CODIE HAZEN

[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 post-surgery, by how many months I’ve barbed-wire 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.