

T4Tclt is a trans-led organization committed to building gender expansive community in Charlotte. We focus on cultivating safe community spaces as well as supporting the community through mutual aid and transformative justice. We host regular weekly events in and around the Charlotte area and on our private discord.

Not sure if T4Tclt is right for you? Everyone is always welcome at our events, so come see if the vibe feels right! For lists of upcoming events, find us on instagram or check out our calendar and monthly newsletter on our website.

This is the first edition of our community zine, created by and for our community members. Want to submit for our next edition? Just email, message us on instagram, or let us know on discord.

Website: T4Tclt.com

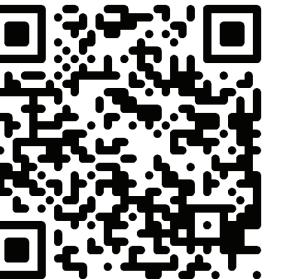
Instagram: @T4TCLT

Email: t4tcharlottenc@gmail.com

Discord: Ask at one of our events!



Looking for other ways to support? You can donate to T4Tclt by scanning here



<https://opencollective.com/t4t-clt>

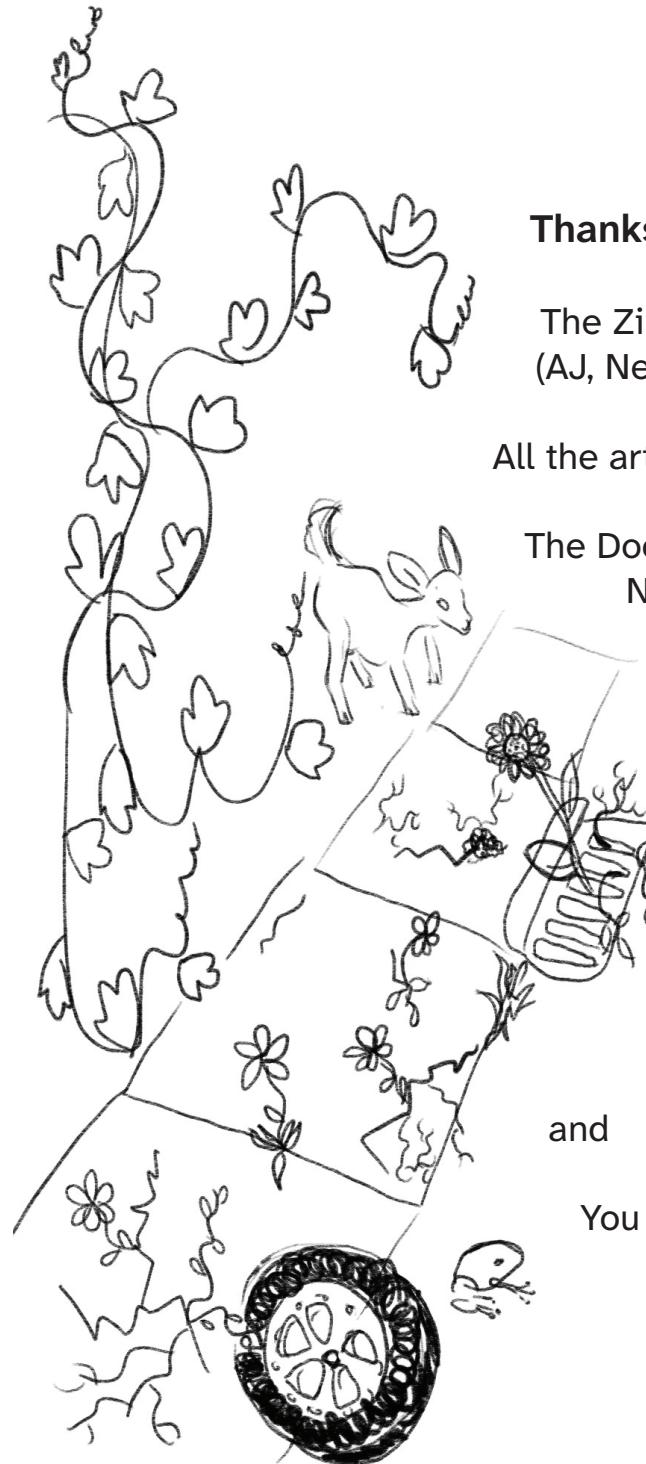
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T4T ZINE ISSUE 1



Table of Contents

- Front Cover Don't be Docile by Cherri
2 die a kings death by Nickle
3-4 Why it's important to resist early the intrusions and assaults on the institutions America relies on by Kara Murphy
5 CW: Solipsism by Taiga
6 War Season, 500 Years Long by Fox Moon
7-8 this piece doesnt have a title. Feel free to come up with one :P by <https://www.tumblr.com/headspace-hotel>
9-10 Carrier Pigeon by Echo
11 Therian Shots by Zachary P.
12 Survival/Progress by Tristan Marlowe
13-14 The Name I Killed by Quinn Fleur
15 Inward by Brynn Montgomery
16 How Queer by NEB
17 Elegy for an Empress by Candace Bríghde
18 As a Treat by Fox Moon & Viktor Moon
19 damn... by Nâomi-Fayt
20 untitled by Harper Ziskind
20 Self Portrait by Charrlotte "ZeeAnna" Antoinette
21-25 Untitled by Viktor Moon
26 The robot by Mick S.
27-30 Wildflowers by Echo
31 Sometimes Flower by k Jasmine
32 Remembering the Queer Elders Who Saw Me by Corvus
33 The Dark Night and the Rising Sun by Fox Moon



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The T4Tclt
community
(discord almost
400 strong!)

Our Open
Collective
supporters

and

You for reading!

die a kings death

Nickle

The Dark Night and the Rising Sun

Fox Moon

Deep breaths, Love. Big stretch. The sun is rising, the shadows receding.

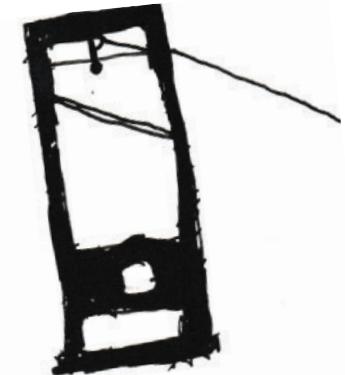
We have endured another long, dark, cold winter, made longer by incessant attacks from the greed-driven colossus that claims to represent and defend us, while it desperately devours everything and everyone as far as its Eye can see.

Guided through these darkest nights by the flames of ancestral wisdom we see glowing in each other's hearts, we have navigated to the equinox, mourning. As the sun warms the earth, we honor countless losses, personal and global, and tend the spirits where they dwell in our altars, the land, our own bodies.

The days will lengthen from here, the trees have already begun to bud and bloom. Hope and determination flow more freely. The ancestral dreams we nurtured through hibernation season are being born into consensus reality as we come together with renewed energy to continue building the free world we know is not only possible, but absolutely necessary.

The colonial behemoth is frantically sounding its own death knell, and it will not be allowed to recover. Its flailing will continue, dangerously and destructively, to be sure, but we are not deceived by its assertions that we can't survive without it. As it crumbles under its own egregious weight, we are creating something both new and ancient, closer to the ground. This is the cycle of life. No amount of hoarded riches can purchase Death's exception. All empires fall, and this one's time has come. Its rot must become compost for the Gardens we are growing.

Oo you hear
the people sing



HE WANTS
TO BE
KING

Then he
shall die a
kings death

Why it's important to resist early the intrusions and assaults on the institutions America relies on.

Kara Murphy

The history of repressive regimes shows the earliest stages are aimed at basic civil infrastructure. First they are infiltrated, then their missions are corrupted and turned to other purposes, and eventually they are eliminated.

The DEI committee for the city of Monroe has been a small entity. Its mission is to remove the barriers of inequality, and ensure that all voices are heard.

It has been led by Council member Surluta Anthony and she should be thanked for her service. Monroe has a troubled history with race relations. The job of easing those tensions and reconciling the people of Monroe is not an easy one.

The last few years have seen the city of Monroe face increasing division and discrimination aimed at the LGBTQ+ community. Starting with the very first year of Union County Pride the city council took up an ordinance trying to restrict the performance of drag to adults only. A move that is unconstitutional and legally unenforceable. Current members of the city council James Kerr, Gary Anderson, and Julie Thompson voted for that ordinance, even after being informed by the then city attorney that they had no legal basis for such a move.

Remembering the Queer Elders Who Saw Me

Both of these are short recollections of interactions I had during my first year of transition in Mississippi, during Trump's first term. I treasure them as part of the oral history I have had the privilege of bearing witness to.

- Corvus

the old lesbian is a regular at the pet store i work at. her wife is always with her, pushing her chair. they come to look at the fish, or get things for their fish tank- it's good to have something calming to watch, she says. she tells me they're gay, tells me she was a nurse in the 80s. 'These boys were crying for their mamas but their families wouldn't walk in the room. All I could do was try to keep them comfortable.' i look at her hands, knotted in the blanket she always has over her lap even in the mississippi summer. i wonder how many hands she's held that nobody else would.

the trans elder calls me a strong young man when she asks me to get her wheelchair out of her truck. she's still showing up to community events even in her old age, still doing the work as far as we've come. she tells me about her friend that was in a car accident, during the 70s, off i-20. the paramedics wouldn't touch her when they realized she wasn't a cis woman. 'Maybe she would have died either way, it's hard to say.' i think of her and her friend every time i pass the exit it happened at- cuba, alabama. i wonder if she's still showing up to events, still sharing bits of history for the next generation of transsexuals, eyes far away as she recollects lost sisters.

gender roles are

DEAD

Sometimes Flower

k Jasmine

*
Sometimes I feel so beautiful
Sometimes I let my old guard down
Sometimes I shed my old skin
Sometimes I grow anew;
growth that's so immense
Sometimes I feel sooo strongly,
be it in beauty or the abyss

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Of course current Mayor Robert Burns is infamous in this area for his bigotry, and his vilification of the LGBTQ+ community. He first showed up in downtown Monroe as part of the bigoted protestors outside a local business that had drag performances. He carried signs and spoke often about our community "sexualizing" and "grooming" children. Assertions neither he nor anyone else has been able to justify. His words and actions have seen Monroe's reputation dragged through the mud, appearing in local and regional news media in rather unflattering ways.

Robert Burns has championed the most extreme conservative republican lines. He has denied that systemic racism persists in Monroe and in the US. He has asserted that his particular brand of extreme conservative Christianity should be enforced on everyone by force of law. And he has attacked DEI programs and institutions here in Monroe and in the US.

Currently extremist Republicans are attempting to ban any DEI programs or institutions in local municipal governments. This is wrong and beyond their purview. The people of Monroe have a right to look to their history and to at least attempt to make sense of it. To take the lessons that history has taught us and to prevent the repetition of its worst sins.

There is a defeatist and nihilistic mood that is infecting those who could resist the infiltration and elimination of our institutions. They consider it too difficult, and unworthy of their attention or energy in fighting. But we are not fighting just for a DEI committee. We are fighting for the right to govern ourselves. If we preemptively surrender to every demand of this regime we are signaling to our citizens, to everyone else whose voices could be silenced, that we won't fight for them.

How can we expect them to fight with us if we can't fight for them now?

QUEER

LIBERATION

CW: Solipsism

Taiga

A colleague posted on social media, “if trans women aren’t women, why do people we trust sexually assault us as kids?” but assured everyone that they were only using humor to process their trauma live in public, so I guess it’s okay their joke reinforces the beliefs that people “become” trans from sexual abuse and that men can’t be survivors.



This skin is sacred,
Marked and mottled,
Bearing signs that I am alive
And healing.

Insecurities plague these bones
In loving other trans people
Loving what our community does
Protecting
Healing
In vivid, tangible action
I realize that I am lucky to be here

We are not alone

I do not regret
The choice that was never a choice
A life that has brought me color
Warmth
A persistence that I bring to all around me

Bathed in dawn light for the first time in decades,
A part of our bodies shed like a second skin
Filling in, wildflowers in spring.
How authentic,
and worthy of love.

Trans grief
Trans joy
These are emotions we are allowed to feel
As human beings
You Are So Loved.

I have a better relationship now
With that which we don't understand
But the righteous All Mighty Father
Cloaked in the blood of the innocent
Will never be My God.

When the first bathroom bills appeared
I was just starting my transition
Fear bubbled up,
Backdoor deals and outdated stereotypes
Deciding my fate

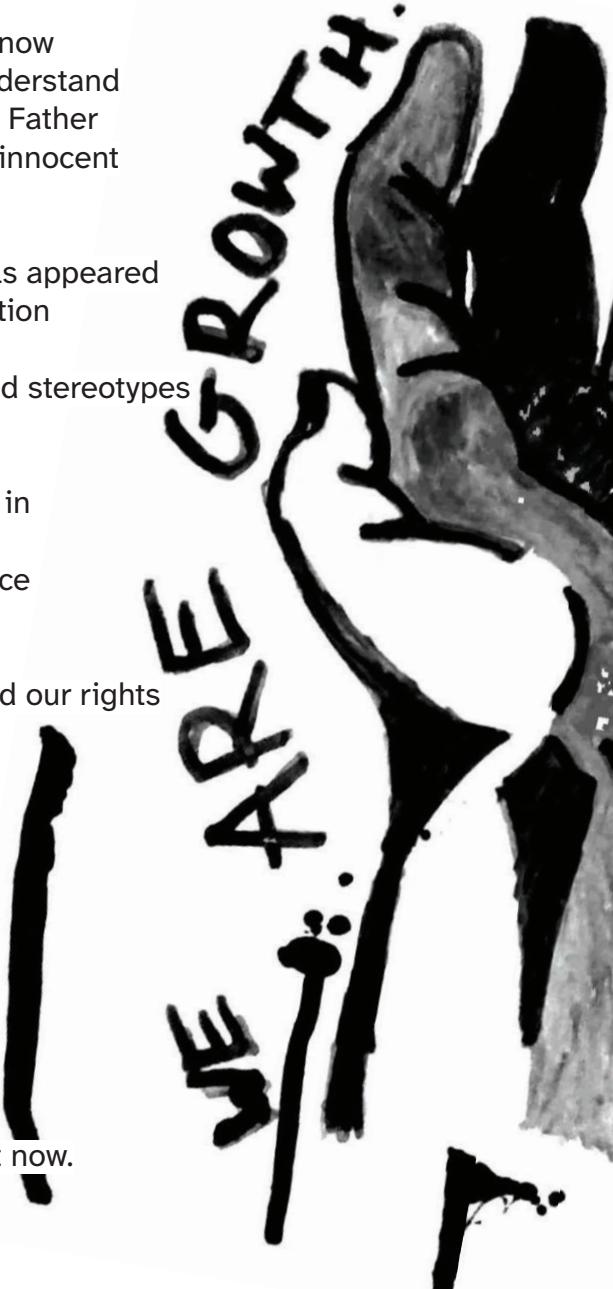
The money keeps on rolling in
Special interest groups
Profiting off of their ignorance
Our suffering

This country at large decided our rights
Were not a bottom line
The almighty dollar
Overtaking life

We have history
We learn from our elders.
We fight for our lives,
The lives of our children.

Bite, lick our wounds, guard
Until we are safe
Its not safe to be trans right now.

I look down at the chest
I've come to adore
Something I'd longed for,
Something that allows me to make My body a Home
A safe place for me to be in



War Season, 500 Years Long

Fox Moon

The world roils, the heart breaks
Peace is found in close moments
bodies pressed together
protecting the warmth between us
Life is so good, so beautiful
Love is the Great Healer

May everyone be blessed with this

To slip out of shackles in the deep dark night and
run through the forest howling for the Moon
the heads of our jailers on spikes

And soon but not soon enough
no more blood in the river
no more limbs in the rubble
The sun rising over green earth
birds leading the hymn

We pray and fight and rest and fuck and love
for the liberation of all beings



<https://www.tumblr.com/headspace-hotel>

this piece doesnt have a title.
Feel free to come up with one :P

In the future, children will think our ways are strange. "Why do old people always grow so much milkweed in their gardens?" they'll say. "Why do old people always write down when the first bees and butterflies show up? Why do old people hate lawn grass so much? Why do old people like to sit outside and watch bees?"

We will try to explain to them that when we were young, most people's yards were almost entirely short grass with barely any flowers at all, and it was so commonplace to spray poisons to kill insects and weeds that it was feared monarch butterflies and American bumblebees would soon go extinct. We will show them pictures of sidewalks, shops, and houses surrounded by empty grass without any flowers or vegetables and they will stare at them like we stared at pictures of grimy children working in coal mines.

We will be feeding our grandchildren strawberries and raspberries we grew in our gardens, dragging them along to the farmers' markets for tomatoes and eggs and goats milk and pickles and pecans and salsa and sunflower seed butter and jars of honey, as they complain and drag their feet because Gramma always stands around talking to people for like an HOUR.

To the whispered indignation
Looks and passive aggressive gifts
Outright denial of who I was



My skinned knees and thin frame
Hugged those baggy blue jeans
Old friends when the open air
Burned my skin
The worst part is
They remember themselves as
"Supportive"
"Safe."

Sunday school is a place
I learned to be of punishment
It spread
Black, thorn-laden webs of inadequacy
And self-doubt

How could a God exist when the stories make no sense?
How could a God exist when I am in this much pain?
How could a God exist if this is what his followers do?
How can a God exist without wanting something in return?

The way the questions progressed
Staring at my ceiling
Talking to myself to soothe my head

Alone as I was
Terrified and heartbroken as I was
Their signs reading
"Homo Sex Is Sin"

Echo Wildflowers

Who i am now
began at age 14.
At least, that's when I mark it
When I first gave myself a name
Tattooed my nonbinary nature
Into my very skin

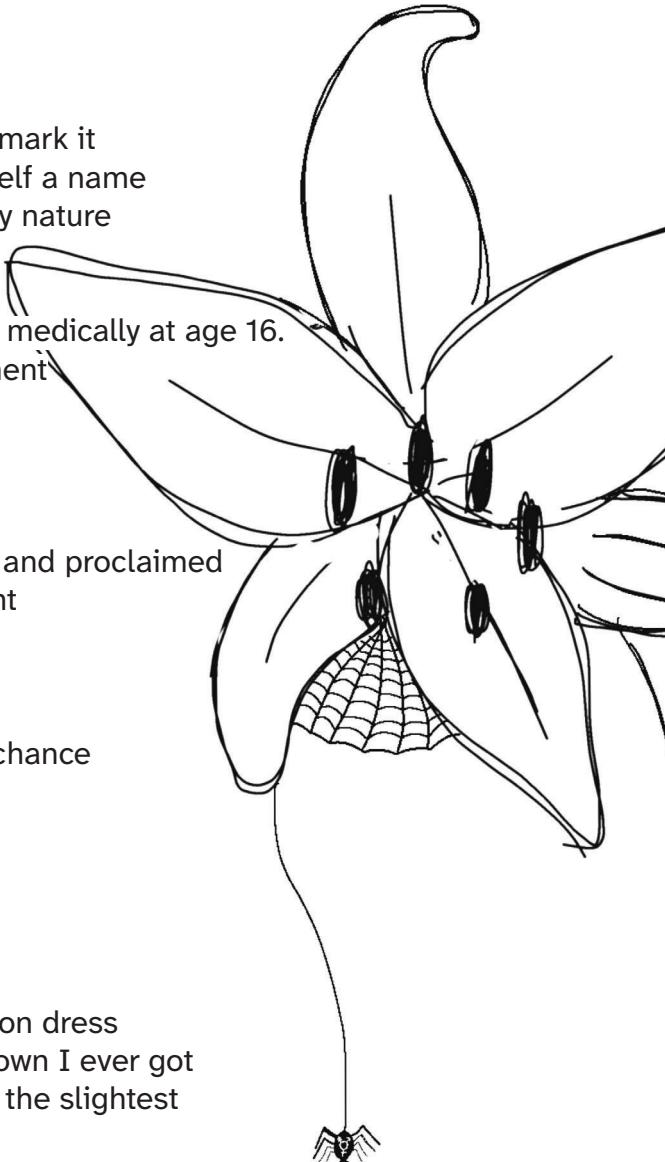
I started transitioning medically at age 16.
I do not regret a moment
I was lucky.
Testosterone at 16.
Top surgery at age 17.

Settled into who I am and proclaimed
That I needed different
From what I got
I took it in stride

Its a one in a million chance
To be given
Such blessed scars
The way I got them.
I know that.
I transitioned early.

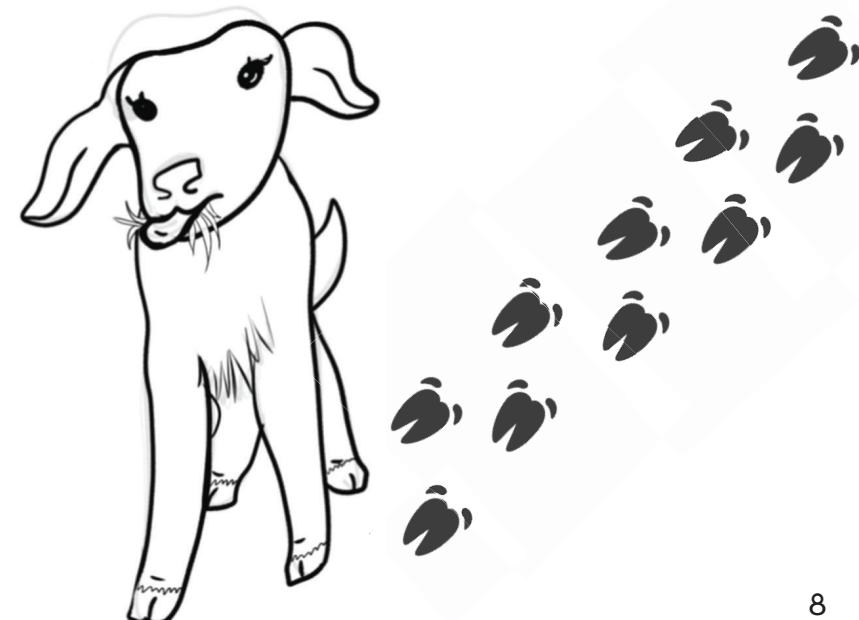
A First Holy Communion dress
And the first button down I ever got
Will never compare in the slightest

I lost a piece of me to The Church.
To the knowledge that those around me
Those who were supposed to love me
Could not and would not see me
As a human being
Any longer.



And we will say "When I was YOUR age, fruits and vegetables came from a supermarket and they were bred to get shipped 1000 miles in a truck and sit on shelves for weeks, and they tasted so sour and watery it was like eating paper compared to these ones. It wasn't even legal in some places to grow your own food" and they will roll their eyes like yeah yeah just because everything was miserable in the 20s doesn't mean I have to have a smile on my face standing in the hot sun while you listen to that one guy talk about his bees FOREVER.

But they will go, because
there might be baby goats.



Echo **Carrier Pigeon**

And so the carrier pigeon
Dove of peace if there ever was one
Lies discarded
Abandoned, wrapped within the cold

The world watches
Bloodshot eyes flickering
As bodies pile,
Lives ripped apart

Do we learn?
Do we grow?
As the ouroboros we devour ourselves
Pledging honesty in false tongues

How does one render the tar,
Singed bone and sinew,
Desperate pleas for mercy,
To gentle touch once more?

Our planet breathes in time
In a cacophony of voices
Here by chance and scientific miracle
- yet we burn it
...we burn it all



The robot

Mick S.

I saw a robot struggle up the stairs today
After cruising down the street
It tried to climb the steps, then failed
And layed down in defeat.

And so I hurried over
Tried turning it upright
I begged for it to start again
Until it finally complied.

But after climbing up the steps
It rocked from side to side
A crooked kind of ambling
Replaced its perfect stride

Soon the whirring slowly stopped
And then the engine died.
I needed it to start again
So frantically I tried

I deconstructed every part
I scrutinized each wheel, each screw
I tried and tried to fix it
Till there was nothing left to do.

I know I have to put it back
But the task feels far too great
And so I sit beside the parts
And patiently I wait.

**radical
compassion**
transgender
community

5.

What pieces of soul shamed
have replaced me since the beginning?

Intensity of Southern stars overhead.

I have always been here.

Body, how you are enjoyed!

Webs of playful sensuality —

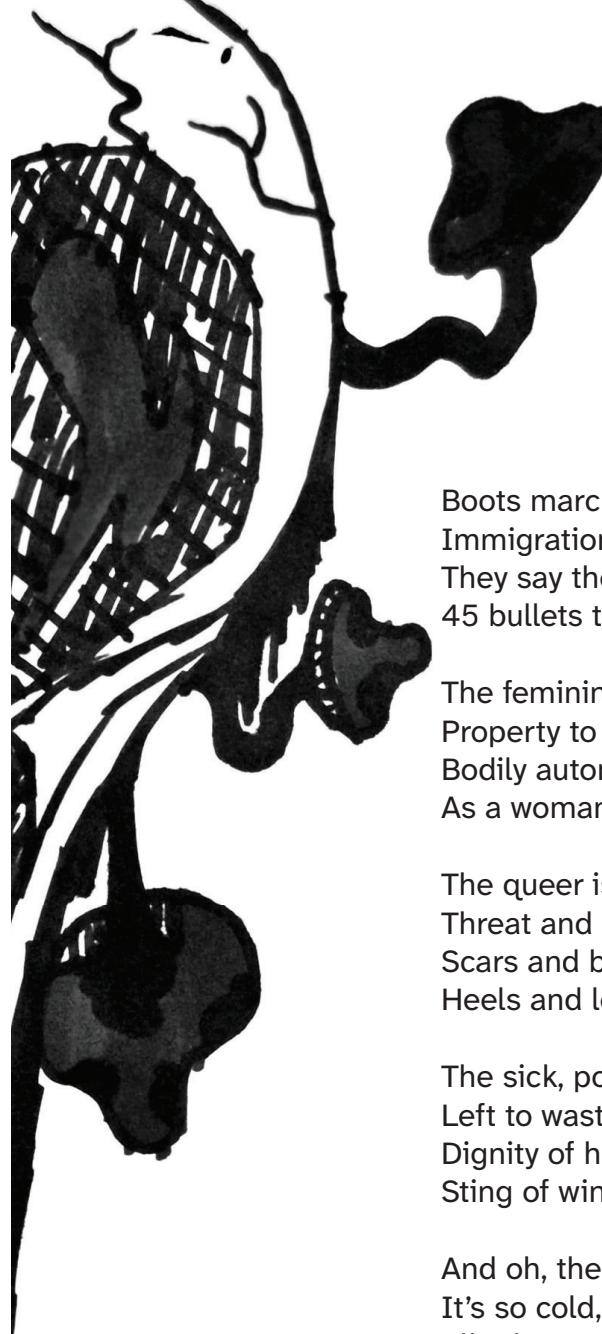
that could not be taken.

Not always, but implanted
pausing, scanning.

Freak or foe.

Nerves wore out, thinned
by a cautious exhaustion.

A wearied self,
but what now of that ease,
me, a friend.



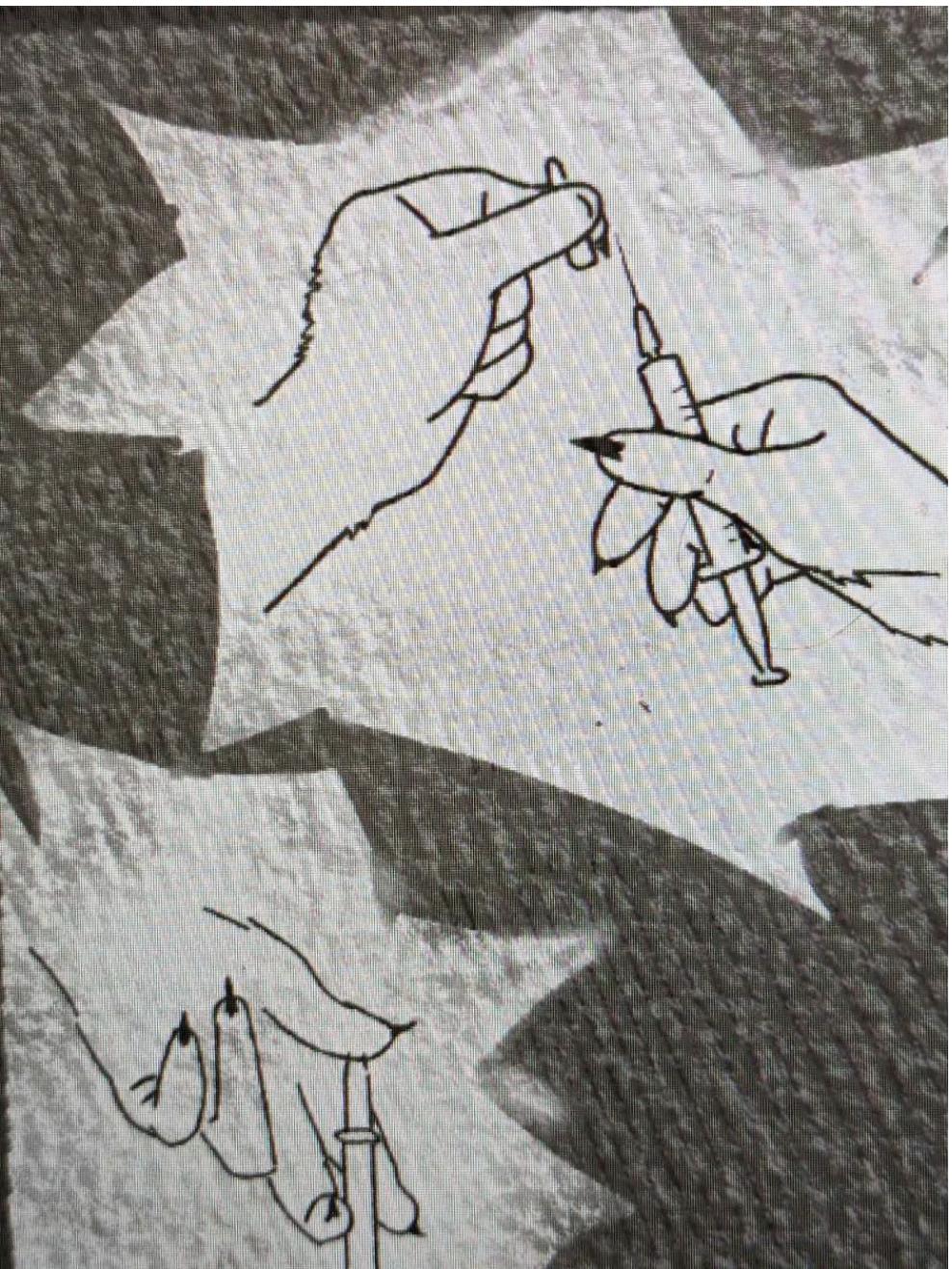
Boots march down the avenue
Immigration, cops, and soldiers
They say they'll make America great again
45 bullets to the face

The feminine is disdained
Property to be owned
Bodily autonomy grasped
As a woman's hair trying to flee

The queer is beaten ruthlessly
Threat and predator, they call us
Scars and broken bones
Heels and longing glances stand despised

The sick, poor, elderly, young
Left to waste away
Dignity of human
Sting of winter within the cuts

And oh, the street is so cold
It's so cold, numbing us out
Slipping uncognizant into fascism
The deep slumber of death



Therian Shots

Zachary P.

4.

Rubber thighs, warm
from cruising sands of time.

Fluffy rubbing,
wrapping from gap
and front to back.

My love for you,
innermost delicate spot
is a playful practice.
Ungripping from the
steel pole of intruders,
Unclinching stale holdings.

Each self-possessed massage,
Each weekly needle, mediation with myself and fear,
a radical self-care praxis for release.

Soft, solid,
lumpy, hairy.
Shy unfurled butterflies for thighs.



3.

cw: reappropriating queer slurs

My clothesline colors teach me,

in whose hand-me-downs I'll play.

Button tops stripped off by the sea and

unclothed, I am no one to portray.

Winds fling away a spittled flag,

swill and viscera trying for my body.

Happy am I, a sunbathed fag,

unregulated trans hottie.



Survival/Progress

Tristan Marlowe

I opened a door in summer '24,
with an easy injection that drew a bead of blood
after a lifetime of answering to the wrong name,
shifting uneasy in the wrong skin
I survived it, and did not think I would

I closed a door, a few weeks more
walking away from the place I'd given my youth,
driving away, a bitter laugh when
the dead end shrank away in my rearview
I survived it, and did not think I would

I boarded a plane that flew me west, me,
who barely leaves the house, who goes tight-throated in a crowd
I endured the distress that gave way to euphoria, music and joy
shimmering in desert air,
I survived it, and I did not think I would

Now I pace between doors again
between home or the great unknown
I pace, in clumsy middle age,
trying not to mourn
the boyhood I never had, the years I gave away
The first beard I grow will be grey and still
I try
I try to survive
I try to survive it, and I think I will

The Name I Killed

Quinn Fleur

Pictures on the wall that carry a name I killed
Avoiding my name has me thrilled
At least it's not out of hate
“Give it time, you've got to wait”

Will those photos call you when you're lonely
I was your child in name only
You weren't there to hold me
All you could do was scold me
Only because you couldn't control me

The mirror is the only place
That I can never erase
Inspecting every new chin hair
“You know no one really cares”

Will the mirror finally show you flaw free
Or can you learn to be happy
“No one likes their reflection”, you say
I love my transsexual body, I disobey

Walking on eggshells
While I'm putting on my t gel
Want me to tell you how I got that scar?
“That's just how they are”

2.

Guttural time with the soul,
alone.

Never before manifested noises,
repatterning patinaed wounds.

Goodbye divot —

Choking traded for
fountains of my former fears.

Sun shining on me
like it won't oppress

Our interdependent planet
someday.

For this moment,
I am content.



TRANS RIGHTS ARE HUMAN RIGHTS

Untitled

Viktor Moon

1.

When putting yourself back together meant

arms into sockets, slings,

relearning how to breathe,

sit, stand,

walk, write.

Holding my own heart in hope.

Hope for joy in my joints,

and a deep knowing love

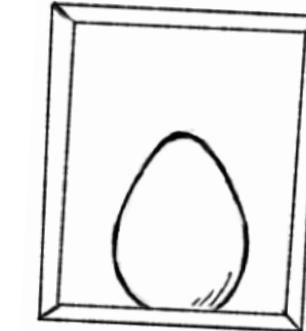
to which I will read aloud

a poem,

or two.



chosen name



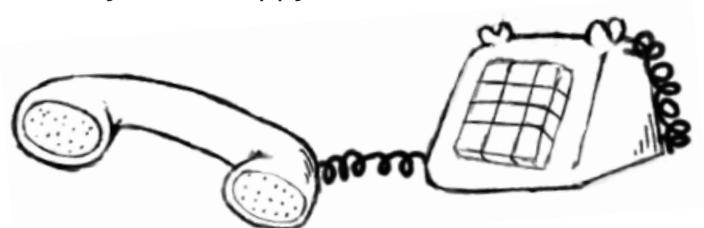
Will you ever learn to accept me
Or will you never admit you affect me?
“Why don’t you call anymore”
But I know you don’t like me at my core

Struggling to dress
Whether to pass or express
Is my gender a hard sell?
“I mean you are wearing all pastel”

Will you ever let me be?
Will I ever be set free?
From these expectations and assumptions
“Excuse my presumption”

Even strangers on the street
Old friends from highschool I meet
Can’t help but ask if I have a dick
“Wasn’t that your name when you were a chick?”

Signatures in their yearbook carry a name I killed
Using this new one has me thrilled
After 20 something years of feeling shabby
“I’ve never seen you this happy”



Inward

Brynn Montgomery

I pulled away, quiet and small,
Retreating into myself,
While you stood there, feigning confusion,
Wondering why the warmth had gone.

You couldn't see the damage—
Or maybe you refused to.
I thought what happened months ago,
was just a storm we'd weathered.

But now I see it for what it was—
Control dressed as care,
Anger masked as love.

It wasn't my fault that I shrank.
It was yours.
And I'm walking away now,
Finally free from the weight
Of what I didn't want to believe.

untitled

Harper Ziskind

in my dreams i am falling and falling

i scratch myself in the uncertainty of lucidity

a direct method to confirm the angel that has fed me

never before have i been so awake

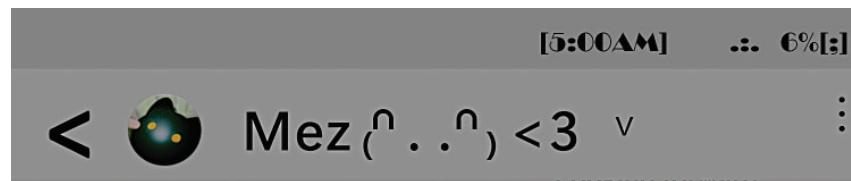
Self Portrait

Charrlotte "ZeeAnna" Antoinette



damn...

Nâomi-Fayt



3:23 PM

ε(^..^)ɔ<3

2:28 AM

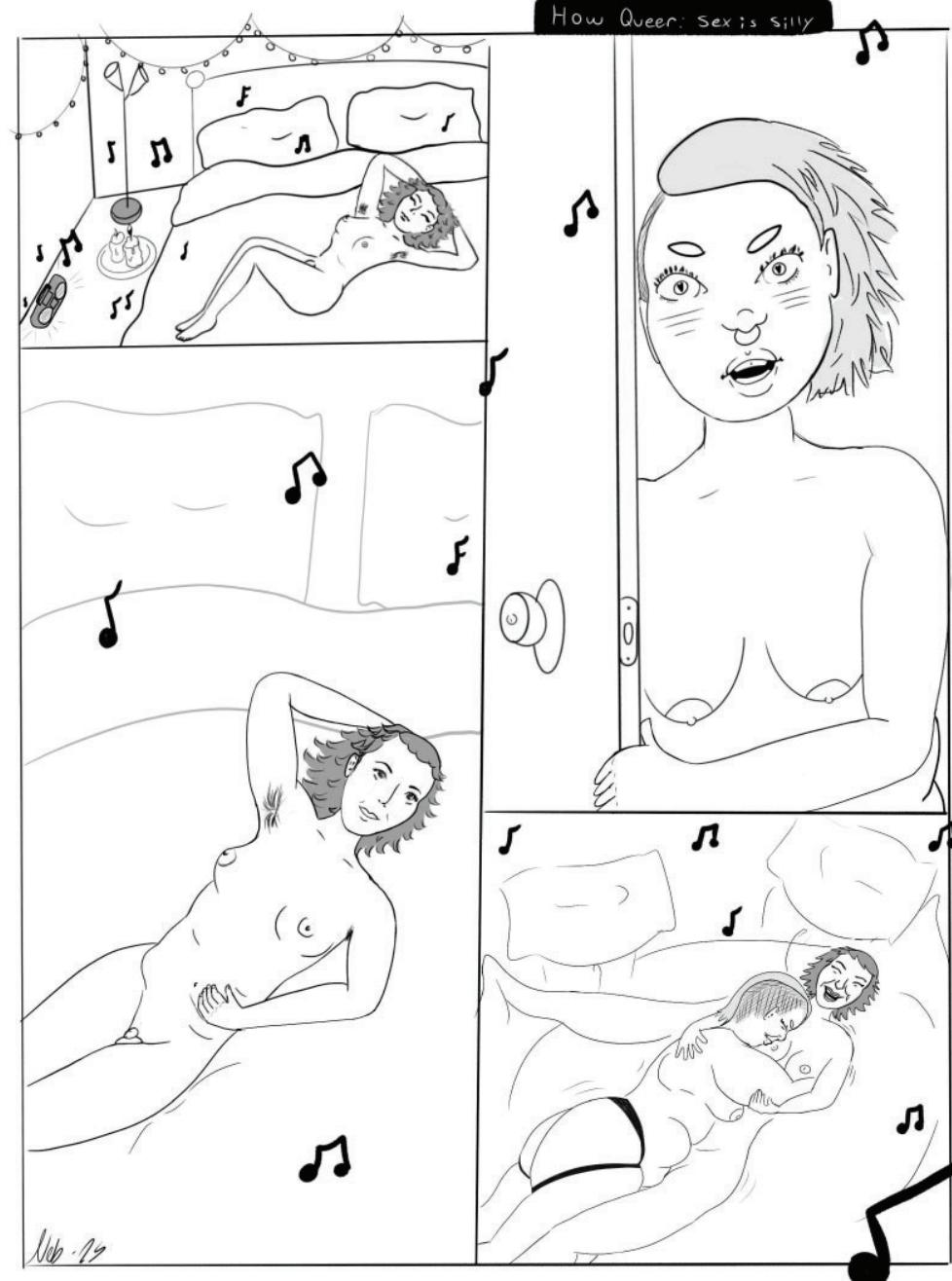
Hey.. I think I wanna break up..

It's nothing you did! I just, I love you in a way that isn't how you love me? If that make's sense?

I still wanna be friends though! If you're ok?

ε(^..^)ɔ :

4:45 AM



How Queer
NEB

Elegy for an Empress

Candace Bríghde

O Majesty, thee we hardly knew.
Empress most high, to whom we were true,
rest now in peace, 'til day of doom
when God shall reckon where thou shalt room:
in bane of hell or heaven's boon
(the scriptures say we'll find out soon).

i know i would that thou room with me.
in the glow of hell we could be free.
the Good Shepherd in heaven can count his sheep
while we party all night with no need for sleep.
in the infernal fire's perpetual gleam,
we never need worry we'll run out of steam.



As a Treat

Fox Moon & Viktor Moon

I'll have Adam's apple
throatful of your fruit
Deliciously criminal body
banned by envious fear

Practice comfort food
with fistfuls of flesh
Counting wrinkles & fireflies
as ancestral worship
Split open, pubescent crone
baptize me in your laugh
Drip joy unceasing
delight in being

A gilded mess
an eternal transcendent display
Miscreant innocence
within tangled embrace

Cozy up, sweetness
to a dangerous security
Faerie Thing,
transfag daemon.

PARIS IS BURNING