



Janelle Fine

Mornings & Other Poems

↵Mornings↵

My leftover body

is just a hole for you

to push your insecurities into.

Cum while,

I've forgotten

how to.

My body is

not a place

of pleasant dreams,

don't wrap yourself in my skin.

I wish I could tell you

how many times I've cried,

squishing deeper into your pillow.

I always want to stop breathing just as you flush-colors,

crumpling under the weight of hard cock and heavy.

You pushed so hard the bed sheets caved inwards.

I didn't want to eat you-bitter.

I didn't want to wet-red.

I didn't want everything.

I didn't want- You

There should have been music-

to cut the silence

but I still don't know how to scream.

↳ **You:** ↳

I understand:

The reality of broken.

How to put lipstick on.

Damage.

I came here to:

Undress.

Find...

Hold your tongue .

Pull you under.

Find...

silence.

I want to:

Stop singing.

Put into your pocket.

Dance Ballet.

I become:

your bed sheets and after pillows.

I wait for:

Space.

Flowers to die.

Your phone calls.

I remember:

Your fingers

My thoughts.

Outer images.

Breakfast together-2 eggs.

I don't know:

Where they've left you.

Blue.

Particles of Matter.

Your brain Waves.

Your spleen.

I ask to:

Be taken.

Wake up on my side of the bed.

I take:

Oranges from the refrigerator.

Extra time.

Two showers a day.

I crave:

Two shadows.

The space beneath you

and the wall.

I woke up to:

Sweat.

All over covers.

Feeling like we.

I also:

Bought a red toothbrush.

I became:

Pieces.

Waterlogged.

Extra time.

You washed me down the sink.

↳ If I ↵

If I held her, everything would be ok. If I read enough books and watched enough documentaries and googled it enough times, I could say look I understand what there is to know about being your partner about dealing with trans issues.

I rattled off every gender neutral and third gender pronoun I knew and said that in college I was sleeping with someone who identified on the inside as a girl and had long hair and I helped them put make up on and we still did it in the bedroom. They just used their penis like a strap on, something that wasn't inherently apart of them but a tool they used when we slept together on their floor.

I just assumed that no matter what was down there, as my girlfriend it would always be her pussy. If I referred to her penis as her pussy than I could make love to her. That she would want me to touch her down there that somehow language would solve our intimacy.

I read on the internet about body dysphoria: the feelings of looking down at one's own body in shame at a body that doesn't match the right gender. Being born a girl who happens to have been born with a penis. I thought it would suddenly be ok if I called it a pussy

and I waited patiently to take her clothes off.

If I went slowly showed her how magical every part of her body was

reminded her of all my insecurities, that she would sleep in the same bed as me without clothes on and take showers together. That things wouldn't be coming to an end.

↪The Particularities↪

Sleep

dreamless I

Walk

don't remember

between rooms

my body

pulls

the entire weight of bed

Shower

water never spoke to me

these soft lullabies

Cold Pizza

for breakfast

lingers unanswered

when the crust gets soggy

things are coming to an end

you laugh

Brush

teeth

hair

hate mint

hate knots

want to be bald

all my hair should fall

into the toilet

become a new person

Sleep

will I always wake up on the wrong side

of the bed

because I sleep in corners

do I expect

↳ Slip ↲

Bodies remember reality

and illusions,

always wanting,

wanting to be worn just right,

wanting other bodies.

Some bodies know and some don't.

When a body isn't wanted,

it becomes luggage at a train station.

It could have become

not left and forgotten.

Author Bio

Janelle Fine is pursuing an MFA in poetry from The Jack Kerouac School at Naropa University. She has been published as Moon Tide Press's December Poet of the Month. She has also been published in Verbal Eyze's *Springing Through Halls of Marble*, Crack The Spine's online and in print publication, LesbianInspiredPoetry's 2013 Winter Issue, Bombay Gin's online website and has work in the forthcoming Great American Poetry Show.

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