Hybrid Poem: Prey Logic (2022)

Every branch that breaks I feel my stomach churn
Jaw tight
Whole body tenses, nauseated.
Let me run till I'm free.

I could find another home
Safe. Where are we all safe?

If safety isn't a possibility in this timeline,
Then the next one.
Maybe.
        Maybe.
                Maybe
Would I be loved there? Celebrated?

Would my body feel light against
The backdrop of a brand new sky?

Heavy muscles aching with every step backward
Could they be untangled?
Can I hand you my muscles
like I hand you a tangled rope?
You’re better at it than I am,
Disentangling.

I'm trying to focus my suspicion
Touchy, jump at first sign of trouble
When will it come for me?
Elevated,
heartbeat like a shrew,
genetically adapted for dysregulation.

Suspicious,
ears perked up to every sound,
wide-eyed and observant.

Under the moon,
The night is silent.

A Circle of
Watching and waiting
waiting and watching

A white tail flashes against headlights.

A scream swallows entire families.

Narrative Essay Excerpt: Concrete & Steel vs Flesh & Bone: Queer and Trans Carceral Narratives (2012)

“Yeah? Like what?” My expression, something between a growling, lip-curling, teeth-baring dog and a cheshire-cat sneer. She was staring back at me with thinly veiled disdain. The clock, moving like blood through tar, ticked on. And on. And on. *Let it all spill.* The dam opened then. As she wielded the weight of her power over me, the flood came.

“I’ll fuckin’ bounce her ass quicker than you can blink.”

She knows threatening my girlfriend’s removal from the range would inspire more fear in me than my own. Anger turns my body into the red coals of a bonfire, ejecting their embers from the pit, threatening to spark something uncontainable. I shake. I shake in the form rage has made of me. I am desperate to find a way to cool the coals rather than risk becoming a burning building, setting my own house on fire.

She’d worked there a long, long time. Control was second nature. “I'm not homophobic, you know, I have a gay friend.”

I wanted to laugh, cry, kick her in the teeth. Flailing. Grasping for threads of my own power, power I was unable to hold on to in here. Still shaking, I stared at the floor, wanting it to open up, to swallow me in the shame of my inaction.

“Yeah,” I said as I walked away, quietly paving over my anger with the heavy guilt of submission.

For the first while on the range, that same screw would bang the butt of her flashlight against the small window of my cell. I would wake up in motion, heart in my stomach, my sweat-soaked, prison-issued tee shirt sticking to my body, forest green, like algae sticking to a rock on a river bank. My feet already planted on the cold, lacquered concrete, reptile brain, consciousness trailing behind like cooling tar.

Looking over to the small window in the thick steel door, she’d point her index and middle fingers to her eyes, then turn them to me, a self-satisfied smile carved into her face.

Autofiction Excerpt: The Worst Monsters Are Me, Are You (2025)

At my worst I'm banging my head on the porcelain coated cold tub sucked into the deep pain inside myself looking up as if deep in a pitchblack lake deep unable to resurface, swallowed deep and loving it. At my worst I've found myself with blood on my hands on my clothes on the Swiss Army pocket knife with the red handle I just used to stab a store clerk for the money in the cash register. At my worst in a jail cell wishing to be the fly I'm watching zip in and out of the cell bars at my fucking worst heartstopped laying on the floor of my house of my best friend's house maybe even the floor of your house, my first, my second, when and where is my third overdose? Is it imminent?

I can stop it, can you?

At my worst on the floor, cold in your loving arms, lips blue — oops, my bad, I tripped and fell again! You're new here, so this is all new to your ears, to your eyes, but you'll grow tired of me too, I promise. Just give it time.

I've robbed, I've fought, I've lived and died, I've OD'd and again, been to jail a number of times, none are all that pleasant. I'm an unreliable narrator at best. You'll see.

My memory likes to play tricks. Maybe it's the Little People coming to take a few things here and there, getting carried away in their pranks, ending up leaving with a whole swath of shit I needed rather than just a couple knickknacks covered in dust, keeping them for themselves. Maybe they auction them off. Maybe they're trying in their own way to protect me.

What makes us? Our worst moments? It's a boring question, but I don't care. I'm asking it because I still don't have an answer, and I can't be bothered to search my brain for a way to ask it more eloquently. No pretty poetry, no striking sentences for you. Maybe just a simple question, one you've been presented before, I'm sure: *Are we defined by our worst moments?*

Still no answer.

***

She stood there, her pale-as-my-winter-ass face in the playground at recess, her stupid white fingers pulling her eyes toward her temples in different variations, singing some song, "Chinese, Japanese….." I don't need to continue it — if you don't know it, then lucky you. She stood there singing it over and over with the versions getting weirder; I was hoping she'd slip and accidentally stab herself in her eyes. Imagined that they would just pop like the red Gushers I coveted from the white kids. Maybe I'd eat them in front of everyone, real savage-like and shit.

They laughed at me, and she laughed and wouldn't stop. Something was funny and I didn't understand what. I wasn't even sure what I was, but I was pretty sure that I

wasn't Chinese or Japanese. I didn't understand why it'd be bad if I was, but what I did learn is that I was somehow different in a way they saw as shameful, disgusting, even.

I couldn't make sense of it then, not fully. I remember feeling embarrassed, ugly. A deep sense that something was wrong with me, something unfixable. I ran away in anger.

Or maybe my friend held my arm in hers and led me away.

***

I didn't cry much as a kid, not about that kind of thing anyway. Mostly, it's anger that comes first. At that age, though I was shy, quiet, I kept my anger deep inside myself. A couple times, maybe a few, it would boil over, and I would punch a kid in the nose or something. I remember feeling powerful the first time it happened. Standing over some white kid who had just been taunting me, bullying me, standing over him feeling so big and tall and proud, now lying there on top of a snow mountain with a shocked, scared expression and a bloody nose. They never bothered me after that happened; they left me alone, too scared to push me.

If I can be tough, strong, and scary, then I can protect myself.

***

This isn't a story where you fall in love with me, I have no interest in telling that story. I'm sitting here to tell you the messy ones instead. Not messy in the *cute, kinda fun way!* that white girls sometimes like to call it after a slightly debauched summer (their "slumming it" summer). I like to think of it as a raunchier, edgier, grimier version of an *Eat, Pray, Love* moment. You can have it here right at home, in the belly of the beast. Find yourself in the fringes of a darker world — one foreign to you, but home to me. Welcome, I guess. Chug down this aperitif, this sneak peek of me, presented on a platter for your exotic palate: my worst moments.

Flash Memoir: BLEACH/December 21, 2012 (2020)

My intestines are making a last-ditch attempt at escaping my body. As if they've become little snakes inside of me, shedding their skins and eating their way out from the flesh that's trapped them, suffocating inside of me. I try talking to them, pleading with them to stay, but it's no use. They writhe and eat and snap and bite my soft tissues. I'm bleeding from the inside. I'm distracted and suddenly, in my haze, I become aware of my left wrist. The skin is stinging from where I've pressed and dragged a dull hunting knife along it in a ragged line. Maybe this is the garden of eden. The snakes are whispering diabolical nothings into my ear, forcing my hand, daring me to go deeper. *Slice an artery,* they hiss in their bloodlust, in their primeval need to corrupt. I could bleed out here. What if I die and get my own personal apocalypse on my 24th birthday?

Last night I washed down all those pills trying to off myself, then to your horror, I'm sure, grabbed the syringe and banged some bleach — which, by the way, is one of the more painful things I've ever felt. (In case you've ever thought about giving that a go, I would really advise against it.) I wake up to the world, to my life again, the following day. I say good morning to the same pain I was carrying last night, even though I can tell it hasn't slept. It never seems to.

***

Your brown face lit up, those kind-looking eyes widened, all excited-like, with that big, charismatic smile shining through. I saw parts of myself in you. You asked about my birthday; I had just finished telling you that I was born on the winter solstice. You said, "That makes you super special, you know?" You were adamant about it, wouldn't stop telling me for a while. Recounting to me over and over, calling what you named your "Indigiqueer phone tree," telling them about me and my special birthday. They all agreed I was special, too, that I needed to talk with a Knowledge Keeper. You could introduce me to someone, you'd say each time. I was so relieved, elated — I felt like I finally had a place somewhere, that my world might just open up. I didn't know yet that you were opening another wound for me to heal. You did that all the time, repeating things, a lot of undelivered promises, mostly. Like when you kept telling me you'd take me to hunt with your friend. It never happened, but it was nice to have some hope growing inside of me for once. It was as if you'd planted flowers inside me, replacing all the snakes, and look, here was spring, and they were blossoming up through the thawing ground, making the world so much more worth living in.

Sometimes when I'm feeling generous — more like a tulip than a mushy dogshit in the spring melt — I think maybe it doesn't matter that you never delivered on those specifics, cuz maybe you delivered spring flowers instead. I wonder, since our messy falling out, if you still think of me sometimes? If you still think I'm special. If what you

said to me was ever real.

At worst, I question every teaching you ever gave me. I hesitate to repeat them, but I hold on to them like precious heirloom seeds. I think about this often, contemplating the intricacies of our dynamic. Me, so desperate for connection to my culture and my people. You, a prof, who seemed at the time to hold so much knowledge — you had teachings, many of which you would share with me. I was grateful.

When I think of you now, I see you searching for that same connection. Both of us displaced in similar but different ways. I think, too, that I gave you teachings I didn't know I held. I shortchanged myself by not believing in my own power. In the beginning we had this bright and beautiful friendship. I needed it, and I think you did too. I wish now that we could have found a way to see each other, to walk through the mud we were both in without stomping down all those spring flowers.

Short Fiction Excerpt: The Weight of a Ceiling (2020)

It's not that the walls were closing in, but there was a faint and crushing sense that they were moving when nobody was looking. Moving ever so slowly, silent and unnoticeable like the growth of bones beneath skin. Unremarkable but always present, inescapable. That's the feeling of it — high alert, windows of tolerance far surpassed, ages ago, centuries ago, and that is how we've all ended up here, in this house, together. After so much time, you have a thought, and you come to realize that maybe it isn't the house at all, maybe it's you? Maybe? Yes. That would be better.

In the night, you wake up cold and hot at the same time. There was a dream, everything in it a fleeting memory now, a residual haunting. It seeps through in the sweat dripping off your body. Fear has a way of making your chest feel heavy, like an anvil — no, like a person, or something else, sitting on you, your lungs working at half capacity when you most need them at full.

As you lay there looking around the large room, choked with darkness, you search, half asleep, heart galloping into my throat, for the cause of this fear rattling incessantly against the walls and feeble doors of my mind.

I'm not alone. You see for just a second — something in the corner, but is it there? You are unable to make it out before it's gone. Even though it's not visible anymore, the floorboards creak. In that moment, you know you'll never be alone. *How horrifyingly beautiful*, you think.

The walls are papered in blue and yellow stripes, yellow like the formerly white walls of a smoker's home, coated in a decade's worth of exhaled tar and nicotine — *Yes, that atrocious shade exactly.* The walls run up and up and up to meet the ceiling, colliding with the dusty old crown molding, carved cherubic faces staring down.

And then somehow, there's jasmine — unmistakable, seductive, but you can't figure out where the scent is coming from. A clang of dishes echoes from the kitchen, diverting your attention for a moment, but then something else you can't ignore — a lingering odour just under the jasmine. *Why can't I place it?* Silence makes the air hang thick. The jasmine is cut with a putrid thing, but when you try to seek it out, to isolate that one note, it vanishes.

Why did I come here?

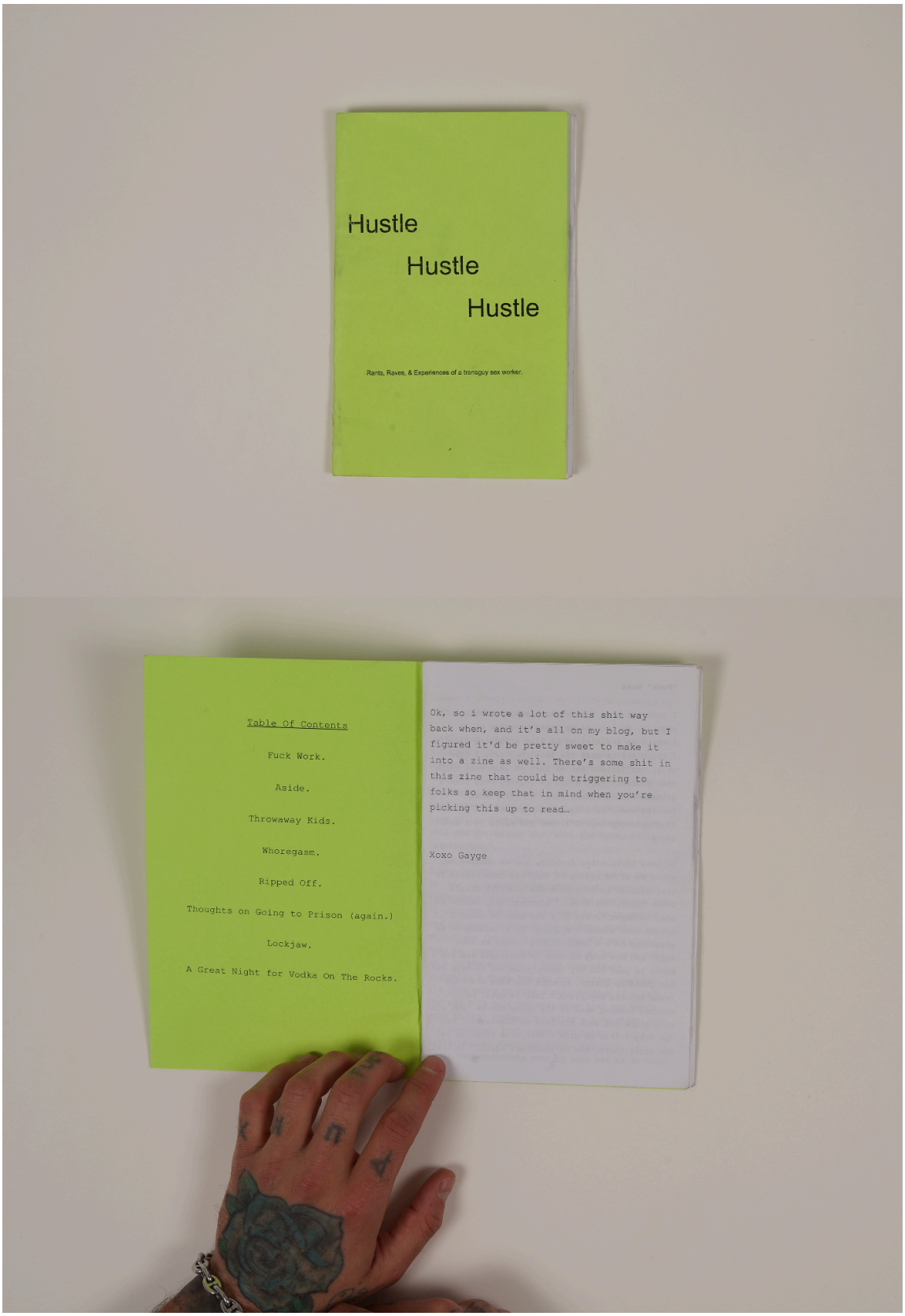
Your eyes blur and squint, you brush your hair away from your eyes, finding yourself seated in a sturdy mahogany chair at a sticky wooden table. It smells of butter, eggs, burnt toast, and breakfast sausage. The sickly jasmine scent is gone, as if you dreamt it. *Did I?*

Lost time isn't unfamiliar, it's almost unremarkable, really. In your loneliness (and subsequent bout of mania and lunacy), you had allowed yourself to be lured here, entangled in the promise of company. It feels to you now, sitting in this kitchen in the

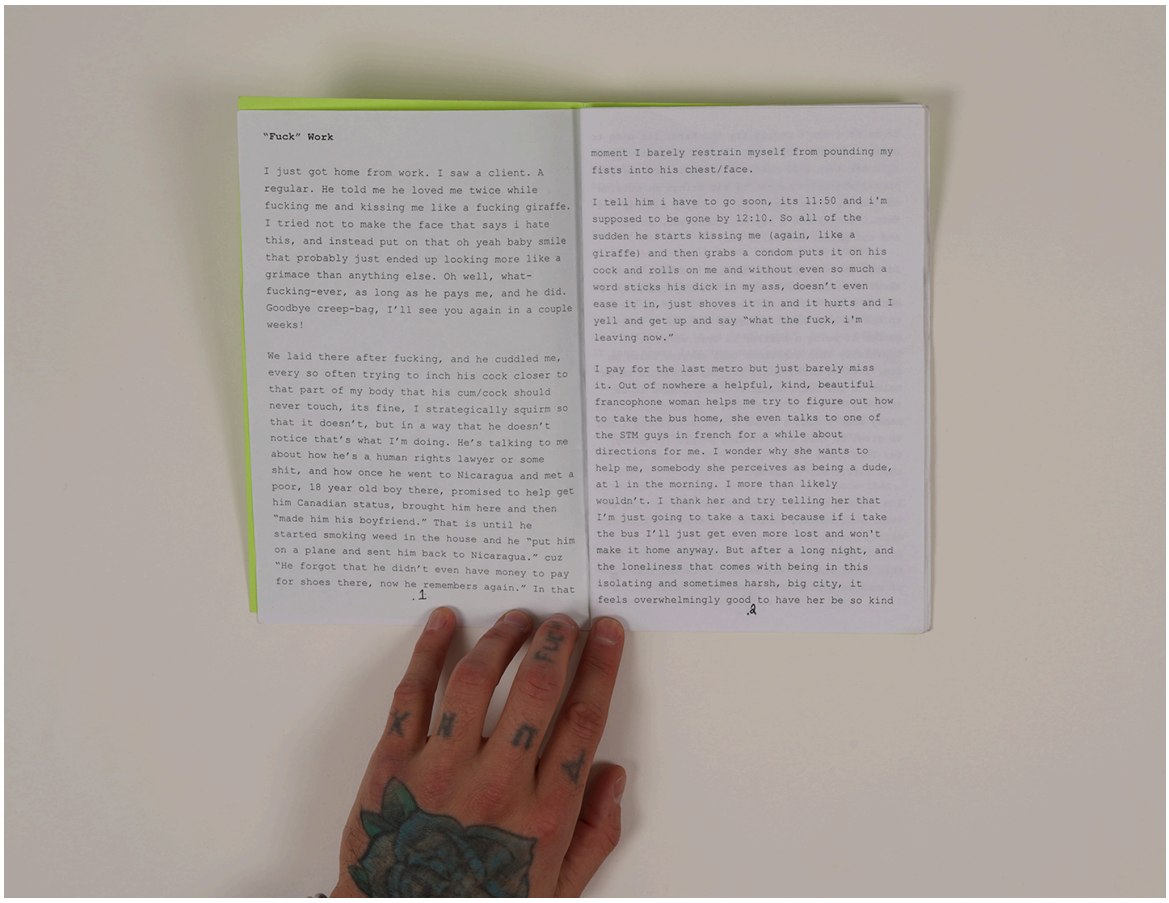
early morning light, that maybe it was more of a threat. After all, loneliness only feels heavier the more people you're around.

You, *Me?* — rolling our eyes at our own thoughts. *What a bore. What a cliché.*

Zine: Hustle Hustle Hustle (2013)



Zine Excerpt: "Fuck Work," Hustle Hustle Hustle (2013)



"Fuck" Work

I just got home from work. I saw a client. A regular. He told me he loved me twice while fucking me and kissing me like a fucking giraffe. I tried not to make the face that says i hate this, and instead put on that oh yeah baby smile that probably just ended up looking more like a grimace than anything else. Oh well, what-fucking-ever, as long as he pays me, and he did. Goodbye creep-bag, I'll see you again in a couple weeks!

We laid there after fucking, and he cuddled me, every so often trying to inch his cock closer to that part of my body that his cum/cock should never touch, its fine, I strategically squirm so that it doesn't, but in a way that he doesn't notice that's what I'm doing. He's talking to me about how he's a human rights lawyer or some shit, and how once he went to Nicaragua and met a poor, 18 year old boy there, promised to help get him Canadian status, brought him here and then "made him his boyfriend." That is until he started smoking weed in the house and he "put him on a plane and sent him back to Nicaragua." cuz "He forgot that he didn't even have money to pay for shoes there, now he remembers again." In that

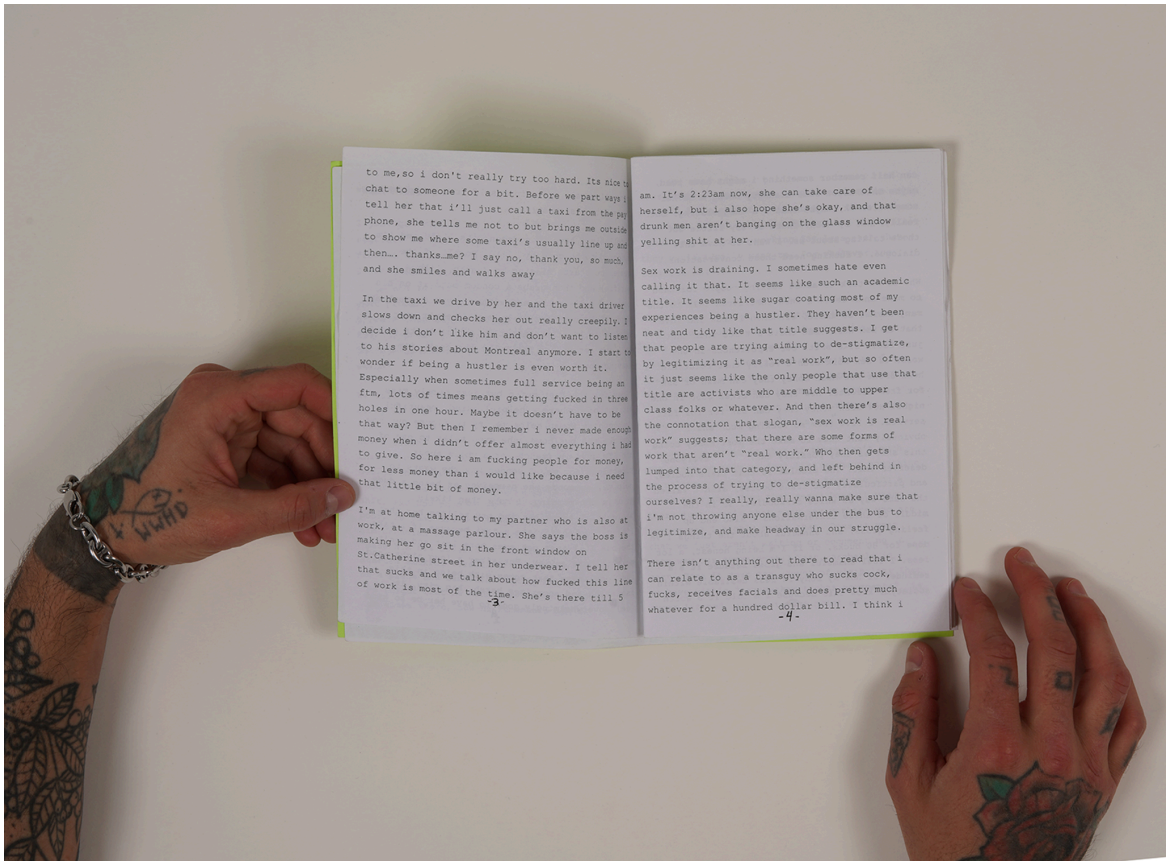
-1-

moment I barely restrain myself from pounding my fists into his chest/face.

I tell him i have to go soon, its 11:50 and i'm supposed to be gone by 12:10. So all of the sudden he starts kissing me (again, like a giraffe) and then grabs a condom puts it on his cock and rolls on me and without even so much a word sticks his dick in my ass, doesn't even ease it in, just shoves it in and it hurts and I yell and get up and say "what the fuck, i'm leaving now."

I pay for the last metro but just barely miss it. Out of nowhere a helpful, kind, beautiful francophone woman helps me try to figure out how to take the bus home, she even talks to one of the STM guys in french for a while about directions for me. I wonder why she wants to help me, somebody she perceives as being a dude, at 1 in the morning. I more than likely wouldn't. I thank her and try telling her that I'm just going to take a taxi because if i take the bus I'll just get even more lost and won't make it home anyway. But after a long night, and the loneliness that comes with being in this isolating and sometimes harsh, big city, it feels overwhelmingly good to have her be so kind

-2-



to me,so i don't really try too hard. Its nice to chat to someone for a bit. Before we part ways i tell her that i'll just call a taxi from the pay phone, she tells me not to but brings me outside to show me where some taxi's usually line up and then…. thanks…me? I say no, thank you, so much, and she smiles and walks away

In the taxi we drive by her and the taxi driver slows down and checks her out really creepily. I decide i don't like him and don't want to listen to his stories about Montreal anymore. I start to wonder if being a hustler is even worth it. Especially when sometimes full service being an ftm, lots of times means getting fucked in three holes in one hour. Maybe it doesn't have to be that way? But then I remember i never made enough money when i didn't offer almost everything i had to give. So here i am fucking people for money, for less money than i would like because i need that little bit of money.

I'm at home talking to my partner who is also at work, at a massage parlour. She says the boss is making her go sit in the front window on St.Catherine street in her underwear. I tell her that sucks and we talk about how fucked this line of work is most of the time. She's there till 5

-3-

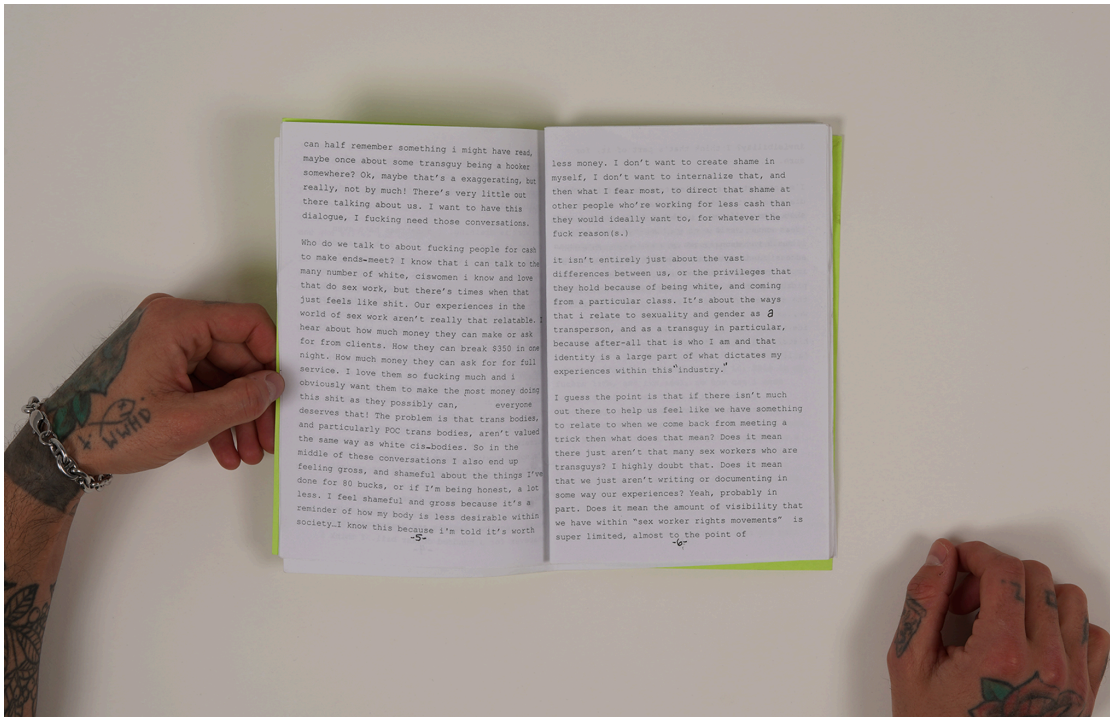
am. It's 2:23am now, she can take care of herself, but i also hope she's okay, and that drunk men aren't banging on the glass window yelling shit at her.

Sex work is draining. I sometimes hate even calling it that. It seems like such an academic title. It seems like sugar coating most of my experiences being a hustler. They haven't been neat and tidy like that title suggests. I get that people are trying aiming to de-stigmatize, by legitimizing it as "real work", but so often it just seems like the only people that use that title are activists who are middle to upper class folks or whatever. And then there's also the connotation that slogan, "sex work is real work" suggests; that there are some forms of work that aren't "real work." Who then gets lumped into that category, and left behind in the process of trying to de-stigmatize ourselves? I really, really wanna make sure that i'm not throwing anyone else under the bus to legitimize, and make headway in our struggle.

There isn't anything out there to read that i can relate to as a transguy who sucks cock, fucks, receives facials and does pretty much whatever for a hundred dollar bill. I think i

-4-

Zine Excerpt: "Fuck Work," Hustle Hustle Hustle (2013)



can half remember something i might have read, maybe once about some transguy being a hooker somewhere? Ok, maybe that's a exaggerating, but really, not by much! There's very little out there talking about us. I want to have this dialogue, I fucking need those conversations.

Who do we talk to about fucking people for cash to make ends-meet? I know that i can talk to the many number of white, ciswomen i know and love that do sex work, but there's times when that just feels like shit. Our experiences in the world of sex work aren't really that relatable. I hear about how much money they can make or ask for from clients. How they can break $350 in one night. How much money they can ask for for full service. I love them so fucking much and i obviously want them to make the most money doing this shit as they possibly can, everyone deserves that! The problem is that trans bodies, and particularly POC trans bodies, aren't valued the same way as white cis-bodies. So in the middle of these conversations I also end up feeling gross, and shameful about the things I've done for 80 bucks, or if I'm being honest, a lot less. I feel shameful and gross because it's a reminder of how my body is less desirable within society...I know this because i'm told it's worth

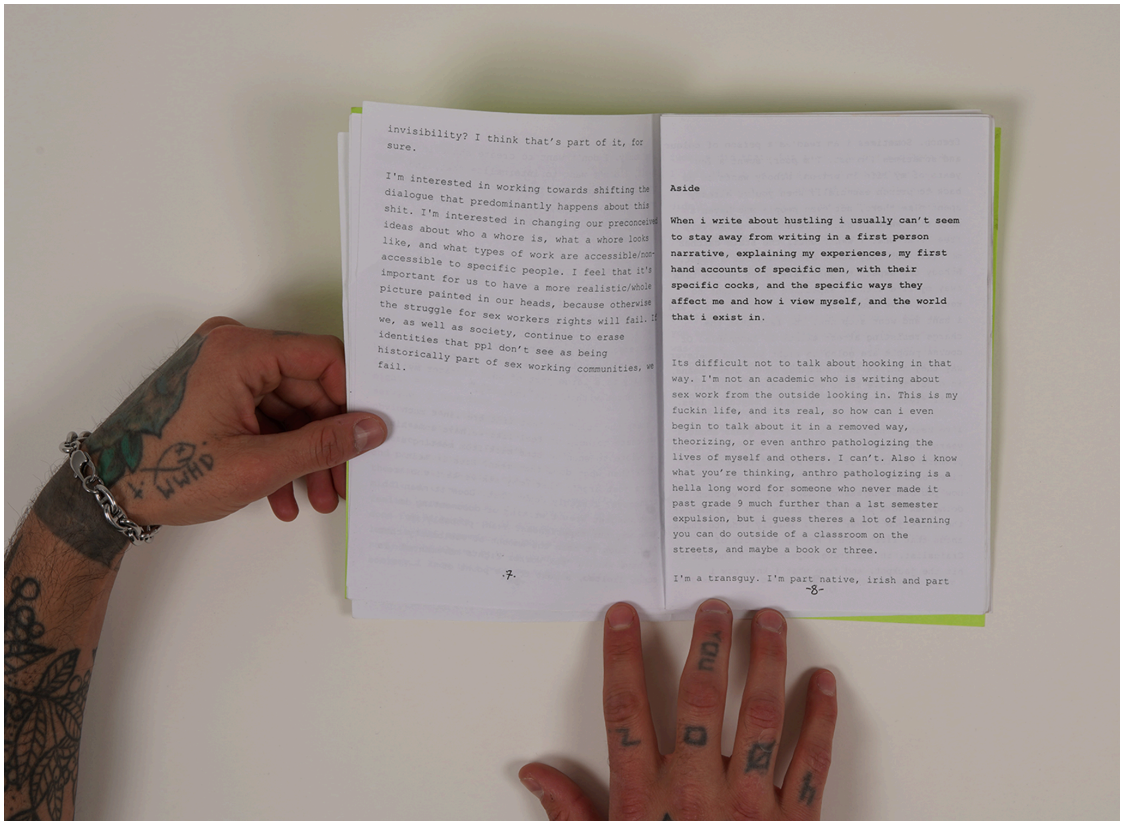
-5-

less money. I don't want to create shame in myself, I don't want to internalize that, and then what I fear most, to direct that shame at other people who're working for less cash than they would ideally want to, for whatever the fuck reason(s.)

it isn't entirely just about the vast differences between us, or the privileges that they hold because of being white, and coming from a particular class. It's about the ways that i relate to sexuality and gender as a transperson, and as a transguy in particular, because after-all that is who I am and that identity is a large part of what dictates my experiences within this "industry."

I guess the point is that if there isn't much out there to help us feel like we have something to relate to when we come back from meeting a trick then what does that mean? Does it mean there just aren't that many sex workers who are transguys? I highly doubt that. Does it mean that we just aren't writing or documenting in some way our experiences? Yeah, probably in part. Does it mean the amount of visibility that we have within "sex worker rights movements" is super limited, almost to the point of

-6-



invisibility? I think that's part of it, for sure.

I'm interested in working towards shifting the dialogue that predominantly happens about this shit. I'm interested in changing our preconceived ideas about who a whore is, what a whore looks like, and what types of work are accessible/not accessible to specific people. I feel that it's important for us to have a more realistic/whole picture painted in our heads, because otherwise the struggle for sex workers rights will fail. If we, as well as society, continue to erase identities that ppl don't see as being historically part of sex working communities, we fail.

-7-

Aside

When i write about hustling i usually can't seem to stay away from writing in a first person narrative, explaining my experiences, my first hand accounts of specific men, with their specific cocks, and the specific ways they affect me and how i view myself, and the world that i exist in.

Its difficult not to talk about hooking in that way. I'm not an academic who is writing about sex work from the outside looking in. This is my fuckin life, and its real, so how can i even begin to talk about it in a removed way, theorizing, or even anthro pathologizing the lives of myself and others. I can't. Also i know what you're thinking, anthro pathologizing is a hella long word for someone who never made it past grade 9 much further than a 1st semester expulsion, but i guess theres a lot of learning you can do outside of a classroom on the streets, and maybe a book or three.

I'm a transguy. I'm part native, irish and part

-8-

Traditional Basket (2025)

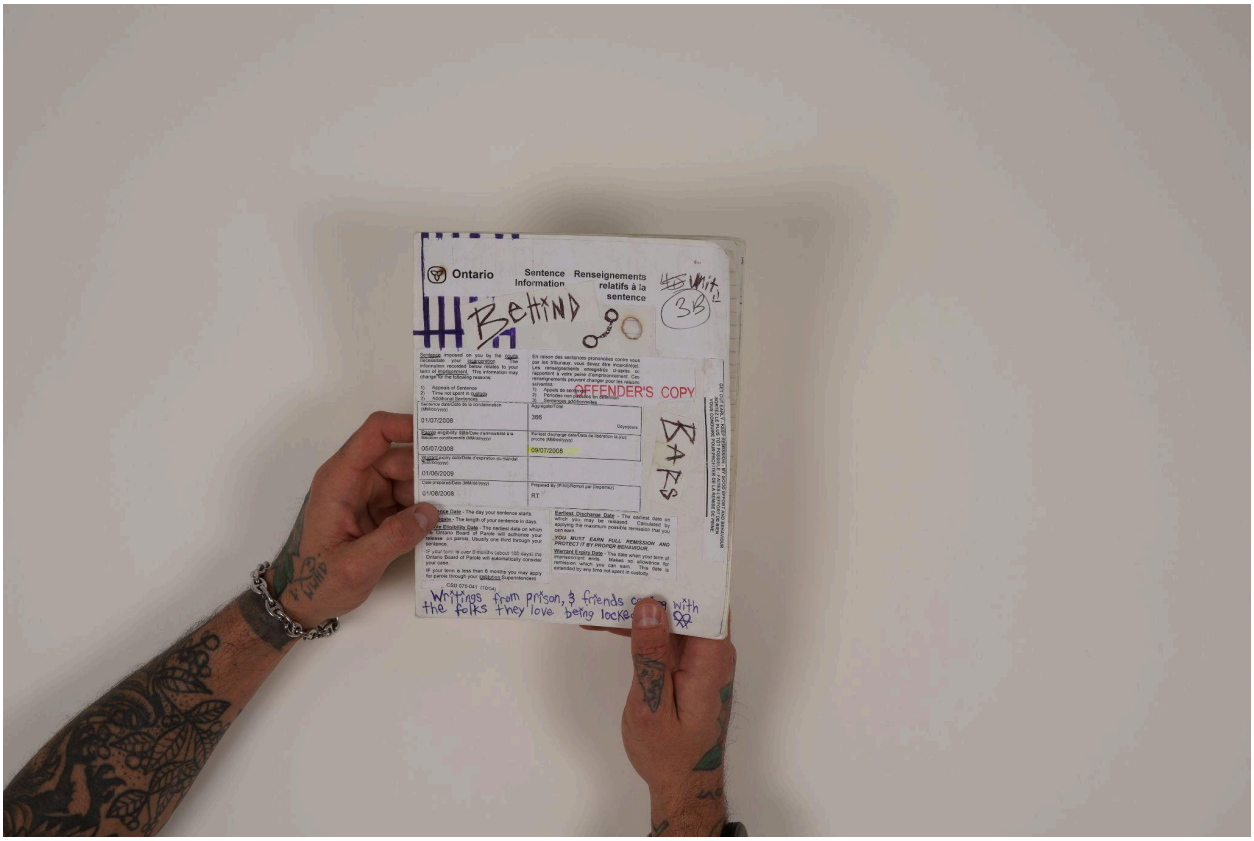






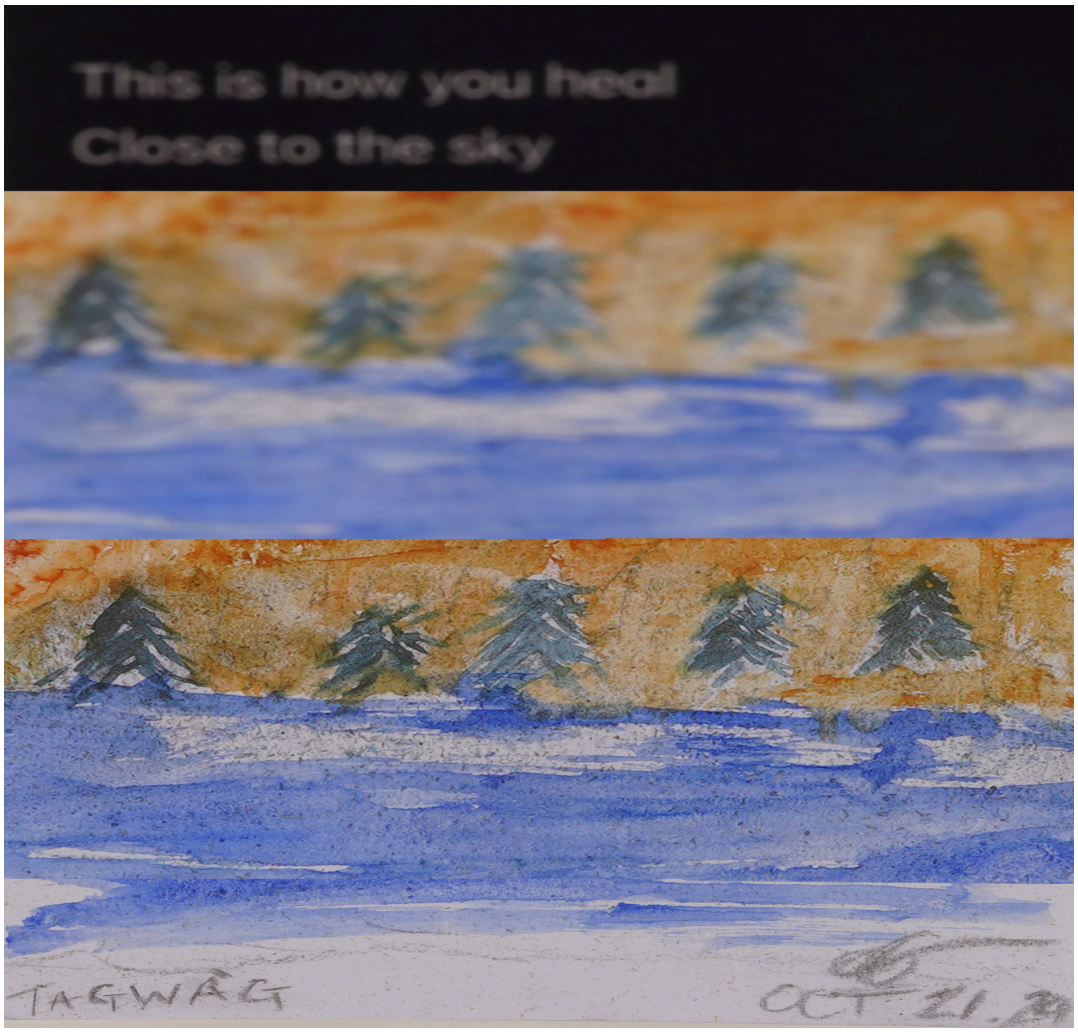
Zine: Behind Bars (2008)

Made in prison, glued together using toothpaste



Free Verse Poem: Kìjigong/Tagwàg (2024)

Watercolour



This is how you heal
Close to the sky
Wiigwas cheering for you
Wind and trees raining down their dancing
leaves on you
in the fall, like confetti
They know and celebrate your wholeness