

# feeld

Pulitzer  
Prize  
FINALIST



**JOS CHARLES**

Winner of the National Poetry Series  
Selected by Fady Joudah

Selected by Fady Joudah as a winner of the National Poetry Series, Jos Charles's revolutionary second collection of poetry, *feeld*, is a lyrical unraveling of the circuitry of gender and speech, defiantly making space for bodies that have been historically denied their own vocabulary.

"i care so much abot the whord i cant reed."  
In *feeld*, Charles stakes her claim on the language available to speak about trans experience, reckoning with the narratives that have come before by reclaiming the language of the past. In Charles's electrifying transliteration of English—Chaucerian in affect, but revolutionary in effect—what is old is made new again. "gendre is not the tran organe / gendre is yes a hemorage." "did u kno not a monthe goes bye / a tran i kno doesnt dye." The world of *feeld* is our own, but off-kilter, distinctly queer—making visible what was formerly and forcefully hidden: trauma, liberation, strength, and joy.

Urgent and vital, *feeld* composes a new narrative of what it means to live inside a marked body.



JOS CHARLES is a trans poet, editor, and author of *Safe Space*. She is the recipient of the 2016 Ruth Lilly and Dorothy Sargent Rosenberg Fellowship through the Poetry Foundation and the 2015 Monique Wittig Writer's Scholarship. She received an MFA from the University of Arizona and currently resides in Long Beach, California.

*Cover design by Mary Austin Speaker*

*Cover artwork: Birds Nest II, Op. 200*

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*Author photo by Cybele Knowles*

feeld

JOS CHARLES

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feeld

I.

thees wite skirtes / & orang

sweters / i wont / inn the feedyng marte /

wile mye vegetable partes bloome /

inn the commen waye / a grackel

inn the garden rooste / the tall

wymon wasching handes /

or eyeing turnups

/ the sadened powres wee rub / so economicalie /

inn 1 virsion off thynges /

alarum is mye nayme

/ unkempt & handeld

i am hors /

i am sadeld / i am a brokn hors

## II.

next inn line

at the feemale

depositarie room / mye

jossled eggs

inn a witen sack /

were that i were goldenne

mye rayte / the tayste off gold

inn eggs / cravyng a room

just emtied enuff

2 curl myeself

inn / thees the dreggs / the grl beguines



### III.

there is noting

funye bout this / u

alowne /            on a tip

that is the tip of whorld

teemd inn / no biger

                          than a goodsizd fiste

/ ur growndling hart / fissiond in round

  lisen /

1 daye u wil be all ere /

a ewe alowne / inn a feeld

off mare / i am oldre /            & the sayme /

than the naymes u gave / this

is the corse / a tran /

a feeld /            a corpse

#### IV.

gathred the hole inn the guarden / conted the rites  
inn a streem / it takes so manie feelds 2 make a hole / see  
the sirfase befor the rupture / i kno thees gastric  
exursizes r boreing / but please / i see the boyes inn the  
playe pin juggling mye holes / i see mye trama lit lik  
candie in ther cotten mothes / they wisper *weres ur bird  
soot / u sed ud were a bird soot / & i tuch the urinals / i  
washe eech aynchent clawe / agane / & agane / &  
agane / & agane / i get reel spesifick / abot the  
hemorages i tend inn mye yard / eech hole is a vote /  
they tel me / tend ur hole / they saye / remember contry  
cums firste / ur feelds r privyt / this is godes contry*

V.

a tran is a thyng u leeve /  
wen u scape  
a strem / the grls puting ther saltie  
secks inn the aire / a tran puts so much  
inn 2 the aire / even the see  
laps its fete / wen u  
cant / a tran provyded want /  
lik she just dont care  
bout her colden bed / the crouchd  
papre crowne wated bout her  
hed / she is the 1  
who knos evrythyng wants  
wher it tends / a thyng u wuldn't tend  
/ her rare & vista dayes

VI.

the copse in mye garden /  
inspeckting hews / & i am  
depositing myeself  
lik a fum / am trap  
inn ther blak & blu / invagination meens  
everie hole is an extremitie / u  
rite long enuff inn 2 its sirfase  
/ it rites inn 2 u / hah /  
thees trees / cannot be insied me /  
not with all thees copse arond / please /  
i am afrayde  
i am riting myeself  
metonymic off deth / agane  
i am so afrayde / off wut is it ur holding  
inn ur souwre hande /  
this sirfase has a colore

## VII.

a tran lik all metall is a series of sirfase in folde / wee  
call manie of thees foldes identitie / sum spase shuffles  
betweene / trama or hemorage or othere / this is 1  
membraine / 1 folde in yet a nother membraine / a  
folde of 1 membraine maye be conected 2 or similre 2 a  
folde inn a nother & yet stil smaler membraine / wen a  
folde squyshes or colapses a membraine or inhabits a  
nother folde upon folde upon folde / this is struktur  
or gendre or tellavision or a united stats / u maye  
be manie foldes but not / lik the waye an asse  
bothe is & isnt conected to this chare / fase / layk

## VIII.

the hemorage is swollen & caried across the kultur waye  
/ because the hemorage is dripping & because it seduces  
/ as a mater of forme / its handes r manie / bieng a tran  
is a queery of crisees & r brused handes r manie / this is  
a questyon off metalls / tonite the hemorage passes /  
the hemorage culd be a clowd or viscuous but tonite /  
it is sangwyne / it puts on its skirte & brah /  
the hemorage is a seryes of membraine in folde /  
the hemorage culd be 2 / lik u / a likwid but its not /  
& tonite it is swollen & droped / caried & droped / a  
hemorage is a gathring of crisees / droped inn 2 the nite

IX.

off the guarden / ther is much stil

2 prynt / they poynt

2 mye spor / they spech *i wuld*

*be hapy / if onlie*

*this were a spor / it is horribel*

off corse to be

tangibel / inside kapitel

seemd lik a prawn / ur prawny

arms / parsel mye care / wut æffekts lik an ere

2 the flor / wut meen the tree / wut

off disfigurd mint