

Words, Inherited I

Charlie Anton Geitlinger

my joints creak around the letters, reverberating in the atriums of my heart

crescendoing into the deafening chorus¹ of those who came before and those not yet born

their voices rattle through my ribs and vibrate down my arm, pulsate in the tips of my fingers and finally they

spill onto the page² in jagged lines that connect us across the unbridgeability of time and violence

ink armours | encrusts my fingers and yet it cannot muffle the strike of unheard agony that transcends the confines of paper

even when the words have dried, they remain, just like our existence,

ever in transit³

³ No'eau & Chloë & Sophie



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¹ Caelee & Diamond & Destiny

² Paul & Chrysanthemum & Andrea

Words, Inherited II

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another has left us today and in their place, another fissure in the mountain of my heart breathlessly, I search the ache that seeks to fill this cavern, hoping to identify the catastrophic cacophony of voices echoing across all of time.

doubt is drowned out by the pressure powering the sprinkler in the lawn of my soul and I write

ever more words to stem this tidal wave that is and isn't mine,

failing all over to recognize that my omnipresent unheard sisterbrothersiblings won't be unlistened to anymore. this is the burden we carry to-

gether, dead alive not-yet-born

hey! hey!

hey hey! Macho-Machoman!4

I've got to be a mouthpiece megaphone for us and before I can yell about our joy, our hurt needs to be heard. It's the immediacy of this death and the diffuse bone-deep soreness of

knowing that death is our past present future but so is love

mirrors embedded in my skin refract the light that shines on our body never and always alone, our physical contact transported through time and space offers increments of relief in the form of chains of peptides that briefly inhibit our receptors but truthfully, it alleviates nothing and yet, my heart quickens at the prospect of such profound connection.

release only comes by blood-letting my soul, piercing it with the nib of my pen and letting it drain onto the page, destined to be filled with shimmering rivers of unshed tears manifesting in cosmic dust which settles in the vacant chambers of my heart
Where have you all gone? Let us build a home with xenoliths so that we may encompass each other entirely as we have yearned for, always. In the hope that we may eventually birth the zygote of a future unseen, unfelt, 5 unthought, awaited.

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⁴ Rose, Chloë a.k.a. B'ellana Johannx's Satanic Verses: Book 1: The Fire Principle, Or A Guidebook for the New Transfaggot. Dream Pop Press, 2019, p. 26.

⁵ Rose, Chloë a.k.a. B'ellana Johannx. B'ellana Johannx's Satanic Verses: Book 1: The Fire Principle, Or A Guidebook for the New Transfaggot, 2019, p. 27.

Author Biography

Charlie Anton Geitlinger (they/them) is a master student in the division of American Studies at Leibniz University Hannover (Germany). They hold a bachelor's degree in the Interdisciplinary Bachelor with English as first subject and Performing Arts as second subject. Their bachelor thesis, "Man, Woman, Jellyfish: Construction and Performance of Gender in Hedwig and the Angry Inch" investigates the transformative potential of rewriting plays with cult status in congruence with contemporary attitudes and the original's essence. In their studies in the North American Studies and Teacher Training master programs, they focus particularly on gender studies, settler colonial studies, transformative fiction, and queer studies. Charlie is a member of the Decolonial Feminisms Reading Group. A selection of their poetry was published under the title increments of relief.