

To my friends, family, and fans (there must be at least one),

In honor of Pride Month, I would like to make an announcement to you all. It has taken me far too much time and heartbreak to pen this. Some of the hesitancy is certainly from myself. I have made a lot of progress coming to terms with my anxiety and how it sometimes pushes me to hide and conform myself to fit others' expectations. On the other hand, I think there has been some reasonability for this. More than ever in this country there are attacks on people like my friends—people like me—and some of you have supported and even pushed these dangerous, fascistic notions. You have chosen to align yourselves with those who would see us at best forced to live dangerous and unsustainable lives of hiding and conforming, or at worst eliminated as 'groomers' without merit, cause, or process. I do hold any ill will towards our relationships, but do know that I find these beliefs disgusting, unbecoming of any self-respecting society or individual, and I will not put up with them directed towards me or expressed in my presence.

I am a woman. I am transgender. I am bisexual. I am queer.

With that in mind, let me reintroduce myself! My name is Genevieve, and I'm all those things I stated above. I've known I was trans since the end of freshman year of high school. In fact, I still have saved the text conversation I sent to my friend Harper when I was first struggling with my gender identity. I've grown a lot since then. I adopted the label of non-binary at first. I wasn't sure of the contours of my identity then, but more than that it gave me a way to excuse people who didn't want to try to respect me, and as way to take away the sting of most of my closest friends referring to me as a man without facing the much scarier prospect of publicly transitioning in a small conservative community. I came out awkwardly to my parents at the end of sophomore year as Grey, a name I had chosen to be neutral, but never felt quite right to me. They were confused but ultimately supportive.

I started feminizing HRT for the first time in April of 2019. My mother accidentally pulled a quite rude April fools by writing down the wrong day for the appointment initially, but all was shortly settled :). I have been on and off a couple times since then, but I have been back on HRT consistently for the last 6 months, and I always feel so much more comfortable in my own skin and with my body.

To many of you this is not a complete surprise. I have intentionally kept the closet less than airtight, to use a somewhat questionable metaphor. As I move forward in my life however, I wish to no longer live as two people, no longer dread seeing some of the people I love because I have to be uncomfortable with myself the whole time I am there. I do this for my own happiness, and because I wish to let you know me honestly.

For a final note, I'd like to take a quick detour to shout out my mom. Though both of my parents are incredible, she has truly gone above and beyond to make me feel loved and supported always. She read books and articles, and always mentions to me how excited she is to have a queer student in her class who she can help support. She is an angel and is well loved and appreciated by everyone who knows her for good reason. I love you mom.

With the love which a flower has for the sun,

Yours truly,

Genevieve Rivet