

Title: hornlet

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Source: *Janus Unbound: Journal of Critical Studies*, vol. III, no. II  
(Spring 2024), pp. 74-75

Published by: *Memorial University of Newfoundland*



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*Janus Unbound: Journal of Critical Studies* is published by Memorial University of Newfoundland

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*Janus Unbound: Journal  
of Critical Studies*  
E-ISSN: 2564-2154  
3(2) 74-75  
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2024

## hornlet

*after s.weil's G&G*

in so far as she was 4months unemployed, attention  
serves as paint-mixer violent rattle

Cat-girl Coriolanus shakes thru Sievespeare + startles upon thwart Cordelia  
*Make you a levee, leaden weight of me*  
grave ebb drummed out me

take from me that I might inflict that doubly on yer enemies

no-see-ums throb black gossamer the cop-white cab ferrying us to safety  
from the awkward executorship declaration post-carving of t'erritories

no, no unlike yer siblings and dear old da,  
I am not one to take advantage of an aside  
no, no I've just always been so shy  
sure, opaque is a word for it

no, no I think most wills devolve into this  
a sister is just a stranger who hasn't estranged you yet

yes, the chiggers and beach fleas and many-kneed ants lead a blessed life  
I wish you could drop to the grass and become a nymph as well  
yes, sure you can touch me there

excuse the lanolin render frothing up the base the hornlets  
it helps with the light sensitivity  
it helps with the scent triggers  
it helps with the second puberty  
it helps with the Covid puppy socialization  
it helps with the being a tits farmer  
it helps with the *it helps with the* anaphora  
forming at the base of the ablaze, faceted, swarthy  
diamond horn that is your company

Benjamin C. Dugdale

sure, you may pat my phytoestrogenized gut, so long  
as neither of us derive pleasure  
    (under the crown, under the sweatwet hand swap  
    'neath mutual negligee and mothgot nigh'gown)

my volunteered arms gently nick no ledger  
I imagine you imagine           I owe you nothing  
and, agreed, we meet in willowwacks of this advanced forgiven debt

no no it's just a blooded dribble  
the 'lets still growing in

## Biography

Benjamin C. Dugdale (they/them) is a writer, lapsed filmmaker, and fiber-artist based in rural AB [treaty 7 territory], at this very moment drinking a slimy matcha drink and working on a CCA-funded sci-fi suite of stories about vat-grown superqueers fighting against their handlers on a dying Earth. Benjamin also publishes as bonnyCD. Their book-length poem of cum and vampires, *The Repoetic: After Saint Pol Roux*, is available from Gordon Hill Press.