

Ode to Being Transgender
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You get to explain gender to all of your friends -
And all of your family -
And maybe once more to be sure -
And random strangers -
And maybe, like, doctors and nurses who should probably know better;

You get to explain to your partner that nothing has changed -
And that you were always this way -
And that really, honestly, nothing has changed -
And that this has no effect on your love for them -
And I promise;

You will get to come out again -
And explain that it wasn't that being gay wasn't enough -
And explain that it has nothing to do with who you like -
And explain that that shouldn't matter -
And -- oh right, this means you might be straight after all;

You get to go through that awkward period of growing your hair out
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And learning how to ask for a more feminine haircut -
And trying a curling iron for the first time -
And figuring out how to eat noodles without also eating your hair
-
And the worries that you're just trying to be rebellious;

You get to worry whether you're maybe just trying to be rebellious
-
And whether or not you might just be faking it -
And whether you're really Trans Enough or not -
And whether you're maybe just appropriating femininity -
And whether or not passing really matters to you anyway;

You get to dress up in your best clothes -
And your best makeup -
And worry that your shoes are too masculine -
And have your hair game on point -
And convince the doc that you deserve those patches and pills;

You get to go through puberty again -
And it will be weirder this time around -
And your skin will grow soft -
And you'll get more sensitive to temperature changes -
And -- YEOWCH! That's a new sensation;

You will cry a lot -
And bite your tongue often -
And lower your gaze -
And learn to take up less space -
And talk softer;

And your dogs will still love you.