

heresy, a trans archive project

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to live with flawed poet's eyes is to constantly look for the words that never capture the whole truth. much like the way i dress or the customs i adhere to, this is a curated presentation of an incomplete nature, and it will be up to you to decide what i'm trying to tell you. you may already be making that decision, assigning judgment to the choice of words or clichéd lack of capitalization. i encourage these judgments (but for the record lowercase writing just feels right--maybe that makes me the cliché). my responsibility of interpretation ends when i've finished staining the page with whatever is amply sour or sweet for my tastebuds. my hope is that you will take these words and make them your own, finding both our mutual ground and our footholds of difference.

that said, it would be appropriate to give some context on these poems. the overarching theme i've been grappling with is *what it means to be a heretic*. heretics take on many forms--but we are all unified in the core definition of heretic existence: defying the orthodoxy. some heretics defy actively, violently, *shamelessly*. others practice heresy simply by telling the truth about themselves. but when we exist so plainly outside of prevailing norms, no matter how active or passive, our heresy becomes inevitable; there is no denial that can wash away the wrestle, the pressure, the exhilaration of piercing the dull confines of correctness and typicality. these poems are me sitting with that heresy and reading it, just a few pages at a time. i'll share words of visibility/presentation, the governance of queer bodies, and other facets of the heretic present, past, and future.

due warning: explicit language and some reference to violences exacted upon trans folks.

my body is heresy
cicatrix of the wound you attempted to heal with another dozen rugs

i'm the mote in the dustpan with a million others
and you cough, and you cough
and i am proud

i am whoredom in your eyes
yet it is i who must buy, by and by
a basic decency

my body is a rental
because i always am in motion
at one's will, then the next
against a static backdrop
this was all i could afford

this is a specter's heirloom
that you believe me well enough to fear
but never let me float

my body is unknown
and when her kisses seeped
through vessels reach my collarbone
it bows into a question mark
asking
will you ever see me?

waking up to the technology
as fabric, as liquid, as powdered as it needs to be
sculpting a peephole physicality
i concentrate this world of hurt, joy, lust, woman
into garments and eyeshadow
as limited and miniscule as that yellow powder
spread myself like pollen to the world

those colors

why do flowers have those colors?
why do birds have those colors?
why do bugs have those colors?
you present a brazen pigment
how will it be read?

the cost of metamorphosis
requisite boxes
bandages upon eyes in their tetrachromia
shutters upon windows
such intricacy hidden

manipulate, lie
construct the cocoon
a papyrus key to split those ruthless gates
those loveless criteria

eyesores spill out of the sty
to flash their abscesses into the stained glass
blights blue and red
with delight crafted for the master's cathedral
the podium a rigid and single throne
would his majesty have the sinners stoned?
at his command, the putrid hands
cast the shackles on the pool
to confine *mercury*
clueless fuckers.

ashes couldn't clean; the blood plastered their hands
crimson against those white pillars
another heretic passed on to a fairer life
ashes left behind, as countless as the sand
still, hope remains
rebellion lives within their names.

* * *

in another life
we're safe in Eden's hands
before flames engulfed the world
and god created man
man created man,
though man calls himself god
and god can justify
our burning at the rod
look up to the heavens
as we begin to char
and know that we will glisten
as blinding as the stars
when once are souls are chainless
untainted by this strife
safe in each other's arms
in another life

hearts in heresy