Bog-Creature Body

In theory, I told my dentist to drill my teeth — break
through each trench, submerge the tools to the deepest point
until light no longer leaks into the sockets of yellowed-ivory.
I know I paid for this, but I was hoping it would feel better

through each trench. He submerges each tool to the deepest point
only to find new monikers for my body. I’d feign surprise, but
I know I paid for this. I was hoping it might feel better
when the latest terminology bestowed upon my softness is “bog-creature,”

only, I find new monikers for my body funny. I feign surprise, but
new letters gurgle, bubble toward the surface in patterns unpredictable.
When the latest terminology bestowed upon my softness is “bog-creature,”
I seek the origin of its language in my pores, in the luminous stripes of

new letters. Each one gurgles, bubbles the surface in patterns unpredictably
delicious, wet and muddy, too soft to support a heavy body like mine, and yet
I see the origin of its language rising between the pores, luminous stripes of
a fictional or imaginary being, typically a frightening one marking my
delicious hips — wet, muddied, the too-soft supporting my heavy body, and yet
I’m living for it. This unearthed insult a freshly claimed designation, not
fictional or imaginary. Though I do, on occasion, frighten others. Mark me
off your list of mythical creatures, as I have been sighted and named.

In theory, I told my dentist to drill my teeth — he also broke skin.

* definitions of “bog” and “creature” pulled from Google’s definition responses
trans poetica

signs you might be trans:

you only ever got in your dad’s pool wearing a baggy tshirt and his old red swim trunks, drawstrings tied as tight as possible

you told Professor Rowan you were a boy in *Pokémon Pearl* in 2007

your period serves two purposes: progressing the plot\(^1\), and reminding you of what you’ll never always have

you’re unrecognizable in high school without either your new Modern Baseball hoodie or your yellow cardigan, the one that matches your dad’s, layered over a slew of band tees stolen from your brother

you wish you were trans, you think you might be trans, you’re sure everyone wants to be trans\(^2\)

you choose the character with short black hair\(^3\) in *Pokémon Shining Pearl* in 2021

you don’t feel it when part of you\(^4\) gets caught in zippers or sticks out of your new and itchy boxers

you burst into tears unpacking boxes at 2am when your partner gifts you their old copy of *The Dangerous Book for Boys*

you love to hear the story of how your parents did not want to know your sex before your birth, the way your brother wanted you to be a boy and your sister wanted you to be a girl, the way your brother cried and cried when your parents brought you home in pink to a decidedly gender neutral Noah’s Ark themed nursery, the way everyone eventually got what they wanted\(^5\)

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\(^1\) whose plot? who knows
\(^2\) everyone does not want this
\(^3\) relief! the rerelease removed the gender question
\(^4\) you type/delete/retype any and every line about your literal body, ultimately deleting the word dick every time
\(^5\) just not in the way they wanted
signs your dad might know you’re trans:

he comes home from work and tells you about an employee who’s a woman now\(^6\)

he seems to recruit your stepmom to help you *fit in* more at your new school,\(^7\) chunky blue eyeshadow pencils and American Eagle hand-me-downs populating your room

he gets drunk and describes\(^8\) the supposed brutality of gender confirming surgeries

he makes sure you know the Church’s standing on queerness, makes sure you know you can have whatever thoughts and urges you want so long as you don’t act on it

you don’t act on it until his funeral

\(^6\) in less kind terms  
\(^7\) you never get it *white* right  
\(^8\) in more sensationalized terms
tres(passing)

each day is trespass, the horizon

an electric fence flickering threat.

each day scattered buckshot, a split mouth

knit closed with respectable salutation.

you must pass as someone who comes from the dirt,

or else get buried underneath the dirt.

i decide to stay another year,

to carve a home, to hum the trans body

into a song that belongs here.
T Shot #6: a parallel universe

if i were boy
is not a phrase I yell only when Beyoncé sings it.
I think heavily on the day the nurse instead said
it's a boy

while my mother was dizzy with ache & nurses
took her away from it. I’d be

a strapping young fella. One with a father
giving me sturdy wisdom. I’d be given the talk about hoes
but be into boys with medium-ugly faces, blues

running through my veins like guitar strings kissing
black fingers. Tall in my heart, this thought’s taken up
so much space. As I stare into the dark I picture me,

swinging from Virgo temptation, laughing
haughty at mortal beings for thinking
anything non-man of me. If I see

different-gender KB in a walmart,
just looking for Imodium for a mundane ache,
I would wear that sucker out with the backside
his mama gave him for used headspace

on a world I had to will here
with secrets & stinging surprise

injected in a different thigh
every wednesday at 5pm
If I were a boy
I would know how to pretend better