

# Transgenderella + 3 (!) (!) (!)

(!) (!) By Kate Meyer-Currey

**WHY I LIKE IT:** Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... Meyer-[also]-Curried her favours elsewhere; I'm sorry we lost some of her poetry, she has a delightful verbosity of an embraceable, scathing nature—Perhaps with a little luck, you can find the one's she withdrew in some other publication raking preferred muck—I am a jealous man, not without scared legs-to-stand. Pity us. Alms for the Fleas—sliced, burnt milked and bilked...Here are her residual recitations—frankly these are my favourites...the rest lost in an absentia to some alternate multiverse. Evidently, we have rivals that do not share my lack of taste. Read 'em and weep, we have four-of-a-kind... In tradition with my devotion and longing-for-floggings (a confessed self-flagellation hobbyist) ...I'm off to wound my licks...just read what's left—But don't cry for me, after the onanistic-inflicted whippings, I'm off to attend to my four-acre, self-sustaining organic vegetable garden, rooted just above a quite opulent, underground fall down-and-out shelter...chock full of objects inviting contemplation and regret. To maintain poet's spacing each poem is on its own page. Please scroll down. (Font type and sizes are poet's own).

## Transgenderella

Girl can't lie. Her sisters are ugly and  
Mean as rattlesnakes. Kardashians on  
Crystal meth. Blended family? Hell no:  
Stepmom's a black-widow goldigga  
And he's her pay pig. He's just whipped  
Digging deep to keep them Goo'ped.  
But not for her reassignment surgery:  
She's the skeleton in their closet while  
Those pageant girls pout and stomp  
Down the runway of her family life.  
They think she's is locked in the  
Basement; like Orphan Annie with  
Raggedy street wear. But she's already  
Having herses; she's living her Cinderella  
Fantasy with re-runs of *Drag Race*,

The only fishy sister in her House of  
Home Alone Shark Tank: it's her  
Werk room; she's creeping into their  
Closets like a peeper; back, back,  
Back, again; mopping Spanx for tucking  
Panties, up-cycling hosiery into pert titties,  
Keeping her lovin' oven toasty with their  
Lingerie; she's sittin' pretty in their  
Victoria's Secret. Her Rosebud is in full  
Bloom, operating her back-door escort  
Business; it keeps her pocketbook  
Well-lubricated. (She's got a cream for  
That, hunty). Just biding her time, as she  
Kai-kais with her sewing-machine, making  
The magic happen: Fairy GodMaMa Ru's  
Gonna see her audition video and wave  
Her off to the Ball; 'Category Is ...Dumpster  
Diva Eleganza Extravaganza.' Jeffrey  
Bowyer-Chapman is her Fairy Prince;  
Holding her Manolo as she sashays away.  
She only plays bottom for pay; you  
Understand, but worst-case scenario,  
She's a lip-synch assassin; a super-  
Beat survivor, busting all comers until they  
Death-drop. Her Michelle Visage is a  
Snatch Game legend. A Vogue Cover shoot. So,  
When she comes for you bitches, she'll  
Stitch you up with her legendary girl-suit.  
You'll be nothing but garbage, dumped  
In the swamp, wearing one of her signature  
Trash-bag gowns.

# ADHD Autopsy

Modern-day body snatchers  
Wait to cut me down from the  
Gibbet of shame. They want to  
Get me on the slab and slice  
My skull open, to look inside  
My brain. They want to see  
The source of my difference,  
My hard-wired intransigence  
In my blood and bones. My  
Neurotransmitters that volley  
And ricochet like drive-by bullets  
But still hit home; my dopamine  
Receptors that only relax with  
Stimulant input that would induce  
Cardiac arrest in others. My addictive  
Temperament and volcanic temper  
That I have fought all my life. That  
I'm a wolf in a world of neurotypical  
Sheep. They want to know why I  
Have to speak out and cannot  
Blend In. A spell in the stocks didn't  
Work. I wore the stains like the  
Bold patterns I favour. My whole  
Life has been a parade of public  
Disfavour so why will death be  
Any different? I bear no witch's  
Mark and host no alien spawn.  
If I did, they would understand  
I was a demonically-possessed  
Supernatural aberration and they  
Could exorcise me or drown me  
In the pond. No such luck. Even  
As they slit me open and weigh  
My organs, there's nothing left  
To see of my hidden disability  
That made me stand out like a  
Sore thumb. Their fingers itch  
To sew up my lips in case I ask  
What they're doing. They close my

Eyelids with relief but I still see  
Through them. They slice my brain  
Like salami but my synapses are  
Still firing off questions. Even as  
I'm zipped into a bodybag for  
Incineration the bare bones of my  
Truth stick out to haunt them. I  
Understood myself far better than  
They did themselves. They tried to  
Kill me with ignorance, but my  
Integrity survived intact. Just  
Didn't show up on the MRI.

## **Pink champagne**

Crystallized in the roaring arteries of a greedy dragon's heart, you were cooked up to ensnare the unwary with lust for his guarded hoard; you were his spiked fangs, sown on a barren gauze bed, forged by flame into a brain-invading berserker army that cut them down, ears ringing with their clashing weapons: still battle-hungry.

**ENCRYPTED TEXT:** According to  
Blueprints, the optimum egress point  
Is under the main witness-stand. You will  
Present an insanity plea dressed as Batman:  
I will retire to the restrooms for a comfort  
Break during recess, emerging as Robin,  
In attendance to offer you emotional support.  
You will fake an epileptic fit on giving oath,  
Describing our relationship and remorse  
At abusing me. Paramedics, aka the  
Suicide Squad, will transport you to the  
Batmobile by ambulance. I will be the  
Getaway driver. Despite all my reformed  
Self-talk, it's been kinda dull without you  
Around, Mr J. You're my crazy and I'm your  
Insane. Let's turn reality into fantasy:  
Who needs meds, anyway?

**THE POET SPEAKS...** *My poems are inspired by experience and observation from life and work. In ADHD Autopsy I use body horror to examine my own condition, based on reactions to it. Pink Champagne describes my escape from the dragon's lair. Transgenderella comes from my love of 'Drag Race' and scoring 100% in an online quiz about the show's vocabulary.*

*I've always been an avid reader of poetry, fiction and non-fiction. My grandfather, Ralph Nixon Currey, was a WW2 poet and taught me to write. I have something of his formal approach in verse and adopt an observer's stance. I'm also a listener and enjoy spoken language, idiom and dialect.*

*Poetry is literally my life blood. It allows me to live other lives from different perspectives but keep my own voice. Anything I see or hear can set me off. I draft in my head or on paper, depending where I am.*

**AUTHOR BIO:** Kate Meyer-Currey was born in 1969 and moved to Devon in 1973. A varied career in frontline settings has fuelled her interest in gritty urbanism, contrasted with a rural upbringing. Her ADHD also instils a sense of 'other' in her life and writing. She currently has over forty poems in print and e journals.

including Not Very Quiet, Mono, Granfalloon and Poetica Review.

'Gloves' recently made top 100 in the UK's 'PoetryforGood' competition for healthcare workers.

Her first chapbook 'County Lines' (Dancing Girl Press) comes out later this year.