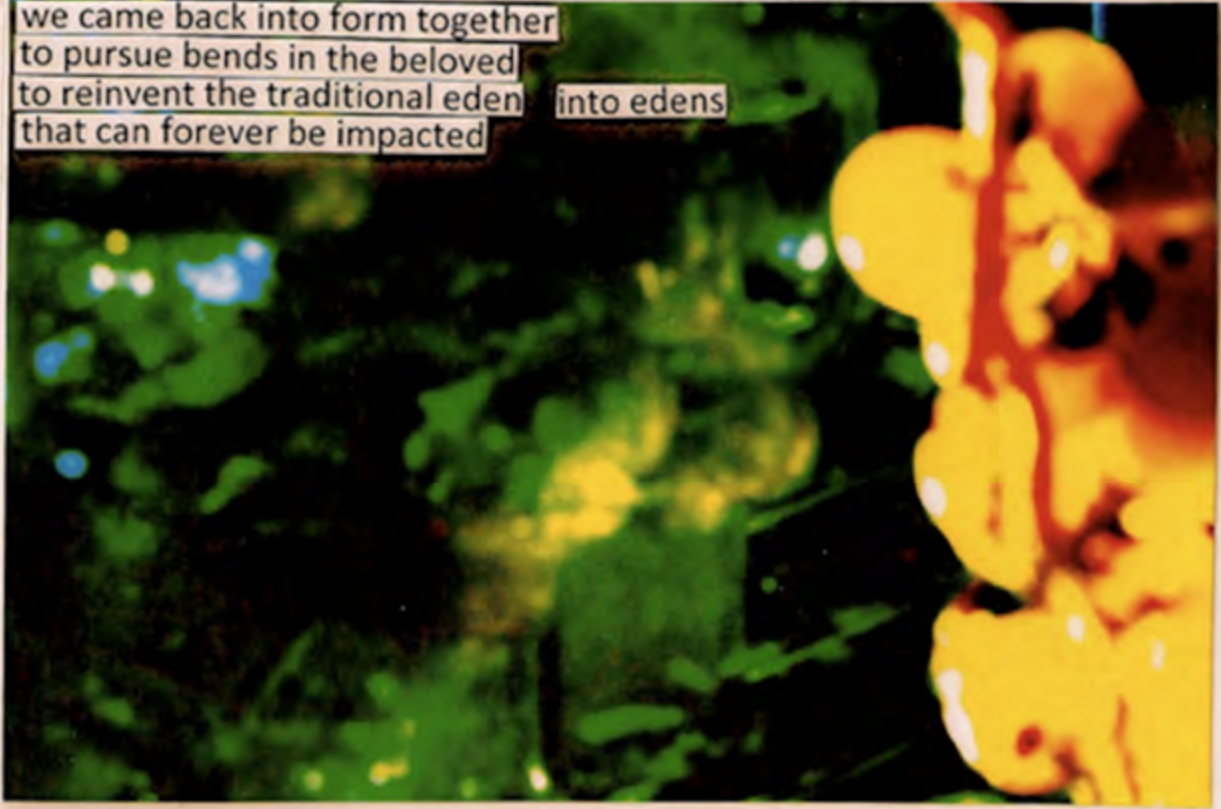
seeding then scalpeling light
throughout this thorough echolocation of pubis





an angel is an illness
you begin to feel at home in

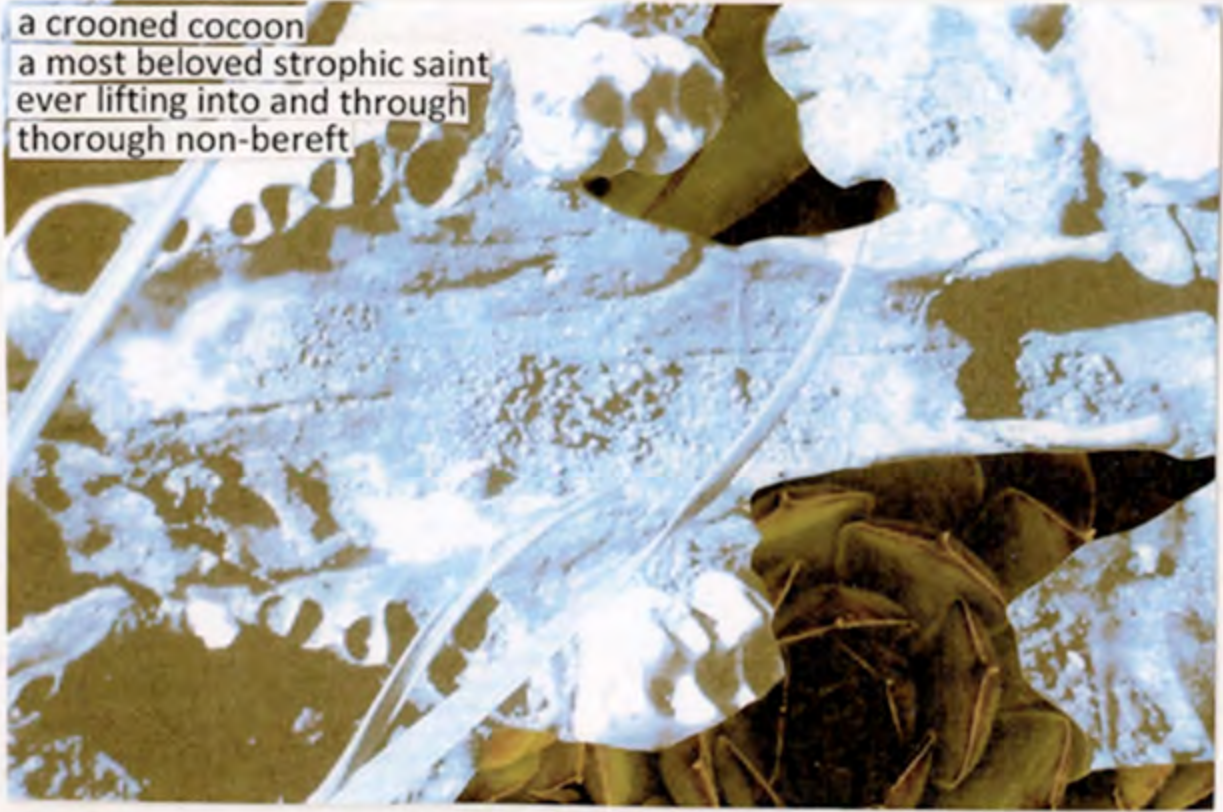
we came back into form together
to pursue bends in the beloved
to reinvent the traditional eden into edens
that can forever be impacted





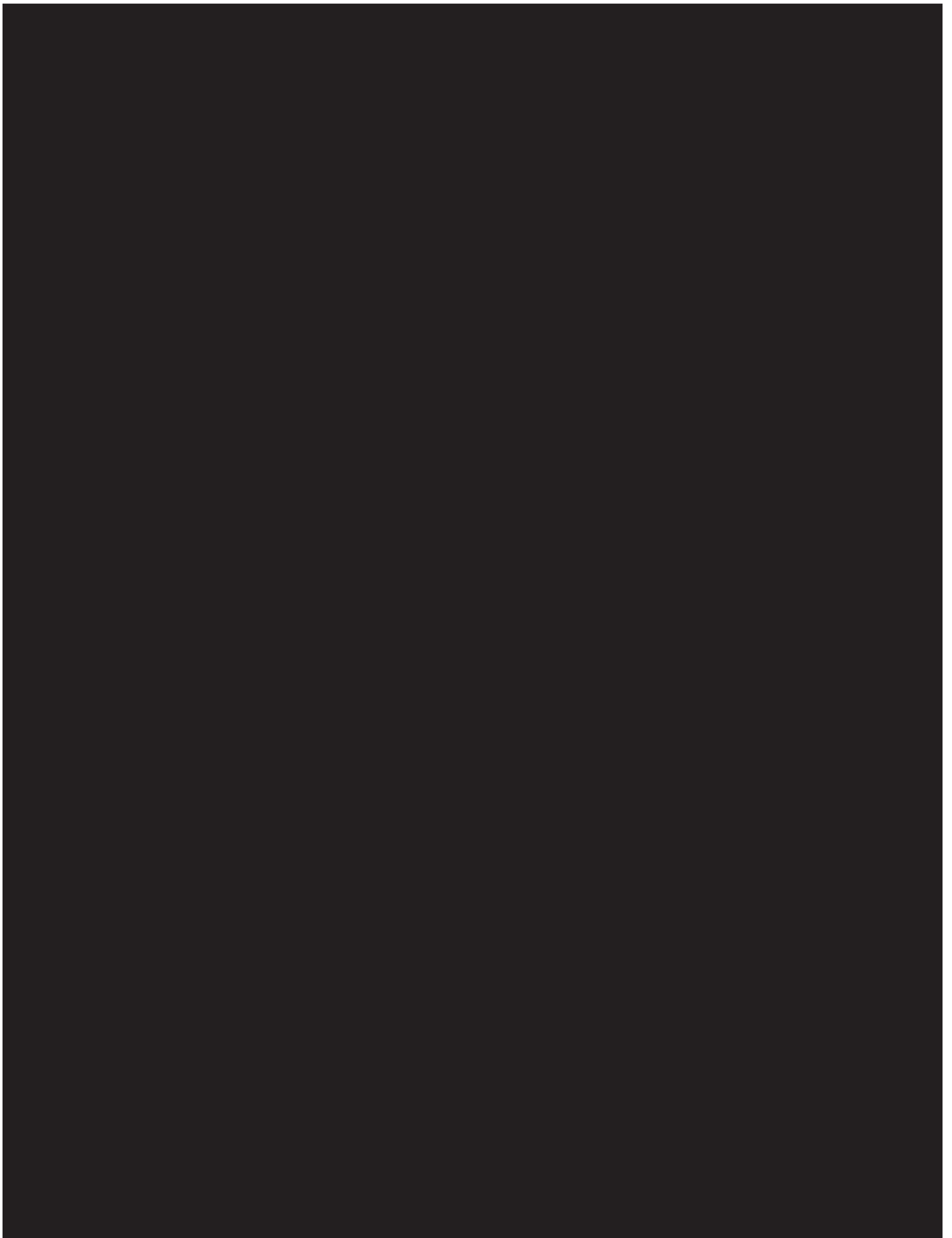
in the space between lovers
our cells shout
female semen
a fount of a female he's menstrual blood

a crooned cocoon
a most beloved strophic saint
ever lifting into and through
thorough non-bereft





a penis shaped woman
a womb shaped wormhole







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