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## [Unspecified Endocrine Disorder]

Codie Hazen SUNY Geneseo

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## [Unspecified Endocrine Disorder]

means the Census Bureau pretends I do not exist—I can traverse binaries, but not borders.

Larynx clanks how raindrops fall into rusty wheelbarrows: a workzone marked forever under construction.

Her name is buried in decade-old attic dust, my mother still trips over pronouns like leftover shrapnel. Caught

in crosshairs of trauma-patient dressings that wrap my body: scars like hidden playground gossip.

They number-chart my time on Earth how many years I am postsurgery, by how many months I've barbedwire pressed my skin.

Metal is far too good a conductor: synthetic hormone-altered blood poisons reproductive organs like tetanus, a cold scalpel.

How lovers push me onto beds of nails when they ask to flick

the light on. There is a reason soil is most fertile after volcanic eruptions, gardens grow in pick-up trucks over years of abandonment.

I cannot help the victim who lives only in family photographed memories: canonized wanted posters of eternal makeshift obituaries.