



## CONSTITUTING MAYHEM (DEREALIZED IN THE CVS)

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*Note: Phrases in small caps reference ostensible “etiologies” & “meanings” of transsexualism according to twentieth century doctors. Text in italics are words written from trans patients to Harry Benjamin and other trans doctors.*

*The attorney general’s office has ruled against the [gender confirmation surgery] as constituting mayhem.*

*—letter from trans patient Van B. Baird to Harry Benjamin, 19 May 1949*

### AN ELABORATION OF A WISH TO BE REBORN

for the record	iwe are recorded
first as	records stats
born as proof	care is industrious
desperate	in golden light
myour longing	limns back to the first
star myour sorrows	evolving like
elephants	born wo tusks
iwe looks	out the window:
vultures	plastic cutlery
brutal	stone
one ashen shoe	(laceless)

### AN ATTEMPT TO SOLVE ANOTHER PROBLEM

evolutionarily speaking	iwe are land
pawpaw iwe cannot	bear the grocery shelf
life shrunken	to plastics
the body	frozen in its grave
inability to	un/be/come
human	<i>resoil meus</i>
iwe shrill	in the moon-violet

night this  
to the congregation  
of the next  
to haul  
twist myour  
thru the portal

a call  
of monsters  
oaked earth  
meus away  
itchy legs  
of decomposition

VARIABLE IN TERMS OF INTENSITY AND DURATION

december'd worms  
small bowls  
inky sky  
the doctors  
a harrow  
myour body  
the desire to  
meus  
remembering  
objects  
sacked  
thru the

crusted into c's  
of light  
a hauntology  
call  
ing that ings  
into lack  
govern  
epigenetic  
sovereigning  
of light  
a hand stabbed  
godeye goodbye

OFTEN PRECIPITATED BY OBJECT LOSS

*doctor please help me  
been compelled to go  
or have withdrawn  
door room  
all i know  
i have a right  
i feel i am  
the edge*

*i have very often in anguish  
for long walks alone  
to a closed  
to weep in misery  
dr is that i feel  
on this earth  
slipping over  
of something*

OFTEN AMELIORATED BY THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A NEW  
RELATIONSHIP

mayhem  
a seed  
the

is  
from  
futures

iwe  
remembering  
mayhem  
in the  
line  
masters  
bye say

are  
summoning  
is rupture  
time  
of  
iwe say good  
hello god

OFTEN FOUND IN INDIVIDUALS WITH INTENSE FEARS OF  
CLOSENESS

iwe fear  
ing-ing  
of the  
a man  
word  
is a  
the godeyed  
in wonder  
at the tilting  
emptied  
w black  
is much  
a sign

the closing  
the enclosure  
category  
is a  
a wo/man  
syllable  
bear is  
gazing up  
collapse of  
maples filled  
crows such & such  
as much  
(a bless)

IDEALLY INITIALLY DEALT WITH IN PSYCHOTHERAPY

ideally  
idyllic  
back into  
of ante-  
existence  
this  
furrowed  
tender  
of  
give  
give  
rest  
tender  
w/rest

idolatry rots  
plugged  
the sockets  
bodied  
exits  
forlorn  
brow  
mess  
for  
ness  
ing  
the ings  
the nest  
the tender



## God WiFi Earth Ong (Nonbinary)

After the collapse: many deities being born, sacks of forever garble ong, signifying-clobber ong, dented rainbow ong echoing, ellipsising round the Earth ong, merry-go rounder ponies ong, frozen in time: the demeted ice cream truck ong circling the whiteness ong. *On god, on god.*

Unicorns: the discarded phalluses of history  
's most deplorable men elmer-glued on two dogs  
in a donkey costume: hee-haw ong. Google Doctor  
attempts to normalize the grammars. To make your self  
useful, to get the most out of your life, you must  
accept this as the best of all possible worlds. Refuse ong  
my self skitters like skinks away from the rocky sanctuaries:  
the human: inging the orbit of distant moons, thrummy  
with endless lapping: canoe paddle ong: laps and laps,  
marathon longing: onging. Trace your life in circles over and over  
itself, looping a cartography through which you can  
count your Earth-purpose. Tombstone: my skull.

Lightning: pierce ong, purple highlighter: stingers  
singing: ing ing ing—ism. Lightningism. Could many.  
Could for ever. After rain w/holes us—the many deity,  
too deceased: collapsing, unsummoned, just some regular  
ass guys just guying regular ass ong. Unblinking: ong ong ong—  
ism. The human brain: technology. My iGraine ong. So too:  
the sumac's blushed cheeks: technology ong. Too the exploded rose,  
ooing a fresh dilapidation: algo-rhythmed ong. **APPLAUSE**  
light ong. Ing the handclap. Admire the usefulness of all life:  
utility ong. (F)utility longs to slip out of its fuckmask. To not be  
useful, to not have use, to not be used: horror ong. Too the  
sinister-grinning, the leftover nadda, too the nowhere,  
nohow. The unsung longing, sing: the collapsing song:  
the onging onging onging. Sing too: ism. Let gone—  
river ong: dented rainbowing, sky genuflector ong:

Collapsing puddle ong. Every cup: a boat onging: water bearer carrier. Carry ong. Every cupping of hand, every body a boat: of water ong. Waterism. This planet, one sewer, one weeping blessing. Undilutable ong. Too the draining of Earth's onging. Sing: the remember ong. The ong of no-longer ong. No longer onger: ism-ong. Tire, tire. Too the sky ink seeping. Too the names, etched in dirtsand gone. For gone: for gotten ong. The Earth never ceasing humming into the ong. Never distinguished. My ism ong: Earth ong. Water ong. Never stops being: everywhich: collapsing ong. The unsummed gotten: more onging—too the surviveism, the godwifi ong: long forgetting deity onging: instant egg connection. Mycelium semaphore ism-er. Another day, another three million chickens opening mucus-y eyes: sense making ong. Makingism. Metastasizing messages to the motherboard ong, onging the inking whomer. Too the collapsing: too the smiling, ordinary, always, must. Have a nice nice ong. Enjoy your basking ism: inging: inging: inging. Sing ism-ong: for ever ong: for Earth ong.

# Ancient Wind, Empty Skyscraper, Golden Bear (Nonbinary)

In myour earth, the sheep graze  
like clouds. Waters riven of belonging, mwe anti-  
denote ownership. Yes: iwe ships  
our own un-selves, dad. [D(e)ad / d(e)ad]. Iwe big  
energy now. Iwe, para-signified.  
Iwe a 'twenty-first century' colonial 'body' grafted  
from onto-eschatological night terrors: like, severed  
limb at best, like, iwe woke up like this. \*Hair flip\* That is: desire-  
stricken in the ballpit, laced w property's  
microbiome. The chilliest  
body for the human is tbh the starlit  
humus, caressing lava-bloomed  
refusal. Or: the mutant  
dawn breathing on myour necks.  
(Lovingly.) Let meus all reach beyond  
even god's consensus—toward the eyeless  
worm carving blueprints for flight into the rotted  
corpse of fallen  
sequoias. Rinse myour hands w deathless  
water's karaoke-ing *happy birthday*  
one manymoon yet. This queer black  
cliff of ocean opens unto another earth.  
Let meus mutate thru death's puppetry  
into another lack for which iwe have no  
grammar. (Yet.) Corduroy meus into wolfen  
keening & let the golden bear of a new sun  
freckle myour frozen shoulders out of ice's enclosure.  
Not cannon fodder. Not the empty skyscraper  
screeching against heaven's wrought gate. Not the octopus donning  
take-out container. But yes: the ancient wind nylon-strumming  
the sweet gums. Yes: the endlessness of every-all's

forgotten provenances. Iwe'd like to morph meus into some/other  
/else. Some death re-lunged. So send meus  
    into the ghostblood of myour friends' gloried w/holes. Lifted  
to the raft of entanglement. Careening thru the icemelt of myour  
sacred dead.  
    Rose up myour monsters.    Mwe're 4evr a spirit-sack a  
utopic un-self built of myour friends—every single glorious demon—  
    beyond- & ante-                    human.

*Note: "Constituting Mayhem (Derealized in  
the CVS)" & "Look (Nonbinary)" were written  
as a result of researching the trans archives  
at the Kinsey Institute at Indiana University  
during a residency.*