



Saw Palmettos

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The titles and body text of this edition are set in Palanquin, a type project directed by Pria Ravichandran.

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Container  
Baltimore, Maryland  
[acontainer.co](http://acontainer.co)

How to not keep doing the  
same thing forever except  
abruptly

dust is a pretty  
concept—a layer  
of all the befores  
remaining—but it  
doesn't belong  
all over everything

I've observed in myself  
patches of magical thinking

how I pretty much  
believe things that  
change other people  
won't change me

Maybe there is always a space  
between the happening  
and the noticing

I thought I could defer  
loss as long as I didn't  
sense it,

as if you couldn't  
be gone while I was

Let's be honest about how  
much pain we're in. How much  
we cause

How we go about knowing  
something and then not  
knowing it anymore

In a moment you choose  
to not-know everything  
that has happened  
between you

Your partner becomes a stranger  
if they go on hormones  
or go by another name

You cover your face  
with a bouquet:  
an apology with  
no eyes behind it

My bratty bottom productivity app  
is called Make Me, says one  
possible consequence for not  
getting my shit together is to  
*post a puberty picture* which kind  
of every pic of me right now is—  
I take this to mean I'd have to post  
a *10 months on T!* mirror selfie

I can see my body changing,  
and it's just as cool as all  
the vloggers we made fun  
of made it out to be

Some of the things you post on the internet  
make me not want to know you—  
but there are so few of us (*transsexuals*)

I'm figuring out that I can feel  
for someone and still have  
no time for their bullshit



I don't know what  
the right thing is. Is it  
easier to just not  
bother?

It is,  
and it isn't

When you're someone who worries  
and then there's a real reason  
to worry, it's not like you've prepared

Every hair is a warning

How I feel about magic: embarrassed  
but still a little bit into it

How my wet oil saw palmetto ritual  
is warding off a hair-loss curse  
or hoping to

How the green tincture on the water's  
surface smells like something  
done to me as a child:  
sitting in the bath gone cold  
waiting for the lice oil to set in

There are many real reasons

How often my friends are hurt  
and I love them. They could all  
die at any moment, some  
more than others. Sometimes  
they do

I've started to feel desire  
like in dreams,  
which hinted I was  
capable of it. I feel more  
human

That happens  
when loss, too

Is it so hard to know what we  
want?

It is.

Over green margaritas you say  
you're looking for the *long now*:  
the moment broadening  
to the scale of an epoch

I wake up, see the news  
the blur of violence that recalls  
more like it, makes it feel  
like always

There are truckfuls and oceanfuls  
of migrants left idling or washing up  
on shores and reading about it  
on the couch your breath shook  
and mine too. Your father was lost  
in the desert for three weeks  
Then he made it out  
So when there's a truckload  
of asphyxiated refugees  
who don't  
make it out

Presently, there is one sadness,  
but what you feel is every  
sadness you've ever experienced in  
thin coats of fear and sorrow  
flaking off

As before I feel I could go on  
forever not knowing when  
not to

We talk about sobbing: what if  
what we really want  
is to cry literally all  
the time



Maybe the only time I  
ever give in to anything  
is squirting and just look  
what a tremendous mess  
that makes

The only time we're happy  
in therapy is when our  
therapists are laughing  
at our jokes. As soon as  
one joke is over we need  
another one

I remember thinking I loved  
you so much I would go live  
in another universe with you  
if you were leaving

What if we build  
a world together  
and then one day  
you don't want  
our world anymore

You want off-world

I occupy myself  
with wondering:  
in the parallel universe  
we would probably  
still be trans?

Your ex said what we work on  
is the rest of the world—love  
shouldn't be work

Like mine  
she wanted you  
to do all the work  
and never tell her

A science-type article says worrying  
makes the brain feel productive:  
physically satisfied to be working  
on the problem at hand

Often the problem is the habit  
of worry. The slipping into it

The brain, productive, not like  
efficient labor but like a cough:  
a repetitive thought bursts open  
and something emerges:  
new, slimy, generative

I didn't know that I would like  
my body enough to show  
it to you

We gazed at each other across  
a pink bath and fell asleep  
A new habit of ease, of warm  
wet depth. We get to current  
in it. Softly there begin to be  
conditions where I could  
not worry, or less, or when  
I do there is something to rest on