

Poems by j/j hastain

how you really do move gently in

a libido of

splay

you fuck me  
and we chant  
a new spectrum  
through sputum

a commitment  
to constantly renovate  
chasm

into resonate

oh slip your body into mine  
like

sucking form  
through a fidelity  
of wine

tending atoms  
as they are becoming  
alphas

we must make an ulterior body  
outside of the given body  
so that in reaching (which is form) for that ulterior  
we make bridges between what we were given  
and our future authenticities

that these ulterior genders  
are pronouns for  
our factions

ephemeral monks performing

their consent  
their constancy  
in a monastery

so they are not distracted  
by exterior pedagogies

sweet monks bringing  
curvy  
curry covered apples  
to mouth

taking bites

feels smeared

an interactive  
differentiation

a moment of sensing

a post-binary scene

the many ways to gauge  
a cyborg's desire

aims an image toward

tendriling hirsutes  
that keep growing and growing  
into an ephemeral  
groin

the fluency of the orgasms

wherein our hands are sexual organs

wherein floral alchemies  
or dermis moods

wherein probing            as agents of pleasure

“so organic”

which is to say

slippage and creases  
filling with cream

these hard presences of your desire

tongue            yen and pearly

an extrasensory  
sensation

which is to say an always applicable  
psychic name

the image of enjoin  
appears here as a thick rouge rod

slowly it oscillates and turns  
jolting

from thighs to throat  
the trees

then flaming bushels

I obey when you tell me to get on my hands and knees

to grow fire into growl

you pummel me  
by way of a fierceness

by way of significant  
frenzy



'let me forever keep this color'

which is opera

this is rapeseed  
dripping  
and also being milled

where everything red can become green

a melody

like dervish  
coming

but in its most vigorous release  
emits unforeseen  
powder