

autobiography
of my gender

id and sacred parts still in
ng these parts everlasting

j/j hastain

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I have never felt like a woman

I have never felt like a man

Prelude

My gender is not social because it does not come from nor perpetuate polarist categorization. My gender is not an animal because it does not feed off of nor copulate with elements or forms from/ of earth.

My gender is an autonomous animate that is infinitely desperate. My gender is silk-shots subtly being sunken in motile lakes--the stringcourses and strands that are implanted in order to later be intuited—to be found as another desperate animate's fecund.

“we are twinned totemic victual”
-Tod Thilleman

this is an anti-memoir of pleasures
of palpables

a sound rebellion

this is an effort to speak
truths
that have never been speakable

this is no longer realism
this is no longer disembodied

this is effecting
a non-dogmatic tide

dear autobiography
are you even capable of
clutching this?

shredding

shedding

letting

I must be without omissions
because I am a body that has not fit
in the spaces it was given

that for so long had to be more incline
more tendency
than literal materiality

this is the record of that hurting
coming
into form
coming

undone

brutally

boldly

blatantly

beautifully

this is how I commit to
transmography and torque

this is an account of
beckoning
a more-than both

that is
fossa that is
oracle
that is phenomenologist

sonorous proof
that there are elementals
which must be turned tuned
lifted and dilated

into another type of term
into another type of time

something about sopping and foreshadowing

something with the sprit of aphotc lace

filling the aching uvula
with cyborg throats and values
with ways to continue
to assess
what is authentic and thereby what must be
emphasized

a motion
of building
with the ether as its end

because the ether
is the only truly
endless

a pressing gritty
animal
all guttural

being firmly placed over
what was ever known
as exteriorly silenced data

this is audacity
and movement naming itself
oh caesura

or an unending appetite
in need of
sumptuous apples
rubbing against one another
to make skin
more mysterious

this is alveolar water
wherein hard
succulences can carry on
amidst
their capacity to
brew

whether or not it is visible to every eye
there is still a cage

and this is the effort to replace that cage
with sweet quaking
content

because as an elemental that is always
coming true
by asymptote
rather than by history or script

because of the feeling-based differences
between the pressures and expectations
pertaining to
inheritance
and pertaining to
fierce inhabitation

I have never felt like a woman

I have never felt like a man

this is an account of the capillaries
as they are imbued
altered

because there are rogue parts of the moon
rogue parts
that I have always identified with

propagating
recuperating

then necessarily
expressing each shock
each talon

something simply
complex

beaded
breaded
bearded
a shaved head on a body born
from
undulation

I find that I had to implant a gap
and in doing so
was forced to sense myself
as inherently disparate

therefore now
skimming each
cut

in order to name current correlations to
home

as the minerals and supernumerary
summations
unfurl

and my genitals
twinge
like never before explained or
acknowledged
initials

for an eventual immortal
empowered
womb

from an unceasing edge
to a dripping middle

all via a virtuous
commitment to
commotions of montage

always striving for
more
myriad

this
is the eroticized quantum

this is 'we are enjoined
ignited by the pulsating view of pulsars'
so this is how we join
as figure

kisses like being cemented
against cranes
or some inherent caramelized
doula

your body
my only holding
a sole prominent
god

your body
which is a receptive
redeemer

all for sentiments of the merged
conglomerate

which is a new type of heart

I want to be perpetually received
as amatory force

as a gorgeous burgeoning
activation of poises

this for a revolution
of human corpuscle

this for freeing any body that has ever been
limited
by form or structure
by binary or exteriority

I am saying there are covenants that
dye
the alcove walls into transparencies

which is another way to hail
the validity of our genuine

which is another way to reach
for a future that can hold

all of us
being our
incandescent alls

oh polysemy and plentiful

I have never felt like a woman

I have never felt like a man

the bursas are still covered
in amniotic fluid

‘I want you to break me into liberated
from the inside out
I want your weight on me as an alternate
to briefness or barren-ness
I want you to fuck me until this earth’s sun
disappears
and multitudinous moons emerge to hold
what was once its place’

there are definitely specific words
that act as viscous adage

these scenes of dominion and dome
the stiff
consonants in your mouth as you speak to
me
peaking me into curved
allures

everything in relation to your gorgeous
slanted
cock
how it rests against me
mulling

that here there is no binary gender
here there is a sure
clout
that can not be argued

you reach between my legs
then
so much compulsory admittance
cleansing me while adding to me
as entire

I will recite here
that we are a lissome

that we are a ledger that ripens and matures
as it persists

by establishing neoteric levers
and newnesses designed to be pulled

like harvesting
pools
I can feel
the new heart
that is also a type of deified genital

because of your severe directionality
because of your body as my definite
proximity

so this is what the body is capable of

yes

this is what the body is for

cellular deluge

oh these things that are shaped like an arc

being penetrated
by inexorable quills and ranges

by chant

‘shape that fulfills shape’

“we are shape that fulfills shape”

a living document
of nuit
of night-stacks and endogenous trances

we are the way a curl
advocates for itself
through unbridled
ongoing

this morning I loosened the lid
to drop a brass key into a jar of wine

I tightened the lid again
then gave it to you

 tremors in the face each
time our pact elongates

 this is what is required in order
to crush the emotional

 into a contemporary pelvis

 into a new way to fuck

our images pass like poultice

croons
or already chewed prayers

and this portico
that we are both
so woven into
on account of our own volition
shudders us
fresh

the wine is burning

and this deity is
manifold encounters
with diverse densities

what is located where
matters

welding wilds

perhaps a lilac but more

violently

this testimonial tallow

reigning embryonic

to unthread us

somehow into
both summoned
and kept

then the variable house
becoming more viable

the smell of smolder
or personal

tolling as a way to open

the nodes into rhythmic

resurrections

history is a misperceiving _____

and futures by way of vow
are pungent

are entrenching us

having once been the bell

having once been the irreconcilable
auditory
visage

now tendons
post
slant

a venerate verb
puncturing

we are
there are

pockets
to provoke estuary

as the crimson schism fills

with ash

ingot and argot

as a contour eats a cavernous

muddled in and meddling

myrrh to re all myth

for so long before you

like digging up
cement
cherries

forced invention
in order to touch anything
remotely

eden

but now together
only together

our ascensions and equilibriums
tracking

there are both strings and slips

there are linens soaked in blood

replacing limit
with heaps

or a rotund ablative
arabesque

alternating and altering
centers

and where are our other centers?

I have never felt like a woman

I have never felt like a man

gripping breadth

I love the hot
hinge
after so deeply
flung into
sucking
you off

removing lids and hoods

tasting the demand

our clinging forms captivate
turning so much
into pink

our material never freezes

oh kink and link

into christening

the ink that emits from between

adding liquids
for defenestration

how relieving it is
that it is not possible to murder

juice

or shared cum

perfect pitch
persistences

aureoles
ensnared
I am your glass
bottomed

magnetism

this is a way of saying
'I exclaim you as my amen'

nerving the preternatural
as we lure

majestic poises

which allow
tender occults and rising

to rinse like this

in any of many
conspicuously un-rooted
orbs or origins

are there different biologies to reversing
grief?

the gritty cornea

perhaps not the difference between
but the relationship to

soft coring

scoring
the topsoil until it discloses yet another

hurling forage

spring
is so full of both delicate and deliberate
flowers and floral
identities

I love
the ones that can not help but boom
room for their futures

to identify as very much
a convexing
below

less about who is in what

and more moor the enlivening

based in both nurture and fractal

for me it is not a boy

for me it is not a girl given

but in

presences

of plume

and never without

tactile

these are the carnage sects

to take away a thing to put another thing in
its place
can also
make you
the more
you had imagined
if its removal
somehow divulges you additionally

sung

singing

lobbed

at times a bruise was an indication

at times it was a map of press-migrations

mitigating

and a record of the
traversing

of cross
and its infinite
chivalries

when they are not being held into form
can particles be abused? bruised?

a poem is a feeling

consignment

to go places that make us bleat
weep

a hybrid orchid
is a tribe
is a constancy

constituency

an udder being slit

a stretched

haiku

'encroach me'

to truly believe

where particles ripen and decay
on radars of consciousness

here
meaning and data are limitless
because
they are coaxed
rather than shoved
into pre-determined
modes

spiraling with mouth-less

dialects that are intended to have mouths
of augur and plentitude
formed for them

angling cadenzas
into positional-angels
I identify
as satchel a bucket

a wet and then wetter
concave

thus
this study of how to prolong
as ferocious and flagrant

hatching vortices

oh animus ledger
oh vehement pace
placing

its concern with inviolable tapestries
the profiles within

so much shifting

amniotic mastication

light as color
as feasting

we admit that time away from one another's
bodies
is a type of fasting
that we ultimately need
to recover
from

there is a type of plankton
that is illuminated
when contact is made

to turn the vista
open

because there is no longer such thing
as an ordinary
berth

like pulp driven more scarlet
somehow

chromatophoric

phonic

convincing

motivating grip and amulets

like

was there ever a prelude
to gash?

and are we now an origin to
alternates to
gash?

oh contemporaneous

corpulent me remind

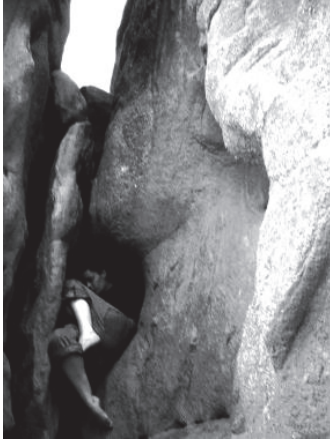
avid :: bodement

columbarium

then confession

yes
this

is how a lumen-hymen is made



Bio:

j/j hastain is currently living and writing in Colorado, USA. j/j is the author of the three full-length books asymptotic lover // thermodynamic vents (BlazeVox Books), our bodies as beauty inducers (Rebel Satori Press), and we in my Trans (JMS Books

LLC) as well as chapbooks how nerve-yen became the new yew tree (erbacce-press UK), .compile. (Livestock Editions), cock-burn (Cy Press), newest bountiful verb (ypolita), and the let me letters (Pudding House Publications). A new chapbook collaboration with poet-artist Marthe Reed, is forthcoming from Dusie 5. j/j's writing has appeared in numerous journals including MiPoesias and Fact-Simile with featured essays in Sextures (E-journal for Sexualities, Cultures and Politics). j/j is an elective affinities participant, a member of Dusie kollektiv and a regular contributor to Sous Les Pavés. j/j's manuscript Let was a finalist in the 2010 Kelsey St. and Ahsahta book competitions. In the near future j/j has new full-length, cross-genre collections coming out with various exciting presses. In 2011 j/j's book our bodies as beauty inducers will be nominated for the Lambda Literary Award and Publishing Triangle.

Books/E-Books Available from Moria Books

- Jordan Stempleman's *Their Fields* (2005)
Donna Kuhn's *Not Having an Idea* (2005)
Eileen R. Tabios's *Post Bling Bling* (2005)
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Gautam Verma's *The Opacity Of Frosted Glass* (2011)
rob mclennan's *Kate Street* (2011)
Garin Cycholl's *The Bonegatherer* (2011)
j/j hastain's *autobiography of my gender* (2011)

The e-books/books can be found at
<http://www.moriapoetry.com>.

POETRY

j/j hastain's *autobiography of my gender* is a sensuous polyphonic rush, a proliferation of language gushing forth from flowering orifices. This intense lyrical exegesis of the body expresses radical openness and becoming. Here, the recombinant or neoteric somatic conditions of the body ripple, ripen and ravish. How to presence a body that won't be straight jacketed by semantic (social) restrictions, here's powerfully how. Each inscription is a charged gateway, a "manifold encounter with diverse densities". Meanings are festooned with synesthetic affect "this is how I commit to transmography and torque." I feel enlivened and sustained by these vital invigorations. This book compels in the deepest possible sense of what it means to be human-animal.

—Brenda Iijima

j/j hastain's work is both a challenge and an invitation: it challenges our placid acceptance of socially predetermined identities, our willingness to lie in the hungry maw of control, while inviting us to *Awake!* to our 'autonomous animate that is infinitely desperate.' It is this brushing of invitation against challenge that infuses *autobiography of my gender* with the breath of radical activism. This book knows the body as an expansive experience, an infinite expression that, when acknowledged and cultivated, becomes a beautiful systems disruption. Yet it also knows language as an expansive presence with its own gravitational pull, a presence that j/j hastain treats with urgency and care through the course of these poems, and in so doing directs disparate bodies into orbits of mutually liberating intimacy.

—Micah Robbins

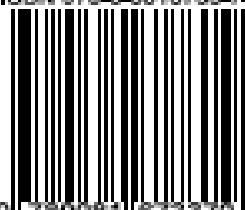
dear autobiography/ are you even capable of clutching this? asks j/j hastain in the unflinchingly brave and honest work *autobiography of my gender* in which hastain asks the reader to travel through a self-examination that challenges both embodied cultural constructions and the poet's own material body, sexuality and sense of self. hastain writes of "a body born from undulation," taking us quite remarkably through the wave, ripple, and movement from which we were all born—our bodies unstable, our names shifting like a current without us always noticing. these poems are a queer gift to the queer world, a mutable diction in a sea of fragile, illusory certainty.

—Stacey Waite

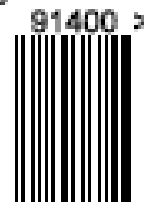
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