

Euphoria

A Collection of Gender Poetry

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She/Her

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Author's Note

Writing has helped me to cope with my dysphoria and understand my identity better. I hope my poems can be helpful to you and generate interesting conversations.

Content Warning: Dysphoria, transphobia

Gender Euphoria

A tag,
A label,
A name,
A brief moment of confusion.

A dress,
A pair of heels,
A sheet to hide my hips.

A feeling of glee,
the world, for a blink of an eye, sees me
not as a man.

A feeling of pleasure.

I am able to step away from masculinity
to be seen more as I am.

*Commentary: It is recognition in simple
everyday things that makes me feel the most
gender euphoria. Things such as wearing more*

feminine clothing, or even just wearing something from the women's section make me feel more validated. It feels great to be gendered not as a man. Even just watching people look at you a certain way, as if confused, feels satisfying.

Legally Cis

Reach into the pocket
A little plastic card tells me

Go to the restroom
A little plastic sign tells me

Applying for a job
A rimmed bubble tells me

I constantly try to escape
 My undesired destiny
 My masculinity
 My maleness

Day in and day out, I am reminded
 Of a binary world
 Of a masculine role
Of which I cannot escape

Commentary: This poem was written by the frustration of the society and government of the world I live in. I already have so many struggles internally with trying to tell myself that I am not just a man. Every time I feel like I make progress, I encounter a form or an encounter which reminds me of the reality I live in. That I am seen as a man, and the only options are man or woman.

Strong Not Lucky

When I first came out as being transgender, I often felt guilty. I felt guilty for all the things I had that many trans people do not. I had a great group of friends which provided a tremendous support network. I was over a thousand miles away from my previous life, providing a great place to start fresh. These are things that many trans people do not have.

I was not taking the time to acknowledge my struggles. I did not appreciate the perseverance I showed to come to terms with being trans. I did not take the proper care of my dysphoria. I did not appreciate my strength for overcoming transphobia (especially upon first coming out - sucks when a person you saw as a close friend turns out to be a violent transphobe).

It is important to acknowledge the hardship I went through. Only by acknowledging it can I stop to appreciate how strong and amazing I am.

Lately, I have been taking on my feeling of guilt. I realized that focusing on feelings of guilt undermined the hardships I have endured. I am tough and resilient, and I should be proud of that. I had to overcome a lot to be who I am, and it is important to take a moment and pat myself on the back.

I can both thankful for the support I have received and frustrated with the difficulties I had to overcome.

Also, the "fortunate trans guilt" mindset does nothing to help trans people less fortunate. I was making myself feel worse and not helping others. Although it is never the job of a transgender person (or any minority group) to educate and

terraform, it is a task I take great pride in and want to pursue.

I am proud to be trans. I am strong and confident. I have overcome great obstacles to be who I am. I want to improve society for trans people not because I have to, but because I want to.

Duality

Sun's warm washcloth on my face,
Wind's hands gently caress my hair,
Dress brushes across my smooth legs.

Necklace grabs at my thick neck,
slipping over and under my adam's apple.
Fabric sweats, strains its muscles
to fit over my shoulders.

Heeled boots push on my calves,
kindly adjust my posture.
Black nylon belt, which sports a bow tie,
lends me hips.

Hands of the boots cackle,
Pointing at my bulky calves.
Belt slips down my body,
blaming the lack of an expected guardrail.

Soft feel of my cheeks

Disgusting rigidity of my jaw

Smooth feel of my legs

Feeling of stubble on my face

Year to year

Month to month

Week to week

Day to day

Moment to moment

I may win battles

But the war

Conti

nues

Commentary: The journey through dysphoria in one day, in one outfit varies a lot. It truly terrifying how quickly my confidence in myself changes throughout the day. Nothing outwardly changes, but internally it is a constant battle of feeling confident versus dysphoria.

Bracelet

In times of fear it protects me
In moments of worry it grounds me
When I feel alone it connects me

Reminder of a critical moment
For I was born again
And found myself anew

Healing aurora of opal
Touch of friendship
Band of support

One item symbolizes all that I hold dear.

Commentary: I received a bracelet from one of my nonbinary friends. They were no longer comfortable wearing the feminine piece of jewelry and gave it to me. It is one of my most

valued possessions. It is not only a present from a close friend, but also represents a critical point in my identity journey.

Shortly after receiving the bracelet, I came out as nonbinary too. I wear the bracelet every day and feel naked without it. It is a reminder that I can be myself and have people who love and support me.

I chose to write this poem because this week, I thought I had lost it. I do not think my heart has ever sunk so much. I searched harder to find the bracelet than I had ever searched for something before.

Inside

My body feels wrong
I do not like how I am seen
Where do I even belong?

Grass is greener on the other side
Not a petty king but a beautiful queen,
But I fear that I would remain unsatisfied.

All I know is I am terrified
I am unprepared and only nineteen
I need to look inside

Isolate myself from the outside
Place society by the wayside

Reach for the light
Let her give me insight

She shows me the way

With a gentle kiss of a ray

I feel the warmth on my face
Discovering myself is not a race

Society set me free
It is something just for me

Commentary: Our society expects people to be either Men or Women. Even within a great support network, it becomes hard to feel validated as a nonbinary person. I often feel that if I had to choose male or female, I would prefer female. However, I should not feel pressured to make this choice. I should not feel pressured to do something just so I make more sense to other people. I should not feel pressured to change my identity to make other people feel more comfortable. I should be able to make this choice at my own pace and by myself.

The Transilation

Society manipulated me for years:
Taught that I was a man,
Told me how to look look and act,
Told to befriend boys and like girls.
Any deviance was quickly *corrected*.

I felt lost
I never belonged
I was disconnected

I never was able to even explore myself
I did not know what I could even be

Years of hiding,
Hiding from myself,
Hiding in engineering.

I left traditional society,
Introduced to expansive gender.

I started exploring gender, attempting to
undo years of manipulation.

Sub-conscious thoughts became conscious
Man and he became abrasive
And I realize,
I am trans

I AM TRANS

My life turned upside down
The person I was is gone

I feel betrayed - by myself, by society.
My childhood wasted because I was not
myself.
Feelings turn to anger.

But with being myself comes confidence,
I am connected - to myself, to my body,
to my friends, to the world.
I am happy

I am social

And I realize,
I am proud to be trans

TRANS & PROUD

Commentary: I often reflect on how I did not really even know what trans was prior to coming to Olin. I never had the chance to know who I was until then. With that said, with all the struggles I went through, I am happy to find myself.