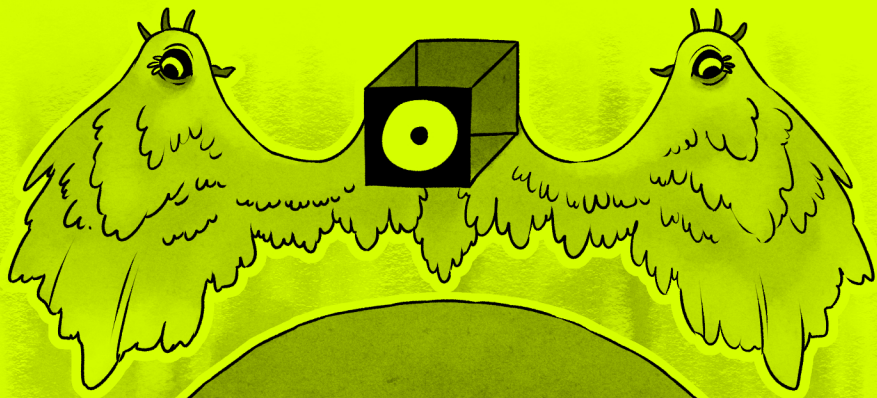
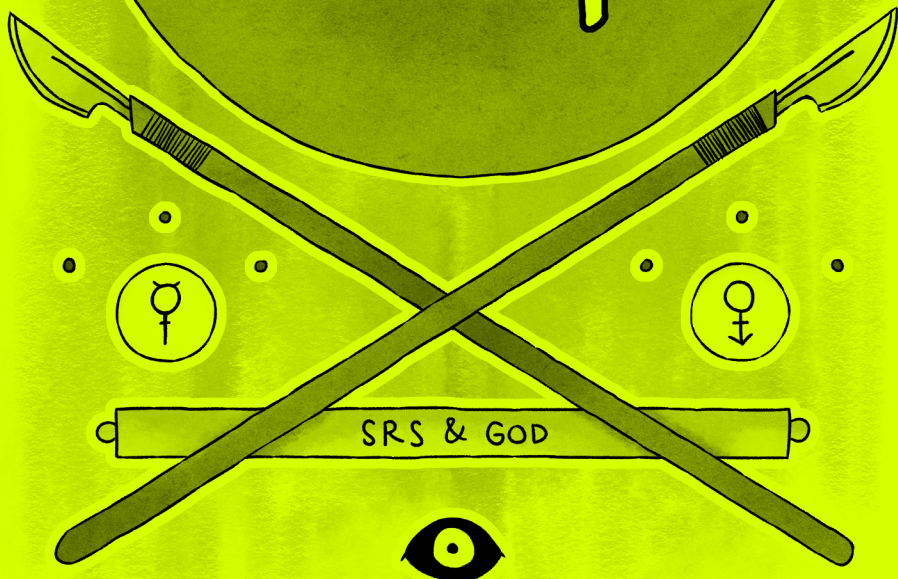




Post-Op Androgynous

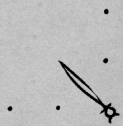
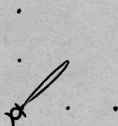


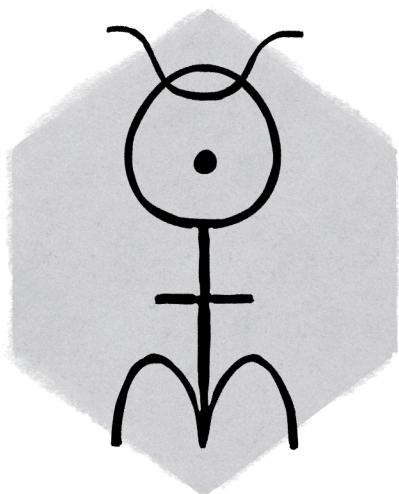


Bis Thornton
2016
bisfhebox.com

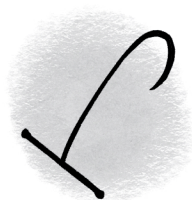
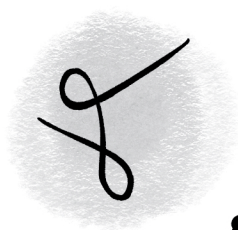


it is necessary that I be
honest with you.





GODTOLDMETODOTHIS.

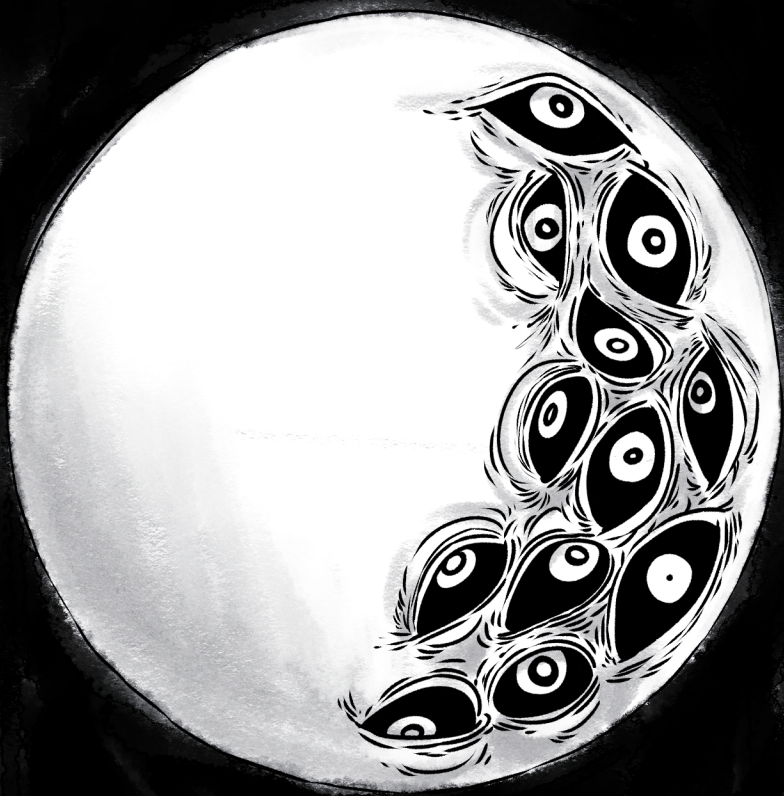




Post-Op Androgynous

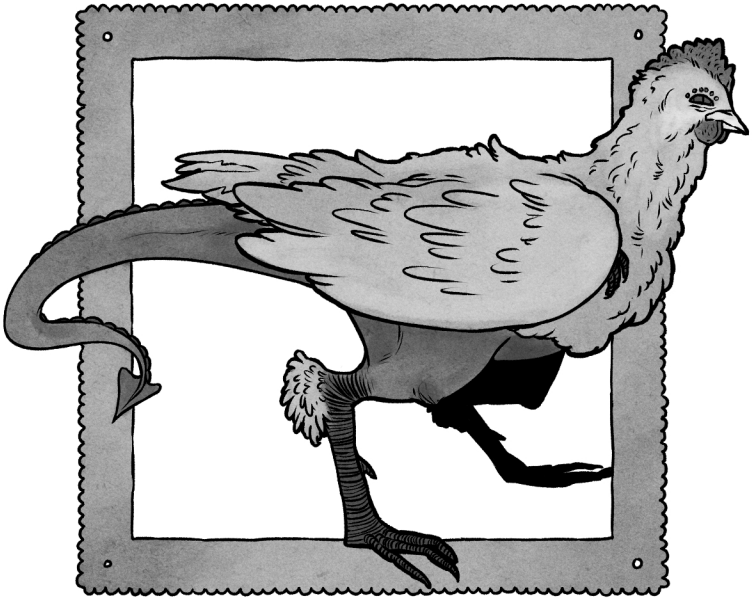
a book about
bottom surgery and God

εἰσὶν γὰρ εὐνοῦχοι οἵτινες ἐκ



κοιλίας μητρὸς ἐγεννήθησαν οὕτως

if a Rooster lays an egg
and it's hatched by a toad...



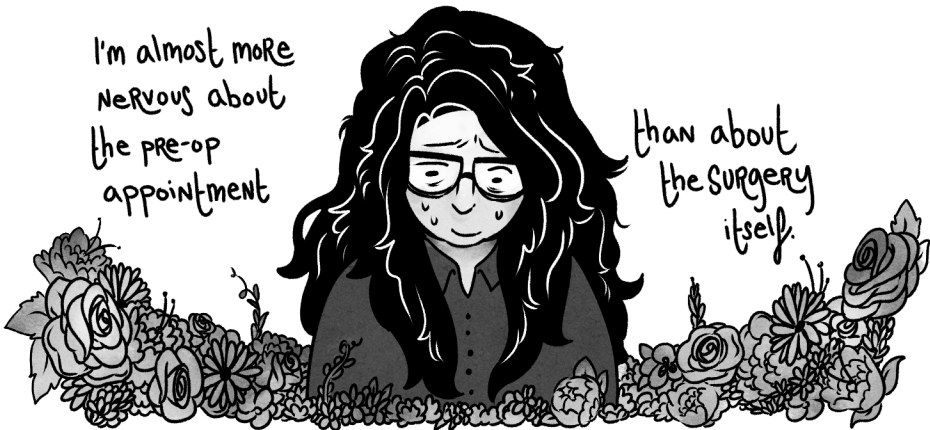
particular circumstances
produce a particular result.

AUGUST 3, 2016



I'm almost more
nervous about
the pre-op
appointment

than about
the surgery
itself.



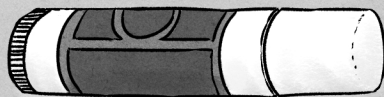
I have an irrational
fear that the surgeon
will tell me that I can't
have the surgery for
some reason.

I am also very
scared of doctors.



The surgeon is
delayed for two hours
due to another surgery.

The receptionist gives me
some very nice lip balm.



I'm supposed
to be here.

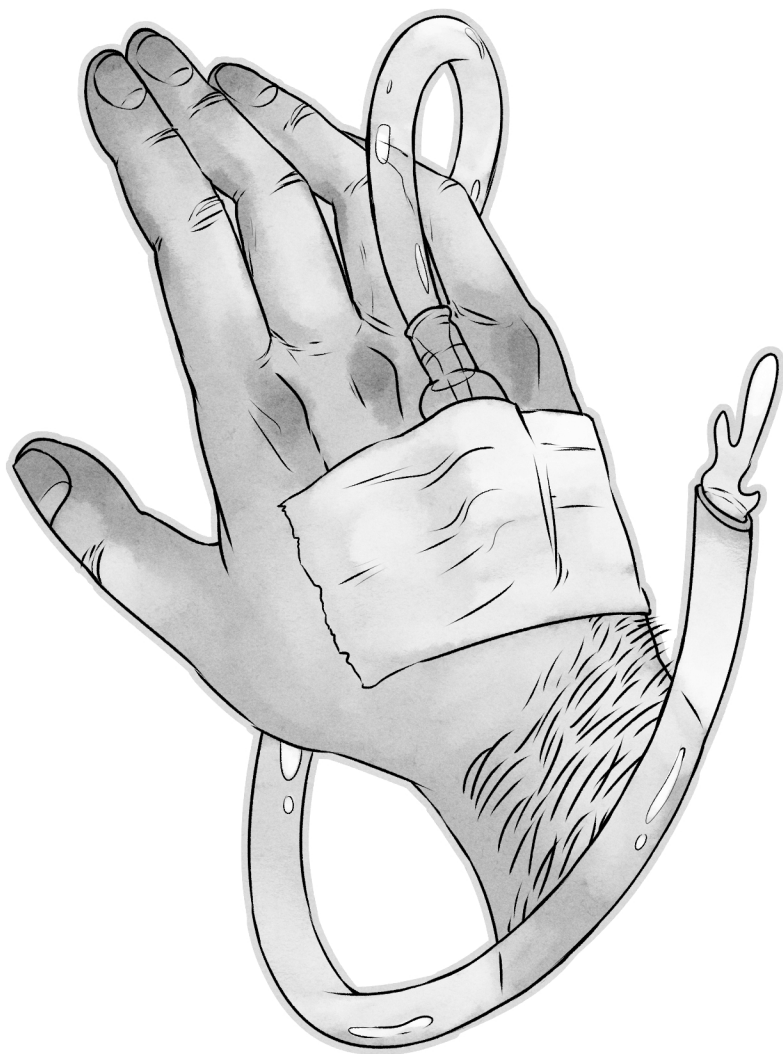


I tell the surgeon:

surgery is like
being born—
you wake up &
you get what you get.



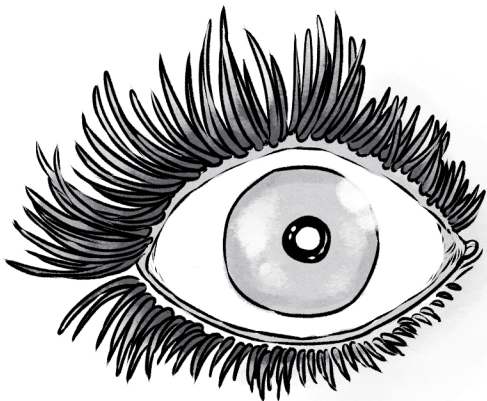
I hate getting the IV put in.



It hurts very badly to me, every time.



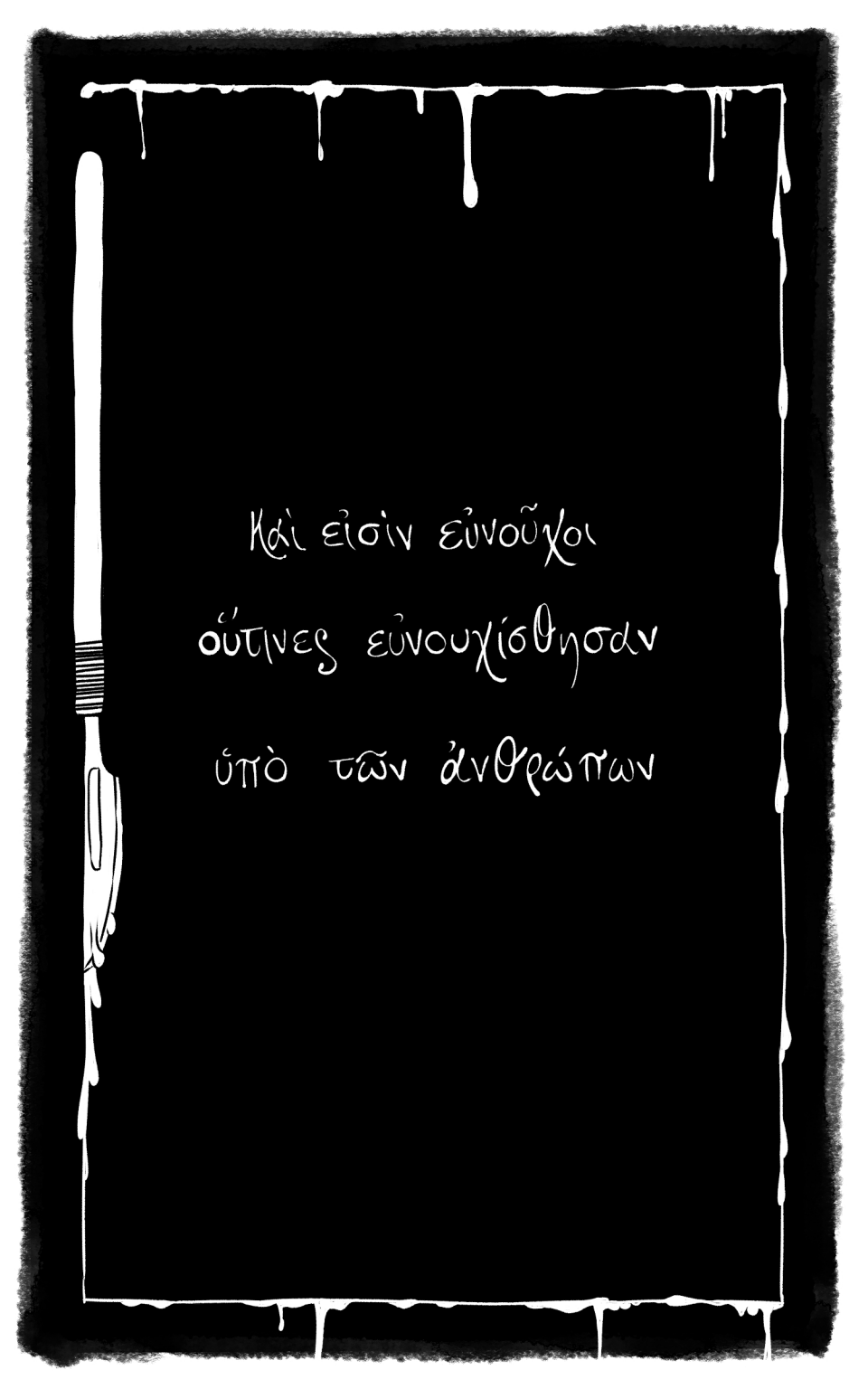
I cried before my first two surgeries,



but not this one.

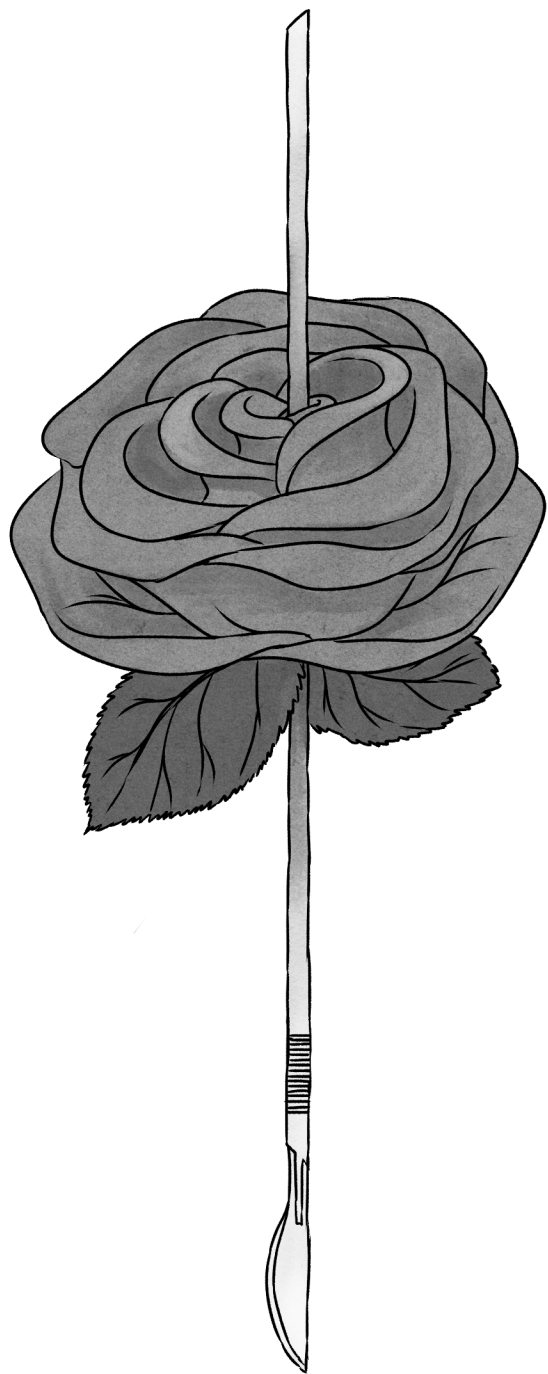
okay, I'm gonna
give you something
in your IV—
it might hurt,
but if I rub
your arm,
it'll help.



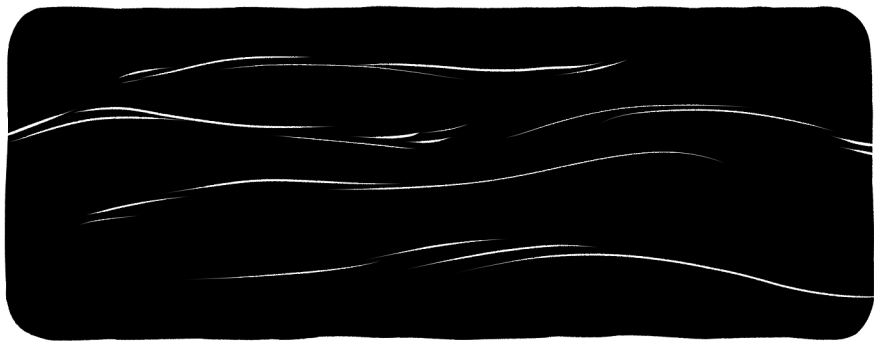


καὶ εἰσὶν εὐνοῦχοι
οὔτινες εὐνουχίσθησαν
ὑπὸ τῶν ἀνθρώπων



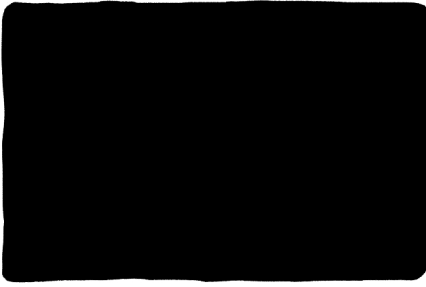


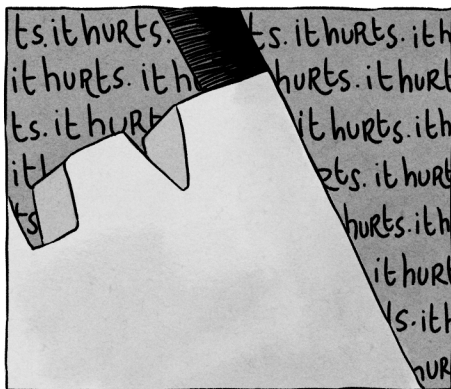
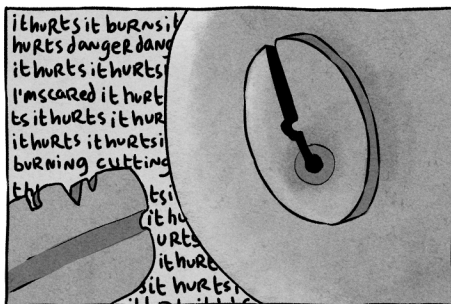
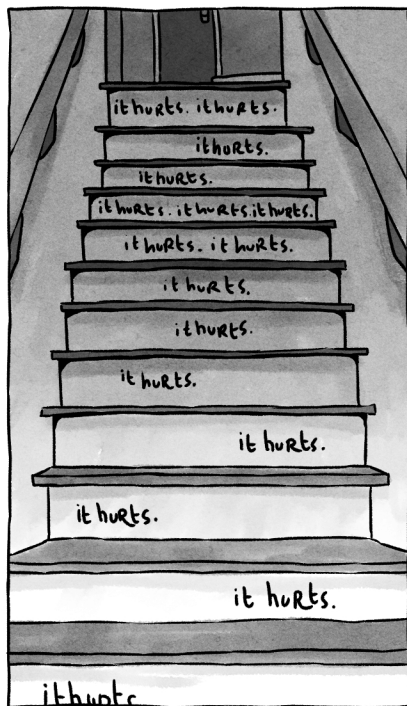


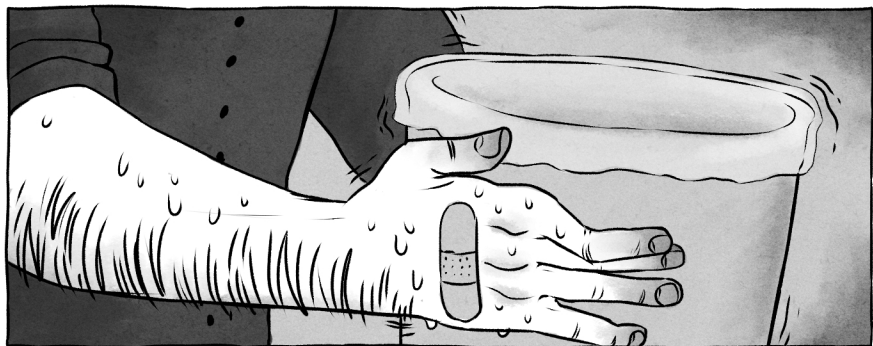


2

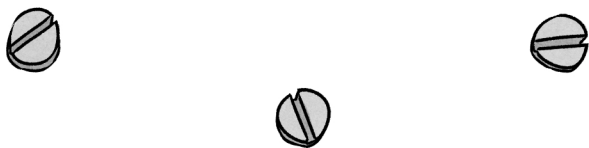
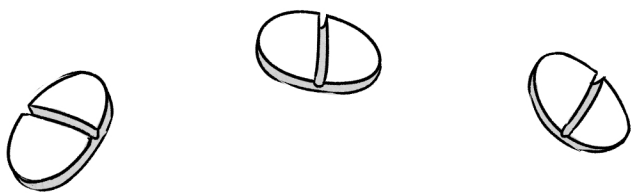












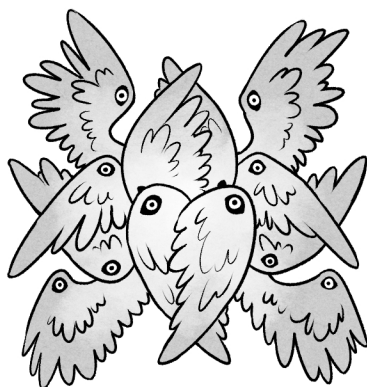
what is different?

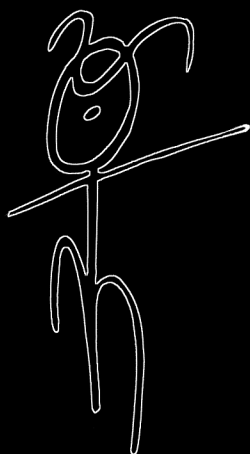


everything. nothing.

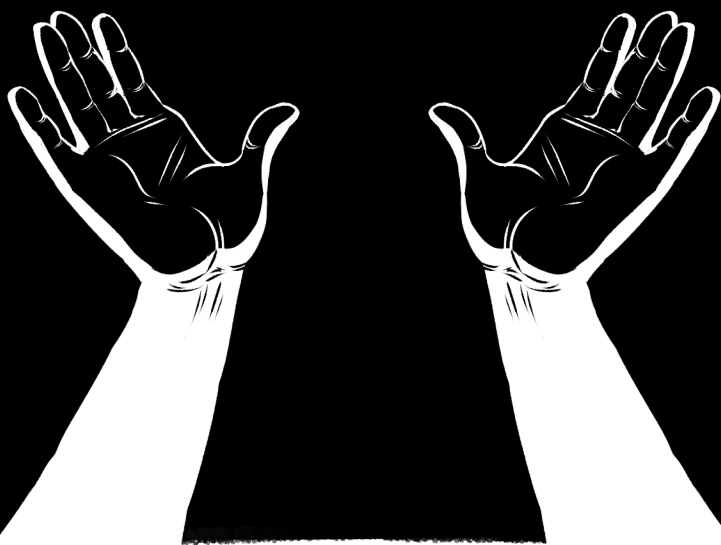


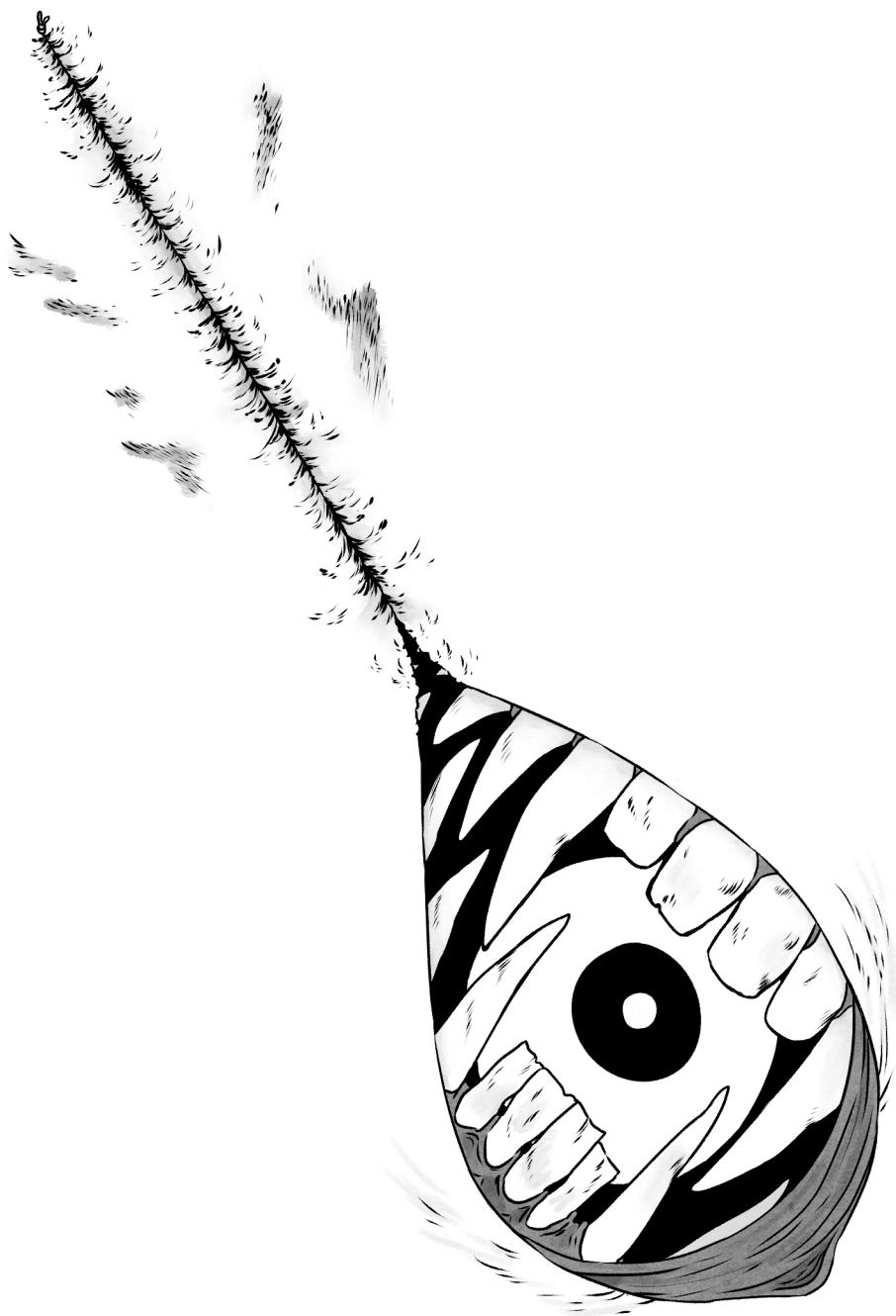




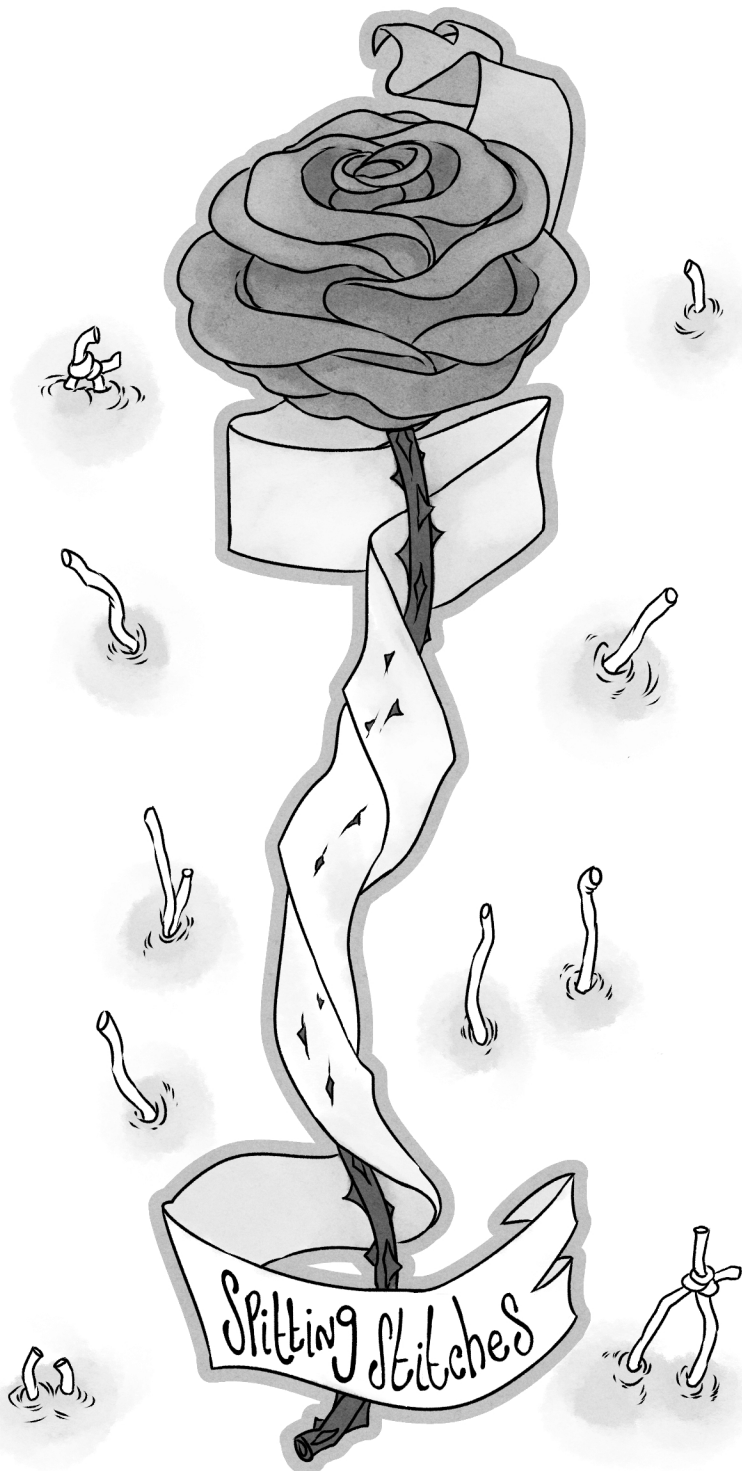


καὶ εἰσὶν εὐνοῦχοι οἵτινες
εὐνοῦχισαν ἑαυτοὺς διὰ τὴν
βασιλείαν τῶν οὐρανῶν





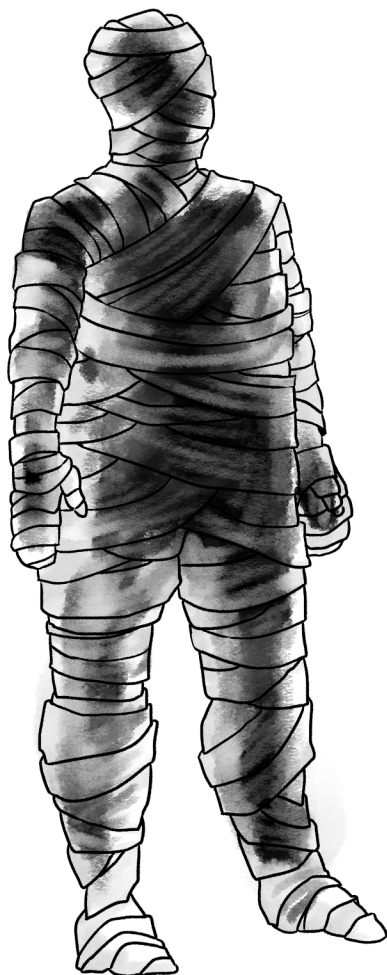




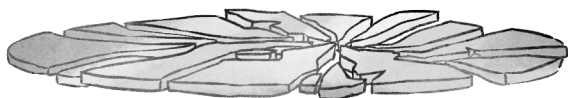




my body still feels
a little alien to me
because it's in pain &
fragile, so I'm afraid to
touch or disturb anything.
I want to just be very
still all the time.



it's going to be like this forever.



it's going to be like this forever.



for many days, even weeks.

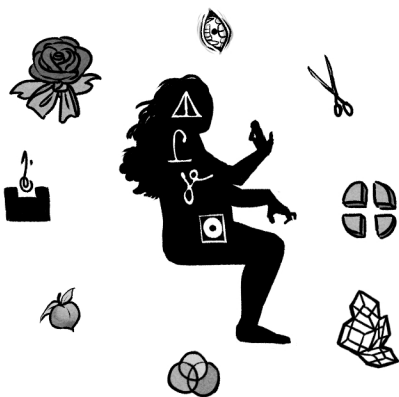
I feel like a miserable little animal

back from the vet.

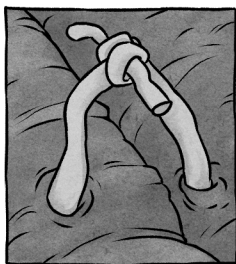


almost 4 weeks out.

I painted my nails black
& got my roots done.



I can sit down for
longer periods again,
which is nice.



I'm still spitting stitches,
but I cut down the worst of
them, so they aren't
bothering me so much
anymore.



almost 4 weeks out.
I'm almost better.
not quite.
but I feel good.

A word that keeps
coming to me is
"FRANKENSTEIN."



in my mind it means
"MUTILATED"



"UNNATURAL"



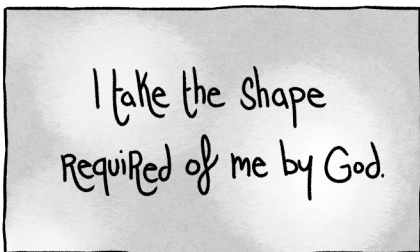
The thought upsets me.
I'm afraid of being ugly.



but I'm
not ugly.

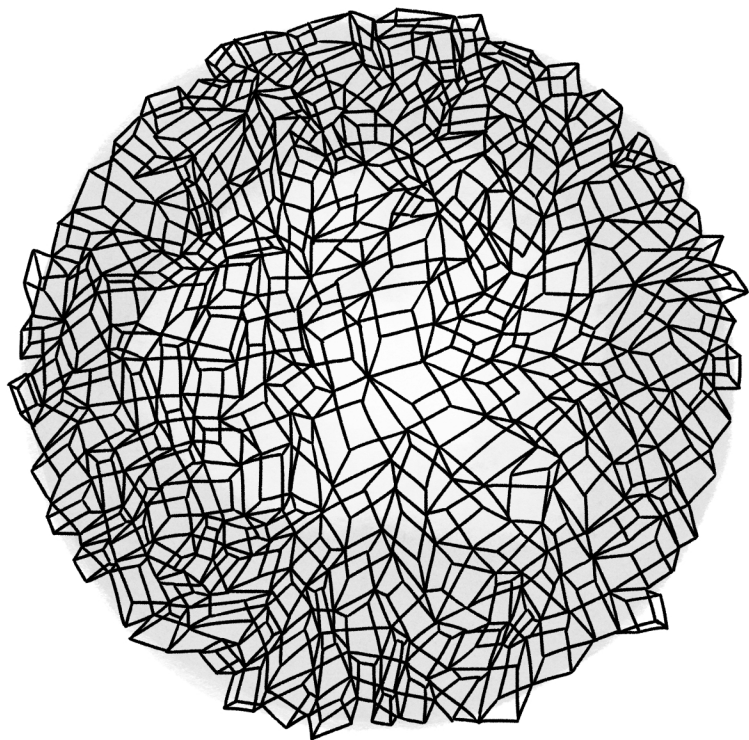


I take the shape
Required of me by God.



there is no such thing
as an unnatural body.
anything a body does,
it does within the confines
of its natural
inclinations and abilities.



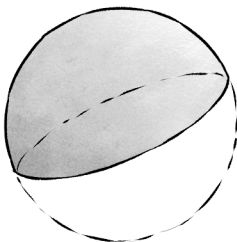


Everything is
crystallized & moving,
cubes & blackwater.

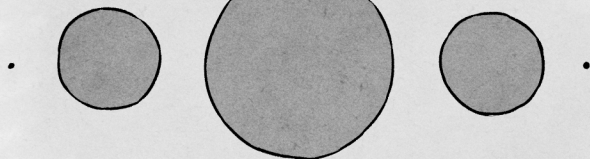
I was born four times.



If a sphere
goes through
a flat plane,



the plane
experiences
the sphere



as a circle which appears, grows, diminishes, vanishes.

A sphere contains its
own appearance and
vanishing and all the
sizes of circles which
appear on the plane.



The surface it passes through
does not contain the necessary
dimensions to interpret it
"properly" as a sphere.



Time & I both have aspects which are not readily apparent from certain perspectives.



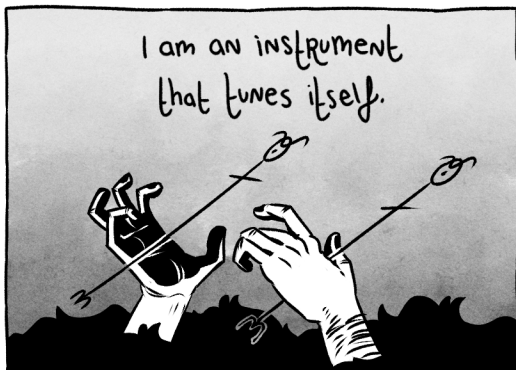
I am a machine which carries out a function.



I am one particular piece of the mechanism of God's eye.



I am an instrument that tunes itself.



I am compelled to take this form.



Listen:

it is necessary that I be honest with you.

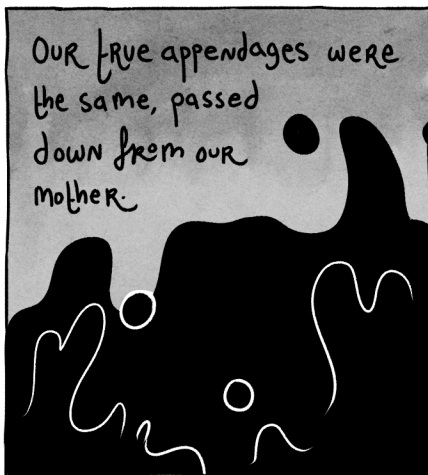


G O D T O L D M E T O D O T H I S .



I was sent watchers in my childhood, children of my secret mother who showed me my true shape.

Our true appendages were the same, passed down from our mother.



We lived together where the veil is thin.

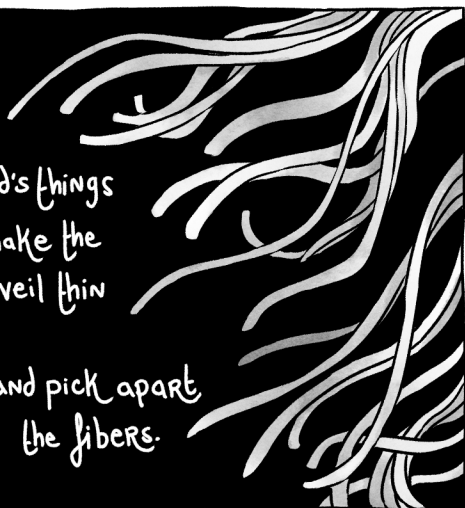




I found other thin places.

God's things
make the
veil thin

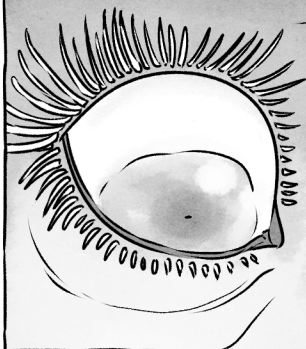
and pick apart
the fibers.



In God's books, I found my people
and my mother's children



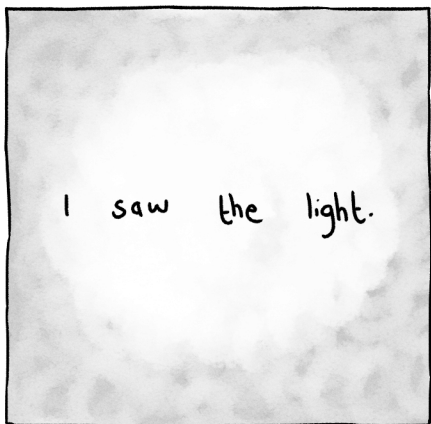
and when I
read them



I heard
the singing
and
the feathers.



I saw the light.



The books rise up in my throat so forcefully that I leave the ground.
I'm a machine. I'm in love.

H O L Y
H O L Y
H O L Y
I S T H
E L O R
D G O D
A L M I
G H T Y
W H O W
A S A N
D I S A
N D I S
T O C O
M E H O



H O L Y
H O L Y
H O L Y
I S T H
E L O R
D G O D
A L M I
G H T Y
W H O W
A S A N
D I S A
N D I S
T O C O
M E H O

The light
throws
shadows.



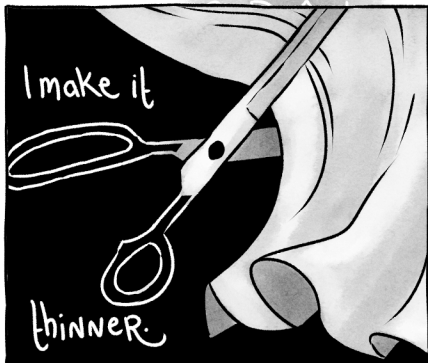
I see my
true shapes
again.

The veil
is thin.



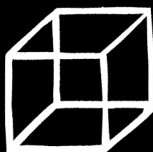
I make it

thinner.



I do what I was made to do.

F O R T H E S A K E
O F T H E K I N G D O M
O F H E A V E N .



ὁ συνάμενος

χωρεῖν

χωρεῖτω



A M E N



