

stigmata

a collective transexual poetry publication

poems by

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willow hour

fox rinne

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pearl lands

about this zine

The poems in this zine were written in an autonomous, community workshop over the course of a year or so. This zine was designed, hand-printed and bound by workshop members in an edition of 100. Any proceeds will be donated directly to evacuation gofundmes for Palestinians fleeing Gaza.

wouldn't risk eternal fire even for the promise of your love

my lover showed me how far she could go
the precise location of holiness
nestles ad sinistra
count the rip-gaps
one two three
four
I reach for it
in desperate necessity
lines of descension
depressed skin
my hand a sharpened point
memorized the shape
breath between beats
 (it feels the heart
 straining pleading
 and feels sorry –
 for the pain
 –
the pain is eternal
ly unable

to burn
hot enough
to make me
believe
) finality
is never final
there will always be
second chances
and thirds and fourths too
as long as there is skin
and dirt and sand
and blood and shit
cum vomit bile
all of you mine
it will be so—
one day it will
be so
but this time
my hand is stayed
I hate the color red
& I've always been a coward

The Mystical Self-Loathing

*My dear friend, what harm can it do you
to do God the favor of letting Him be God in you?
Go right out of yourself for God's sake*
—Meister Eckhart

Meister Eckhart's my mystic father daddy,
and his apophatic dick-down's making me
feel God in this stairwell tonight.

Preacher, teacher, feeder, seeder,
his sermons see me fall, fold, call.
Suspect, I genuflect. Wanting, I'm
wanton. I kowtow, I tumble down.

Now late to the party as face rubbed
cross generous gape, I unspool.
Spilled, I set myself down in an
empty lot and spread.

Like a prepped pig or like a cork popped,
I glisten pink and bubble/ooze.
Fresh tongued for corned beef,
his wan visions coat my skin like the sun.

leonora donovan

Lord,

On a night like tonight, my visions of torture and my thrashings for love conspire to form a worthlessness beyond words. Not chosen, I careen toward the empty-out, the mystical self-loathing, that series of degradings toward you.

My dynamic erotic power, oh Lord, grows at the pace of my debasement for you, oh Lord. I reach out to you, my feminine ornaments clanging and ringing, my beauty in the shape of my ears. Confused, obscure, I await differentiation with ingenious vanity, with a constant complacent absorption in all the smallest details of feminine costume. Lord, how I suck and how I strain, how I want and how I want, regretting myself out to you, my Lord.

Tonight I choke prayers and swallow humility. I sit at the mirror in a catastrophe dress and I retch. I peer at myself in shy trance as you watch me dread and cum. Ashamed, aroused, oh Lord, can you hear me rut and squirm? Is this what turns you on? Lord, I am your sexual annex—an erotic pilgrim whose masks drop to reveal many contradictory psychic-sexual states. Lord, it gets me hard to pray for my own putridity, and I haunt every rub of chub and every tooth squeak which peaks its way across this Earth. For God's sake, I worship that spit that sits at the back of my throat, that viscous mucus which coats the instruments which open me up to you, My Lord.

leonora donovan

Lord, I am your anomaly on this green Earth. For I am the
aberration at the heart of sex, an androgynous delusion and,
full fat, a woman. My Lord, I am your pigment of insanity.
Under pressures of an ugliness-complex, my
perversions compound with much fanfare and failure.
My taste for transvestism grows all the sweeter in time.

Love,
Leonora

forest smotrich-barr

it has always been groundless

ants swarm the kitchen floor,
circling towards invisible sugar
I read the mood from afar,
collapsing into it
through the peep-holes
I'm watching him move
and can't figure out where the hips are, how to "use it"
nina says, well I didn't have to touch the cum on the floor
last night because I was mostly on my knees
our bathtub won't drain right,
just collects the stream
until you kick it back
towards its source
fingers jammed inside
the mouth
of the river
of G-d

Tree + Fence

Decay, lover.

Bridge back. Swan

in cave. Tucked

tight, then crying

out. Sex against

strife. The far-away

field where

possibility is

familiar. Charming,

but I haven't quite

gotten the hang

of it.

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Lyric, we twirl

silhouettes. Creep

against climbing

threshold. I am

filling a basket

with all the right

items, your edges

pressed against

me. Then I'm

pushing frantic

against the post

where they used to

tie the horses. I am

trying to remain

calm.

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During tashlich I
vow to be more of
a slut this year.

Corrupted

summer bursts

against. Stun!

Build! Try to make

an army! I feel

nauseous. As if I

could ever get the

drum-beat out of

my body.

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He is scared

of the looping of

it. I am the female

novelist in my

pig-pen era. Can't

unlearn the urge

to repeat-after-me.

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forest smotrich-barr

-	-	-
-	-	-
I'm dancing and I	-	-
double back. White	-	-
walls, no windows.	-	-
Selfishly having	We've arrived at	-
scrawled into the	the function	-
crawlspace.	separately, at	-
Tchotchkes and	different times.	-
baubles.	When the	Beloved, this is my
-	bassoonist walks	own stupid
-	in, everyone else	system. I want the
Returning, again,	has already left. It's	rough rocks to hurt
to thought despite	too obvious! We	my knuckles. Want
myself. Told to	hope that there	you to be my
switch the scenes	exists such a thing,	witness, and my
until they split. To	even knowing the	pause.
spite her sense	myth of it. Even as	
of real.	we are arrogant,	
-	claiming to be	
-	devoted to holy	
-	unknowing.	
-	-	
-	-	
-	-	
-	-	
-	Passing lines, I	
-	count them all.	
-	Windowsill, which	
-	I fill with heavy	<i>After Zoe Leonard's</i>
-	things.	<i>"Tree + Fence" series</i>

As We Dance to “Anna Wintour” by Azealia Banks at the so-called “Lesbian and Trans” LGBT Event, All the Trans Mascs are Making Out with Cis Girls

I'm cold, I'm grown, I'm real
I twinkle and bleed
stop - no ,no
alone my own
In the morning I don't feel enough
the midnight hours I try
you show me, I believe
dreams come true for girls like
enough
I'm so
All the girls hot body, yes,
until I
Dance
the glow
these bitches look
petite,
I can't know
a side show

laurel larson-harsch

I'm I pose
The one , the one
Just take ,
this is my
trap
my bones
Bitch, I'm my sewn
the end
you show me, I believe
dreams come true for girls
so lucky
you are

God complex

A monopoly of space— a monopoly of violence—
a monopoly of anger with long black shoe—

and I— here— because of Matt Champion, because I can not
sustain the fury required to write for longer than 30
seconds—

Stanzas of slugs and slime, half a page and the gasping
starts— deliver me O lord
from allusion and repetition, the Biblical allegories that never
wring true— !

I am an ideologist in a new dress, pastel pansy, color of old
milk:

Image and vision, sound and fury, escaped, a wait, the
waiting to feel solid

Or stolid as old rock, the voice that is yours or his— only
then— only through—

And here— making sense— is it delivered— have we
come through thick and thin and arrived at sane—

Were you violent or was I were you aggressive or was I were
you angry or was I was the stank of smoke too grey, too
reminiscent of rats— was it really just “because of,” and was i
trans enough with dick chopped off, cock splayed and feasted
and no more commas none at all:

All I knew is the noise was ever present and I wished you could
feast on my ear oh I wish—

willow hour

This—
Your mother—
Free to be—

Stopped.

(i was incapable of stopping
i was incapable of being
only wish of God among men
God among mxn
God among the trannies and a long black shoe
God in steals and schemes
God— so desperate for that phrase, elusive,
makes the tears leak out
and God— so desperate—
so scared to be—)

And so i have been eating air recently, air with cereal and air
on toast
When i meant to be writing about how the one thing i really
missed was being in love
And maybe it all belonged to the same tradition anyways, to
that, you know
A solitary persona— which is who? You, you know but wouldnt
be so pleasant
thinking about this as the mumbling comes, the same
discursive iteration disguised
even further still here, in its very discursiveness, katie saying
have you ever even heard of academic poetry, well to me thats
nostalgic poetry thats arrogant poetry thats hubris it would be
so easy as a misanthrope pity yourself further still—

willow hour

writing only for one self now

cant be seen cant get out... So i ramble? Is that it! The point of this whole exercise! Oh please with your fucking mouth my GOD stop breathing hot air in my tear ducts my belly is expanding outward, from the loins— burned so red, wilting in shame, my favorite imagery the post ejaculate cock, have you ever seen anything so pathetic retreating so slowly, smothered in its own vomit— thank you? thank me— ! for maybe naming how awful it feels to feel hot to feel hot to feel hot to feel

stopped

fox rinne

he walked

with my wings on

her blessing

at my hip

his yearning

pressed against me

props we clip on & interchange

two dogs, leash in each
other's mouths

i touched the unattended-to prayers

inside her like a stomach full

of birds i knew her song

by its motion against my jaw

her hand gloved mine

his fingers fit inside my fingers

i lit the lamp inside our body

i liked touching the velvet of her shadow &

if i tried hard i could find the hem of her

trace her shape inside me

black pool of creation

between her legs

her cock

my cock

we pull out of each other

echo

inside out

crane current sphere

sphinx

bridge

bride

wife

how close could i be?

how close could we bear?

blank bodied

impossible bodied

reflection in wood

gill claw

gallop

salt

scorpion

need

i had to pull her hair out of my mouth

i had to pull him from my own pleasure

hands

tide

pout

i felt her like shrapnel

her arrow i followed my self she fit herself around

foaming at the edges

kissing the excess

lay down your exhaust, she said

eyelash or

feather

fertilize him

cock or

yoke

semen or

silk

bows in your hair

braided like a mare's

birth canal

blood oath

pregnant with each other

open where he/you/I opens

how many limbs again

birdbath

burgeoning

lemon tree

hearthstone

fox rinne

headfast wax-winged
happening hedon

a nipple pinched shining
oil crowd of faces
above me what arched towards, slipped out
into my mouth

horns halos dowsing copper

four breath
bodied smooth
your beak
s
inging
r

what moves under glove mist wing
shrinks, stays, creams, cries
widens, varies
knuckle by knuckle

it changes
the chemical nature in me
wanting & worse
wanting to have & worse
wanting to keep & worse

the fontanel

writhing worms where innards used to be
dirt and sludge trickle rush hour veins
furious
i shamle onward
body's march behind

my head is filled with fairy tales and mud
packed in tight to seal the cracks
of my skull ripped apart and dripping
bits of gray
memories discarded

haphazard crash
kneel in prayer before
a patchwork peace betrayed
broken infinite sand
mother's porcelain altar
fused reforged
glorious ritual antitransubstantiation

concealing spirit
behind the wall
the hidden place ingests
expelling
restless sleep
bad humors and
waking dreams

morgan stone

the cracked mirror
and i
a dark and soulless
staring eye –
i shut the door and hide the key once more

Lord pls integrate my yearning

so was this it, a

lifetime of struggle

..... this is what it was about—

always—

length of our

veined blood pressed against

tissue,

stippled.

how agonized i was

for this

our obstinate

funk.

i've touched it—

sacrosanct suffering.

your warmth asks

keep?

the clamminess,

full of pith

pearl lands

responds

no.

Wait...

yes.

necromancer

the resolute silence of my childhood creeps in
ear orifices I have a hand halfway inside a chicken's
carcass
I refused talk for eight years
spoke only in urgency of cling to
mother stared at the lens of
eyes with muteness prescience
things were ending revolutions
spiraling the siren of shabbos
a wail heard a cold hit
in chilled Brooklyn winter.
tapes tell how your
father wields a camera,
fixed on my five year soma
he laughs I reply
with discordant piano lips pierced shut the burn festered
coaxed in diaper rash let this speak for self-cacophony: scales,
glaze, irises,
opaque viscous balm
insolence mouthed
my father have you ever held
something and truly considered its weight?

stone him this sinner
who brings the dead to life.
my hand caresses the heart from this rimmed rectum
of cavity, these
offals of pulse brined in

pearl lands

vinegar and salt;
this viscera of
feather like
hair straight in
cheap simulacra attempt at warmth to
evade death's opaque chill you lacked
care, dismissed this
firmament of muscle

So tell me, am I aroused?