

when I take my medicine

originally published in *The Short Édition Short Story Dispenser*, Mohkínstsis, 2019

anthologised in *Tap Press Read*, Loft on EIGHTH Press, Mohkínstsis, 2020

the boys pelt her with lemons

dappling yellow cheeks

at morning recess

the procedure cracked her ribs

replaced drowning lungs with

iceberg-shaped pancreases

and so instead of carbon dioxide her

pancreas-lungs breathe out insulin

in the schoolyard

note the fluttering of monarchs

within her rainbow-scarred abdomen

as she gasps for breath

turns out diabetic shock

smells like pickled duodenum

and lemonade

marriage

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for Viv

on Wednesdays we wear
snow shovels and warm coffee
revving frozen engines together

cultural touchstones and
supermarket-roasted rotisserie
make the best soup

our miraculous furnace warms
my big old nonbinary queer crush
on you

hands on the clock

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humming, xe catches thyroids
strings them up with fishing line
delicately hanging butterflies

flutter grotesquely
beside others preserved in
doxorubicin and formaldehyde

soaks into xyr fingertips
fascinating that eraser doesn't
work on skin

some day on clothes

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for Claire

in the death throes of
summer we smell clipped grass
and melted ice cream

my fingers stick
together as we ponder mononucleosis
embedded in ancestral kidneys

determination in our chin
generations of laughter in the eyes
and loooong naps

someday please
swim back across the
mountains to me