



ALAIN GINSBERG

Loathe/Love/Lathe

Nostrovia! Press

2017 © Alain Ginsberg

Alain's Website: <https://alainginsberg.com/>

Alain's Twitter: @anotherginsberg

Cover Art by Heather Danforth

Heather's Website: <https://heatherdanforth.com>

Twitter: @etherforth

Editing + Design by Christopher Morgan

Tumblr + Twitter: @AndLoHeSpoke

Printing by Bottlecap Press

All Social Media: @BottlecapPress

special thanks to CA Mullins for his expertise <3

Twitter: @NostroviaPoetry

FB: Nostrovia Press

2017 Nostrovia! Chapbook Contest

Digital Edition Release

Table of Contents

1. *after* the man in the cafe who said the jewish people
 really found out a lot of ways to fuck up a fish
2. dude at dupont
3. above average
4. the place where my mouth closes or, the focal point
 when i am most afraid of being left alone
5. what is in a name?
6. self portrait (cock)
7. my rapist speaks in two parts
8. on “shim”
9. on being fired for the first time for being trans, the author
 buys a bottle of mead for the container
10. oscar wilde teaches me to write a poem
11. love note to the giant squid, or anti-love note to
 humanity
12. in the queer utopia

***after the man in the cafe who said the jewish people
really found out a lot of ways to fuck up a fish***

And on the eighth day after an infant is born
with a penis, the ceremony of brit milah is performed
and for me my bottom surgery began.

If there is one thing I will accomplish,
it is that I started transitioning since birth and
have had the longest surgery recorded.

A man in the cafe mentions a love
for gefilte fish, describes the ways
the Jewish people have made creation
out of a world they were given,
and I understand the metaphor now.

Understand when men on the TV talk
about the smell of vagina, it is most often
done while I am drowning, breathing water,
something smells fishy.

And on the eighth day when there is no longer a dominant female
the clownfish's most dominant male will transition
and that too is how I express judaism.

My father yelling from the top of the stairs,
and me, in the basement, waist deep in creek water
swimming, looking for the next step in the torah

to split my core and flip the skin in half
to bloom in my waist, and this is one way
I have learned what schmuck means.
I am born and on the eighth day I start researching
vaginoplasty, watch videos where
there are no parts wasted, how it looks
as if a flower is blooming and the blooming flower
is cause for celebration, and my body is deposited
into the bay full of formaldehyde.
There are multiple species of fish that change gender
and it is not uncommon to think that one could be born
with a single Jewish parent.
My body swims into the world and on the eighth day
it enters the market, and my mother passes me to
the childless, to my father, and the fish monger
prepares me for a meal as seaweed grows
against my thighs.

dude at dupont

Dude at DuPont Circle says
my legs look pretty
says
they look edible
says
they look dessert
wonders why I look deserted.

But Dude at DuPont doesn't ask
why my voice keeps slipping octaves.
Shaky jazz hands
on my baby grand body.
Doesn't ask me my name,
just my age.

asks which laws we
would be breaking
asks me to live
my body an unlocked house.

Goes to catcall another woman's cat's paw
and I know my body to loud
to not be seen leaving early
my noise to heavy a concert
to end at noon.

And I get this kind of Marco Polio
silent applause
these small bombs
these grenades in my fists
when Dude at DuPont comes back
knowing me easy.

Says, people see him a kind of blues dance.
says, people see him cute
says, he knows me like

hooker shame.
Says he's a real man.
Says he's fucked a tranny before.
he, a real man,
 ends my concert for me.

My jazz goes off signature,
 my bass is free form
 my rhythm asthmatic.

Dude at DuPont asks me
 if I think his realness cute
 his Real Man cute
asks me if Other Woman would be fucking him
knows it is not her choice
 asks me for a cigarette
but doesn't realize that there is nothing of me
 that he has not already tried
 to take.
And that there is nothing beautiful,
 or cute,
 or musical,
 about my legs dessert car,
about my body, a complimentary breakfast.

above average

Me, watching you do pull ups
on the metro at 1:30am.

you, doing pull ups on the metro at 1:30am
and eyeing me, my gender dystopia matrix,
my feminine spiked shoes.

Me, wondering how many drinks you've spiked that evening.
you, being pushed face first by your friends
into the neck of a woman you do not know.

Her, neither accepting
nor denying your advances.

Me, staring daggers and yelling at myself
for not speaking them

(knowing the life expectancy of a transgender individual is
roughly a quarter of a century).

you, and your friends, staring at me,
a pack of wild cigarettes looking for something to kill tonight.
Me, hoping you don't get off on my stop.
you, getting off on my stop.

I walk home barefoot, holding
my shoes like hammers
(I have only a few years to be an above average statistic).

**the place where my mouth closes or, the focal point when
i am most afraid of being left alone**

I respond to many names / though
they are not my names / and for this
I am Liar or Coward / my first mouth knows
fear more so than its voice.

Yesterday a man I did not know / touched
my butt and my nameless / mouth answered
Server / and my voiceless throat said / Sever

and are these too my names?

These ways to address / to undress / me
this beautiful joke of a body / how to make
the customer laugh
to memorize the lines a body makes

when it is named a boy and / the seams /
of my hips swaying the tune of Girl
and how senseless my tongue feels
when I forget the name of my / saliva
or gender / and how surprising that can be /
to not know the lines of yourself at rest.
Circle / Square / Cube, where the lines meet
at the point / the space between / them
is also my name / the liminal space

where my true body lives.

I once only knew my throat's voice
on my / back / and the space between
my skin and the open wound / in my face
I knew I should not want / to sound like
a dead thing / prone / and unwilling
so my teeth named my voice / dying songs
and now my throat does / not speak
on my back, prone now / only then does the space
between "oh" and / "no" meet
and how that is my name too.

No is as much my name as it is the voice
my thighs hum in / when the man
my customer / my difference between rent
and emptiness / reaches his hand for my ass.

How this voice is so tired / of learning
its own cadence / over and over again
a second language shaped
exactly like its first.

what is in a name?

What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
And what makes a rose but petals and a stem?
Water to make it grow or water to make it die,
to drown or dehydrate is the same by any other name
and no one asks what a rose's parents would say if they
chose to be a lily or peony or hydrangea and death by any name
is still finality or the beginning of something entirely new
and I hope at my funeral no one asks if my parents meant for this
when I do not know if they even meant to make the mess
that I blossomed into, and what makes a rose but petals and a stem?
Thorns and I do so forget about violence until my blood is out
again and I am trying my best not to see myself as a heap but
what is my name except something to wear?

I am asked equally if my name is real and if my name is mine,
how stolen this body must be for me to damage it,
how must I own my name until it lives here.
Before we had language I made the definitions
spell themselves like constellations, and is this not creation?
Orion's belt of course is forgotten at home

while the galaxy pulls its denim by the belt loop
and there are and are not several more planets to see past myself
and Several by any other name could be couple
or few or paired but Several to my language has always been
seven and is this not too creation,
a blossoming of a flower,
death a flower with water, opening eyes at morning
and seeing birth by waking.

I say I had a dead name and not a grave to show for it.
I say I have a dead name and there is nothing telling it
to rest in peace although it is trying and I still feel
like I misnamed the definition of its voice when I say
the name into the universe, still know that it too is too much
for my mouth to hold and my bones to carry and I still do carry it.
I say my body was once a boy's and I'm carving it to fit my shape,
my round peg body softening the angles,
say a boy once lived here and moved out when he died,
how it was cruel to even give these conditions to someone like that,
how I am making the best of this lack of stability, no foundation.
The big dipper by any other name is Alain, or Logan,
Johanna or Joanne and I know the noise is just too loud to hear
and I say I have a dead name and no one asks how long

it has been buried but my toes are still cold and I still mistake
a dictionary for a god and know I am at best a creation myth
but a rose by any other name might smell just as sweet
and what is in a name but an idea, and what is in a body
but a voice to carry thorns and petals, a stem, and
a name by any other name would still be mine if it were to be the case.

Most poisonous flowers were only discovered to be this way
after being consumed in excess, without regard for its other names
that are my names too and my parents might not have thought about
that but what is a parent but the morning sun? Something to
start the day by breaking open the night an egg and running the
yolk through the windows and is that life or death? To break an egg
by any name is to honor life and death, to grow a field of flowers
meant to poison until the petals fall, and the stems wilt, and the pollen
has been transported, is to find my body in the soil,
and to find my name under your tongue, as you eat the seeds
that reap life, while only sowing death.
Press my name between the pages of a dictionary, and when you open
there will only be flowers.

self portrait (cock)
after Sam Rush

My cock tried to write a poem once too
named it "Self Portrait of Georgia O'Keefe On T OR,
The Birds and The Bees But Just Bees and They Are Still Endangered,"
tried to talk about the flowers and only got so far as the bees
and removed the stingers hoping to make a crown and be a queen
but it does not work that way,
tried to write about something beautiful and also deadly
and was followed home,
tried to describe the way it wears a dress
and my doctor did not get it.
My cock still doesn't wear make up to pick up
our hormones, does not know how to paint
anything and have it be Not Surreal.
Someone looked at my cock and saw a door once
hoping to find a boy inside of me but it was locked,
and my cock looked out of the windows of me and
tried to become a closet, a basement, something deep
something inner,
my cock and my belly button don't talk anymore.
She got jealous that one was an in-ee the whole time
and it was not her, how my cock worries about
sticking out, making a scene, being probable cause.

My cock feels best in your clothes, but knows
that they are still yours?

My cock is a femme but still wears a butch's clothing
to the dance, got fitted for the dress
and had to buy the suit anyways, god built
my cock a gown and she grabbed the armor
knowing how delicate it is to be a thornless rose.

My cock tried this body on over the top of the one
she wanted and said "Yes...this is it. This is how
I get to be born and also be alive." and god looks at
my cock and sees a scared child playing adult,
trying on her parents' clothing hoping to look
the part, all the way down to the burial of emotions
and god says "Honey...I would say the shoe fits but that
is too much body for you to carry, you're not gonna
fit in anywhere, all that extra space I built for you filled
up with this body...I mean baby, you know
you're gonna kill yourself if you wear that
out too long...right? You're gonna make yourself
an island made of magma, a mine collapse to fill
in a cave, a bridge of land that stops the river
from flowing into the sea, a field of flowers buried in ash."

"I know," my cock says, "I'm going to be something

so resilient not even the ocean can drown me,
I will stop the red from flowing out of me as if
I don't have rivers under my skin to soak in. Did you know
after the eruption of Mount Saint Helens, I was
the first thing to grow back and I was still a beautiful flower?
The cave of me will still be there when the mines collapse,
when the miners go home or die trying it will still be a mine,
it will still be a place full of beautiful things, what lives
inside of me will still be mine."

My cock says, she once wrote a poem,
it was titled "Selling tickets to our doctor appointments
OR, 10 things you will find inside this girl body
and still name a boy anyways OR, Entering a cave,
ending in a parade of men carrying diamonds
that they have washed with my blood."

Says she tried to perform it once,
and how her voice got lost
behind my throat.

my rapist speaks in two parts

Welcome,

this, this is a safe space

we are all queer here.

Welcome,

you can sleep on my couch

this is a safe space

we are all polyamorous queers here.

Welcome,

we have the same pronouns

they.

we are safe together

Welcome back, are you drunk

I'm a little tipsy

I'm a little horny too.

Welcome

So, are we all in

your partner said you were okay

with being hung,

drawn,

and quartered.

Welcome to my room

in the basement. There is one exit.

Landlord calls the wooden stairs a fire
hazard.

My bed is big enough for a cage match.

Welcome. Are you drunk?

I like how rough you think you can be
how rough you think you can be/
think you can be rough with me.

Welcome,

welcome,

welcome.

welcome. well. well.

well, cum.

this is a safe space.

this is a queer space.

you can sleep on my couch. we share the same

pronoun. they.

Welcome.

well, cum.

//

I split open the wound of my lips.

I mean to say mouth and hear months,

*it has almost been four years and in this way I know death,
by which I mean to say know debt.*

*Know more people who have listened
to my assault-story, the one where I don't get a name
or voice or sound or how my breath reeked of kerosene,
this voice, a gas lit oven, yes yes yes yes yes
we do so speak pilot without knowing how to drive away.
I see my rapist, a headline saying a number and a tally and
know if not by the bullet we will die by the identity.
I bookmark a mug that says "kill your local rapist"
and know I don't want to see another trans death
and what else do I have but blood on my skin.*

*In the story a trans person teaches me how to accept myself
while coercing me into their sheets, there are stains in rooms my name
has made. The trans person brings me to the queer fourth of July
and I learn to unhinge my jaw and is this not sin, a mouth
so open it speaks what you ask of it?
The solace is that a holiday about colonizing
is a reminder for my renamed body
and how I do so miss being useful.
I am raped by the mirror of myself,*

*I am folded into the dry sheets,
there are hands that look like mine that*

*have taken another road from here, one
that perpetuates the violence against each other.*

*A hawk will not eat the body of another hawk
but the hummingbird tastes just as sweet.*

*I tell a friend my rapist's name and a hawk
will not eat the body of another hawk,*

*we are willing to abuse our own
but unwilling to consume them.*

on "shim"

Shim, noun, a thin strip of metal used
to align parts, make them fit, reduce wear /
I was first aware of the word in middle school,
how there was a need for a word and no one
to tell us it was not the right word, all interest
in aligning the parts to the idea of a body, make
fit, reduce, reduce, reduce /

Shim, noun, not quite a boy, not a real
woman / example / is that human,
that he-she, that shim /
example / she is not a woman for how
she believes herself to be, that's a shim,
or, synonym, something flaming or,
synonym, combustible or, synonym,
to be laid onto a pyre or, synonym,
if you burn someone at the stake you will
gain five more minutes of warmth.

I research shim the same way I research
everything else; how long will it take
for me to die after being one?

A friend is followed by a military man,
which is to say someone who wishes for
Chelsea Manning to not pass out as
the flames lick her screaming mouth,
and the police pull my friend over,
let them be doused for how easily
the parts align / and
making a body fit into a machine
to be able to watch it leave you /

Shim, verb, wedge to fill space,
and we do so overcrowd this planet,
losing water, food, and autonomy,
and when the ocean drowns the land, whose
bones will we use to build boats of?
Whose going to fill the caskets or, synonym,

who will eat all of the bullets or, synonym,
who will we let ourselves consume when
the non-human animals perish or,
antonym,

I drift through crowds like a ghost,
I am a ghost, I am spectator or
spectre, or no one sees me in what
would not be called a campfire or
in this world the same pieces used
to align machinery will be used
to destroy it, to throw ourselves on
the cogs of that which kills,
when they see my body
burning the world, they will only
be able to call out
my name open-mouthed
and without breath.

on being fired for the first time for being trans, the author buys a bottle of mead for the container

in the short version of the story
I will say I was fired and it is sad,
will joke and laugh and say
how many arms we were up in.
fuck the boss man and his prejudice
and how unsurprising for this embrace
to find my shoulders, to be let go of
and not have to worry if it was me
or who I am and not tell the parts of the story
where I take the money slid
between the folds
of my last paycheck,
will call this blood money,
call this the time where
I collect my body back from the grave,
broke bread and shared wine
as the criminal sent to the gallows
but only after the burial,
how all of my sins are crimes
for their ability of keeping me alive
and for this we must find other ways.
how mortal I am for thinking I could work
the job and not be broken until I am broke.

in the version of the story I want
to share I will say that when
my hair is pulled back, you say that
you got a thing for working girls
and I'm comforted because I always work,
always try to find the parts of me to hide
and what to accentuate, how I don't feel
the need to hide myself anymore,
when there is a halo around the moon
it's because of a high altitude cirrus cloud,
that glow is also my gender,

and you the cloud, for this
I will pull my hair back and receive the text
from the manager whose mouthfire
changes me working-girl to just girl, maybe.
in this version I will tell people about
all of my free time and no one will laugh,
no one will talk about the hours we have sold
to eat, drink, survive and sustain each other
and how resilient we must be to eat the slaps
that feed us most, how full this stomach
has been and how red this face is for it.
in this version my coworkers don't quit
with me and instead I drink less
and learn to knit, how good I am at holding
things together, how that does not
apply to myself.

in the version of the story I don't tell
I thank the chef who saw this
body and found it unfit
for him to be lecherous toward,
how little I could be consumed
all gristle bone body sinew.
I thank the chef for being honest,
the first in a long line of aggressive men
to call the sun too bright to look at
and how much I do glow now
and how hard it is
to see me before
the storm, and
I leave.

oscar wilde teaches me to write a poem
after Linette Reeman

On November 30th, 1900
Oscar Wilde dies due to an injury
sustained while in prison.
People attribute two final phrases
to him in the wake of his passing:
"I'm dying beyond my means. I can't
even afford to die." and "My wallpaper
and I are fighting a duel to the death.
One or the other of us has got to go."

On May 16th, 1993
I am born and move into a home
without wallpaper.
No one is surprised
at how resilient I am.
When I wake the world stacks
itself against me and I grow
limbs as my pregnant mother paints
what would become my first room
and when I am old enough to crave
my first friend / the embrace of life-
lessness held against me / we return
to the walls of my grandparents and
Oscar Wilde dies again as the paper
pastes itself over the walls
of his mouth and nose.

If my body works in the same fashion
as Oscar's, then when I am hit
in the side of my face with a bat, I have
begun a long way into death too, and Oscar
held on for three years before life
beat itself out of his ear drum
and is it a wonder to be

so resilient you no longer hear
the creak of floorboards as death comes
and I wonder how loud the echo
of his friends had to scream
"I love you" into the night / wonder
if the muzzle in his head heard
"I loathe you" / wonder if he could
hear them, say it took
so long for him to die
because he wanted someone
to speak love back into him.

Did you know there is no record
of Oscar Wilde finding a job after prison
but another trans woman I know
just got fired from her job and
how unsurprising to see how similar
our lives are when
Oscar Wilde could not afford to die
and I still struggle to live.

Oscar Wilde exits prison three days
after I am born and
cannot hear me crying.

Oscar Wilde slips out
of confinement
after becoming half-deaf.

Oscar Wilde teaches me to write
a poem on being
born half-death.

Oscar Wilde enters my apartment
and asks me why we have to live
in such squalor, like the world
never promised to provide us
with any means to begin with.
He opens the door to my closet
and takes my hand and these sinuses

are so bad I cannot / smell /
the burning and in 2017
I wake and see everyone's
mouth moving but I can't
make out if they are
saying "I love you" or
"I loathe you" as
the wallpaper dries.

love note to the giant squid, or anti-love note to humanity

Giant Squid and I met at the protest and how could I not
fall into its tentacles, feel bound by a thing that can kill me
and chooses not to, so naturally I became as obsessed
with the Giant Squid as most are, each new meet-cute
or video is an adventure into similarity,
and once a Giant Squid, that same one, came to my window
and left a stack of literature on the sill
after I had decided to come out of a closet or /swim
out of a cage tied to the end of my grandfather's pier / and that
is when I learned Giant Squids are not just cryptic things,
that this message is straightforward that their politics
are just anti-humanist, hence the disappearing act.
I once watched a video of a Giant Squid
swimming next to a submarine passing out fliers
about the history of Stonewall and how the first brick
was a cryptid too, how no one believes it existed
anymore, very woo, very mandela effect.
I have seen pictures of mothman
holding the brick because he was there too.
I once came out to become more of a human
in the eyes of those who lacked the words to define this mess
of a self, and instead made more monster of these bones and once
a Giant Squid taught me how assimilation is a trap
after a bank bought out my sexuality, and a cop

marched in the riot ahead of the trans women
he would later arrest and now we drift through alleyway
like tentacles, hiding corals and bottles behind trash cans
so there is always a weapon when the people who poach come.
A Giant Squid and I are at the protest and National Geographic
takes a picture and none of the facial recognition
databases know where to place the eyes, and for this we have succeeded
at being an unnamed thing, a broken language,
how unsurprising for corporate gays to become codebreakers,
how supremacy works in a way that directly
boosts the capital of those that maintain the status quo
and how naturally white mouths co-opt pain they know
too easily how to deliver, and once
a Giant Squid taught me that fingers break like carrots,
therefor they must also be vegetables too and
humans are more likely to die from the loss of an eye
rather than the losing of it and we are such lonely things, and once
a Giant Squid named my mouth as a lonely thing too
and I realized the more anti-humanist I become, the more
I assimilate into being a cryptid and we are built of this solitude,
a body drifting in the only mass big enough to hold
all of us but only if we are willing to drown to get there.

in the queer utopia

In movies of utopic states we are convinced of two things:
regardless of anything else in the film power is necessary and
naturally sought after, and the supplication to power
is what helps utopia maintain itself.

In the queer future I am sent invitations
to an award show in which we crown
the best trans corner girl. How admirable it is
to sway hips with such a magic it keeps you alive,
to hide knife and bat in thin air
and why would we not award this. Is it not utopia
when we all have a home to get to, and get to do
what makes us fullest in the process but in the queer future
cis people aren't allowed to look at me
unless they are using everyone's correct pronouns
and in this future the graveyards get so big
and green and beautiful, we grow empty caskets in the soft earth
filled with dead names and I am only seeing articles
about the successes of trans women of color.
"Ah yes, another article about a trans-owned business"
and how unnewsworthy that will become,
how every trans-owned business is successful.
In this queer utopia I dream of there will be

a 24/hr Popeyes and no one will work and once
in the queer future a half-dead white man, which
I mean to say is that his mouth is filled with dollars
I will never taste, and his skin coppers pennies and
for this I know to not trust a thing I have to give away
before I too love it, this corpse wearing a stomach fuller
than my grief and resilience will tell me to thank him
for choosing to speak to me, and in the queer utopia
I will live in, I will be in a claw foot bubblebath sharpening knives
as his body decays on the sidewalk.

I dream for the queer future most of all that exists,
Where concern is not staying alive but living life
in a way that adds constellations, where
trees grow out of the earth and there are no borders,
there are no barriers keeping us from what we love most.
I do not think we will speak English in the queer utopia,
how will the rest die off when we still speak a language
built on the bones of children, this colonizers' tongue, despite
how it sits in a trans mouth will not sit at the table
as history will neither forgive nor forget, will
wait for an apology before hearing a voice worth listening to.
This too is part of my utopia, where the surprise of black boys
smiling hotter than the obituaries seeking their name
will be as much a brightness as ever and

will flood the timelines of the internet.

There will still be sadness in the queer utopia I dream of
though, something that swims in the skin and creeps along
the eyes of us all because so few will have made it,
which is not to say the houses will not fill and the joy will not be
an unending road, but that there will always be construction upon it,
bodies mending broken hearts and struggle and sore muscles
and this too is utopia, to fight for so long and still have a chance
to recognize what tension is carried,
and in the queer utopia I want to live in,
I will only be anxious of counting the stars,
and not of how many years we have left to live.

Acknowledgements

L'Ephemere: after the man in the cafe who said the jewish people really found out a lot of ways to fuck up a fish

Persephone's Daughters: dude at dupont

Transcendence: an earlier draft of above average

Black Napkin: the place where my mouth closes or, the focal point when i am most afraid of being left alone

What Fresh Witch Is This?: what is in a name? (opening lines borrowed from William Shakespeare)

Shabby Doll House: self portrait (cock)

Write About Now: self portrait (cock) (Video)

Queen Mob's Tea House (Queen of Pentacles): on being fired for the first time for being trans, the author buys a bottle of mead for the container & love note to the giant squid, or anti-love note to humanity

Thank you to Christopher and Jeremiah for your trust in my work and support in putting it out to the world.

Thank you to Linette Reeman, Marta Lapczynski, Erin Smith, Kirsty Hambrick, Erin Taylor, Janea Kelly, and NM Esc for undying artistic support and compassion. Without you this work would not be, plain and simple. I can always trust you to say the right things about my work, including the hard things I don't want to hear about it.

Thank you to Heather Danforth for collaborating with me with such haste and for creating a visual signifier for work I'm not entirely sure I could visualize. I'm in endless gratitude, always.

Thank you to Baltimore City, for every lesson you have taught me that I did not ask you to teach. Each member of the poetry community has shaped not only my work, but myself into being a better person.

Solidarity with victims of police brutality, and all prisoners. Solidarity with the LGBTQIA identifying communities, with communities of color and black communities, with indigenous communities. This book stands against police, capitalists, and any form of government.



Alain Ginsberg (they/them) is a writer, performer, barista, and bartender from Baltimore City, MD. They are a Taurus sun, Aries rising. Other works include “Until The Cows Come Home” published by *Elation Press* (2016), and publications with various journals, magazines, and anthologies.

*...I dream for the queer future most
of all that exists...*

Alain's work is profoundly influenced by the daunting task of humanizing and unraveling trauma, from abusive relationships to harassment by customers at their food-service job, and throughout their narrative, Alain never lies to their audience or sugarcoats the circumstance. Instead, Alain presents their truth unflinchingly, letting the audience know they've got some heavy shit to talk about, but it's our choice if we want to listen. And goddamn, I am positive y'all will want to listen.

—Linette Reeman, writer, performer

Alain Ginsberg brings to every poem a rawness that only they are capable of bringing. Exploring topics such as bodies, gender, safety, and the self (whatever the "self" is), Ginsberg provides not only understanding but an honest gentleness that is so necessary. No other book of poetry that I have had the privilege of reading does justice to the lived realities of young queer Americans in the same way *Loathe/Love/Lathe* does.

—Erin Taylor, writer, interviews for *Maudlin House*

N!P