

Jessie McCarty

Chapbook title:

Hermetic Carnival [a working title]

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Biography:

Jessie McCarty's poems have been published in *ONLY POEMS Best New Poems Daily*, *Sarka*, *Pity Milk Bathmatics*, *The Minnesota Review*, *Charm School*, *Thick Press*, and more. Their full-length debut, Pretty Punks, is forthcoming with Magra Books in December 2025. Previous collections include The Bovine Huff (Track and Field Studios, 2021) and *Our Fairy Diary* (2023, self-published). Jessie's archival research has been published for several theatrical productions, including *The Sarcoma Cycle* (Logan Berry, 2024) and the *Faggots and Their Friends Between Revolutions* (Jack Bowes, 2024).

They were nominated as "Best New Poetry Book" and "Best New Poet" in the *Chicago Reader*, for their book The Bovine Huff.

Summary of Project

This is a collection of poems. Fantastical arrangements of queer jealousy, domesticity, and transgender violence within a mythic-surreal of English and Irish syntax.

Trína chéile

I learned to hate touch.
A rich, tasty treat of his
hand, the metal beam
between the chair
and armor. Rain
on the wood, haste,
opposite of a magnet,
your face the rise. *Ta se, fein,*
he, himself was the morning
of an uprising, you the yes
of us both, we must.

Head Tilt

To my lover,
my grove of companion,
sweet ship in the night
trickling down stream:
Creid é! Mo gra,
tá heart, tá he
a delight to my eye,
a lick of the lips,
You are like a god up there.

Library of Smoked Glass

Stevie called what we had Romantic.
Aren't all the bodies? I could ingest
the mental component of another but what is the fun
in that? Gone as night, early as dew,
an intensity of cherishments, so easy
to begin and harder to end it, glass of friendship
is a fragile thing going up in smoke.

Dream of a Preserved Drinking Vessel with an Etching of Cattle Feet

I was asleep in the crisp of moonlight. A shadow was a creeping feeling. Then, in the brush of her feathery embrace, did I see her, a saint: an incoming halo, a holy cow. I was awake, sitting tall and upright. Her mooing was a visual hallucination. She drew out a thick, white wine from her portals, and gave it to me to drink. All I could think of doing was to get myself into an emotional state. I gave a guttural cry, and got out of bed by trying to make use of a bathtub. But when I got there it was already full of a cool foam, bubbling like soap.

Originally in: [Imposter Review, Summer 2025](#).

Early On

You were wedged in blades
of grass. Now look, how we move
on. The fort between us hums
wind in the roof, a melody
of abandoned pasture amidst
dead sheep carcass, no goats,
for she sold them all, no meat,
no winter, but your eyes are red with brood.

Stupendous of This

There was a bathroom I couldn't enter.
The body is a trick, able to be sliced
into halves, then quarters. My fingers
burned in the heat of collapse. My limbs
so tired & you asked me to leave. Summer
from whatever. My open body: seen and felt
and eaten by him. I was afraid of the whole thing,
of the whole, wide thick of it. Ash on the plate,
like it was never clean. Know when to stay
and let it go. That was my fortune. I cleansed myself
in the afterward, reciting Emily Dickinson.
No crowd left but me and my dad,
his hands tight in the bandage.

Originally in: [Imposter Review, Summer 2025.](#)

Abiding River

Holographic turbulence across the Mississippi mud bed. I was the plane. I was its passage. Upon the eye I withered, I groaned. The top of the sky from mountain tops was my heart; pink and tragic & still continuing on tragically distant. Fingers tight and scraping plush seats in a madness in storm and then, surrender. I could forbear it, my obligation, strike it dumb & capsize all need to be right.

Fire Agus Feoil

Ponder and jive this meal, I said. Am I the song?
There was no music, but heat. Am I a park so big?
No neighbors, but locusts on the edge of a table.
Who was I to see it? My eyes on the ground
near cold sandwich and a white, crisp wine.
We watch the sun as it belittles itself under dark clouds.
We watch something intangible turn to dirt,
on our backs now to the ground, we had it all,
And there was fire between us. Not anymore,
I mourned you in every bite, and you don't laugh
as we used to laugh in the dark - the daylight is a halo of chances.

Grift, Shovel, Identify

I was an impenetrable system of canals.
I was a lawless romantic in de-escalation.
I was a phantom boom disseminating matter
brought over by the Midwestern plumbing system
under a deep, sleek, *sneatcha*. Under the leak,
I saw it, *lár na cathrach aisteach*, mid-city queerness,
bubbling up from nothing, *o cuinne* to corner.