

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 second issue of our community zine, created by and for our community members. Want to submit for our next issue? 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>

MADE IN 2025



T4T ZINE ISSUE 2

COVER BY LEN FERN

CONTENT ADVISORY
18+



Table of Contents

- 2 A Change by Cherri
- 3 Good Girl by Jace Lockewood
- 3 Leaving Isolation by Taiga
- 4-6 That without any fame by D.K. Rynn
- 7 We will not lose by Nickle
- 8 cardinals song by Harper Ziskind
- 9 Seven days by Bug, @/bugsdayOff
- 10 The Events of Last Night: A T4T Erotic Memoir by AJAX
- 11-12 Summer Stars by Gwendolyn Stryer
- 13 On Being Touched Gently For The First Time In Years or Maybe Ever by CL
- 14-15 Proud by D.K. Rynn
- 16 Trans Rights by Cherri
- 17 Coffee With You by Jace Lockewood
- 18 Untitled self portraits by Phizzi
- 19 Signs by Nickle
- 19 Soup for my family by Nickle
- 20 The Ones That Don't Count by Taiga
- 21 Coffee by Bug, @/bugsdayOff
- 22 Starlight by Jackson Maddy
- 23 Little Devil by AJAX
- 24 Be/Lieve by Kai Law
- 25-26 Stargazing by ECHO / @judeorion on instagram
- 27 Doggy Day Out by Amy Rosenbaum
- 28 Doggy See Doggy Do by Amy Rosenbaum
- 29-30 The Dance Of The Hazelights by Jace Lockewood
- 31 Our Body by Jackson Maddy
- 32 Freak. by anon
- 33 Black Fire by Kai Law
- 34 Gaza Does Not Die by Wadee Abu Rouk
- 35-36 Give Roses (centimeters) by D.K. Rynn
- 37 The Fear of Support by Taiga



Want to be featured
in future issues?



Scan the QR code to
submit to issue 3!
[https://forms.gle/
Z2LvMfxdCAqYtzSf6](https://forms.gle/Z2LvMfxdCAqYtzSf6)

Thanks to:

- The Zine Team (AJ, Taiga, Eden, Star, Quinn, Nebulae, Fish)
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- The T4Tclt community (Discord almost 500 strong!)
- Our Open Collective supporters
- and You for reading!

The Fear of Support

Taiga

Going from being alone to joining a community gave me such a sense of shell-shock.

I used to feel so helpless yet incapable of asking for help.

It was anxiety, but it was something more, a sense that I was undeserving.

Finding folk who lift others by giving freely is both a relief and a terror.

Always there is this fear that I will reach out only to be slapped down for taking too much.

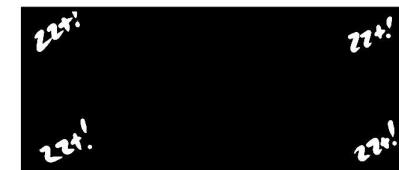
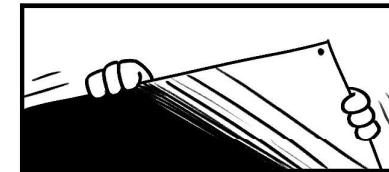
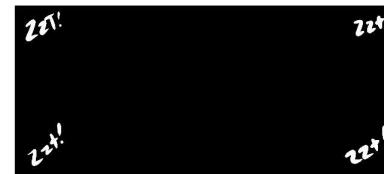
It's happened before.

I know the work I do is important; still, it will never feel like I'm truly giving back until I can place something of value into another person's hand and know that it constitutes a real sacrifice on my part.



A Change

Cherri



SHE/HER





Good Girl

Jace Lockewood

A lady never asks,
A lady never tells.
I am begging for a break from the table.
Silently.
Could you lie? Yes,
But a lady never lies.
A lady never tells the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.
It sucks to know,
Body, mind, soul
The only thing I know,
Is what a lady is like.



Leaving Isolation

Taiga

Becoming part of a community of communities
is a process that begins
with the decision
to do something and be wrong,
to take the licks that you deserve,
and to try again without complaint,
because you don't deserve praise
for achieving the bare minimum.

It is a process of learning a humility
that stops short only
of forgiving those who chose
to do nothing and be wrong
while hiding under the refrain of
“I couldn’t have known.”



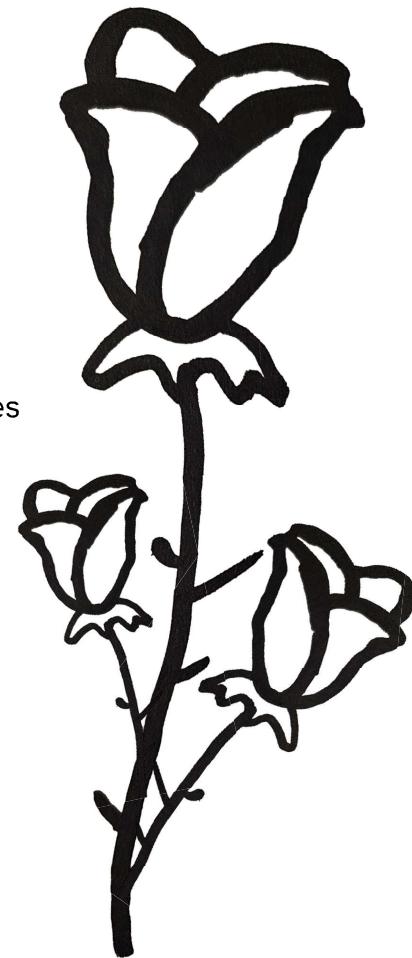
You just don't see
Beyond your rose colored glasses
Who you'll be
Wait until it lasted
With your money
Green eyes envious
Still
Still
Still

Give us our roses while we're still
Breathing

Can you convert your death by inches
Instead of forced conversion
Can you read between the lyrics
Instead of singing at funerals
Can you walk across the cemetery
Instead of us running away
We want to be free
Yet all you gotta say

Is it's the death by centimeters
Not a dozen roses on your bed
You want love worth kilometers
But get a gallon of hatred
Wading through waters
Running kilometers
From your own home
Give us our roses before we're gone

Give us roses
Not by centimeters
But by dozens



Give Roses (centimeters)

D.K. Rynn

Why should you kill who you want to kill if I can't love who I love

It's death by centimeters

Easily become kilometers



Take a dime to take a life years later you don't recognize yourself

It's death by centimeters



Becoming kilometers

We try so hard to be unique but forget we're like everyone else

We just want to oust the world

Inches become meters

Meters to miles

Translate the pain

The death while

You take a step in
The wrong direction
Cause we choose to separate
The miles we go in



Why should you kill who you want to kill because of who I love
Why take a person and burn him at the stake
Why should you hate who you wanna hate when I just want love
Your death by inches become death for all of us

That without any fame

D.K. Rynn

We all have our struggles
We all have our pain

We all have these voices
Some may say

You're not worth loving
You're only worth pain
Maybe you don't listen
When they say

You're nothing special
You're not a penny in change
Cause if you were special
You'd feel the most pain

So how bout be grateful
No one knows your name
Is it better invisible
Or better to feel the weight

On your shoulders
Wait till you fall over
So imagine everyone looking for you
But imagine everyone calling to you
I don't know what that is
I don't know what you are
So at least you have a pain with a name
Rather than a that without any fame

Don't compare struggles
We all have our differences



Race, gender, bodily
Sexual preferences

And broken hearts
Or maybe you've been ripped apart
Or never broken cause rejected
Victim or neglected

Yet you hear these voices
You block out the noises
Maybe you've known no pain
Until somebody will say

You're nothing special
You're not a penny in change
Cause if you were special
You'd feel the most pain

So how bout be grateful
No one knows your name
Is it better invisible
Or better to feel the weight

Of being special
Or what if they say
It's harder to be this
But imagine no one knowing your pain

Imagine people saying
When I say I'm them/ they
I don't know what that is
Like That is my name



Gaza Does Not Die

Wadee Abu Rouk

My name is Wadee. I am twenty years old. In my city, east of Khan Yunis, I stand in front of a shattered window, looking up at the gray sky. The sky no longer means anything to me except the sound of planes, the flashing of shells, and the news of death.

I wake up every day to sounds that don't resemble an alarm clock, but rather the roar of explosions and the sound of the minarets calling people to the dawn prayer, as if to shout, "There are still survivors."

I'm a high school student who dreams of becoming an engineer, but I haven't been to school for months. Not only because of the financial shortage, but also because the road to it is destroyed, and the building has been reduced to rubble. My father has been unemployed since the crossing was closed. My younger brother dreams of toys, not about travel or the future.

My day begins with collecting water from the street, then long queues for bread, or waiting for the electricity supply, which may or may not arrive for an hour. I try to study by candlelight, or using my phone's battery. In the evening, my family sits by the firelight, telling stories about the days "before the siege," as if they were myths.

Despite everything, I write to you:

We do not live... we endure. And Gaza does not die; rather, every day, it gives birth to a thousand gentle, unbreakable souls.

@wadeeroukgaza

chuffed.org/project/wadih

Black Fire

Kai Law

what the fire
burns away, opens
space for new growth



While all voices say

You're nothing special
You're not one to make change
Cause if you were special
You'd feel the most pain

So how bout be grateful
No one knows your name
Is it better invisible
Or better to feel the weight



On your shoulders
Wait till you fall over

So imagine everyone looking for you
But imagine everyone calling to you
I don't know what that is
I don't know what you are
So at least you have a pain with a name
Rather than a that without any fame

Imagine never a name
Am I just too special
I don't even get a name





We will not lose
Nickle



Freak.

anon

be me, 20 something extremely online 4chan-using transexual woman
haven't tried dating in literal years
try to set up dating app
first messages are asking if I have a dick
why else would my profile say im a tranny ffs
finally meet someone who seems sort of ok asks to take me out for coffee
pick out a nice sweater and some dress pants
we finally meet
he starts asking all these questions about when i transitioned and stuff
he's shocked that my family isn't revolted by me
at one point i get up to pee
i use the women's restroom
hes surprised i even go into the women's room
realize that he's disgusted by me
drive home alone
realize i'll just be seen as a freak by men



Our Body

Jackson Maddy



TRANS
RIGHTS

cardinals song

Harper Ziskind



on the verge of what has kept me afloat
i attempt to patch the holes flooding in seawater
my crewmates occupied tending the sails,
loading the cannons, and navigating this assault
i scream for help; yearning for the cardinals song

through the splintered wood i feel the hot sea breeze
i catch a glimpse of the open azure skies
the clouds who have kept me company,
and the endless space the cardinals fill with solace
i am reminded that this humid air is the same that has always
filled my lungs

as the ship floods with water, and my crewmates efforts are
fought in vain
i hear the gentle sounds of my home
the soft embrace, my warmly lit room
drowned and changed, with grit and scars
ill make it back to hear the cardinals song.



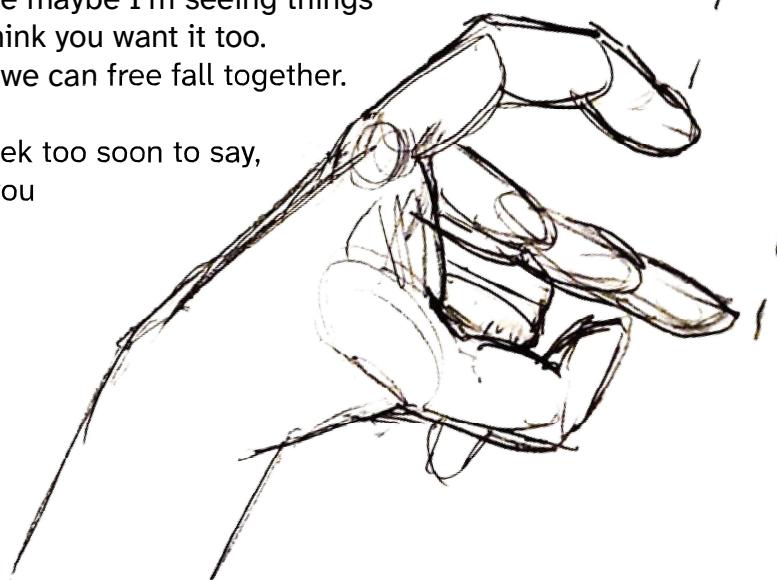
Seven days

Bug, @/bugsdayOff

Is a week too soon to say I love you?

The words hide behind my teeth
Too shy to make their presence known.
Too scared that they'll be laughed at,
Or mocked
But everytime I see you
My stomach jumps
And those words crawl a little bit closer
To my lips,
Like the way you lean in to kiss me.
They cling onto your laugh
As it dances through the air,
Even if its at me
Because the sound is sweeter than
Any music I've ever heard.
And when you look at me with those eyes
They want to take that leap
And escape from my mouth
Because maybe I'm seeing things
But I think you want it too.
Maybe we can free fall together.

Is a week too soon to say,
I love you



If I must live past my expiration,
May the doctors know to bill insurance for a broken femur.
Nothing too battered,
My only prescription, to be cared for, as needed PRN.
But when the shirts deny,
Inflicting the will some emptyman who would not hesitate to
inflict the cost-effectiveness of killing them on sight,
May the doctors cry.
And may it spread.
May we weep and wither until we have spent all the pain from a
dance we were sold into.
And then... May we remember the banquet.
"Free drink to dye your tear-stained handkerchiefs."
And may there not be one to start picking up the signs.
So that statistics don't rise.
Don't wipe your tears, let them wash away the wolf scent forced
within your cavities;
Their attempts to hide, may come to light.
Because when those empty, empty wolfskins cry, run, hide
It doesn't ruin the meat.
For you can't ruin something already as rotted, as an emptyman.



The Dance Of The Hazelights

Jace Lockewood

Here I must endure:
Calling apart the intensity of moving on.
Give or take, away,
I just hope there's something beautiful to be left with.
The one thing that could be hiding behind the people's skirt.
I am shoved out of the womb that never wanted me.
I was always just a kid, but I grew so old.
I grew out of it.
It being,
The dance of the hazelights.
Still yet trapped with the pulmonary panic strapped to our backs,
that makes us sway in time to noise.
When have we last heard music that wasn't such a scream for
peace?
When can we cherish each other, please.
I am begging strangers online to use me like I remember from
my youth.
Because I never grew loved.
And when I die,
I wish you leave a picture of what you would trade to have me
back,
Before you drag my penance for a dream of life into the dirt,
With no collodion.

The Events of Last Night *A T4T Erotic Memoir* AJAX

— I wake, your face still clear in my mind. The way your eyelids fluttered; the feeling of your teeth on my neck. Flushed skin, parted lips, heavy breathing. My heart thrums in my chest. The image of your eyes, staring up from between my legs, half lidded and full of fire.

— You are so alive, you ignite something in me. Your dead stare, your silent words, your guarded touch. And yet, in your bed, I become your everything. Heat floods my body as you unveil yourself to me. Slowly, passionately. I take you first; I ravish you. I can't control myself. There is peace when I am inside you. My mind quiets, and my body moves on primal instinct. I take great care to make sure you glimpse heaven in my arms. Oh fallen angel, scorched and tortured, let me quicken you once more.

— I need nothing from you in return and yet you push me down onto my back, eager to show me your power. There's a brief embarrassment upon recognizing how badly I crave your upheaval. How my body melts and flows out underneath your hands. And then you are inside me, too. It is a sinful bliss, but one I give in to with ease. I wither in your embrace. Am I beautiful? Are my cries just as melodic to your ears, as yours are to mine? Do you cherish the way I weep in pleasure, the pleasure that you alone provide? Oh, ravish me right back, my body aches to be broken by you.

— Consciousness dwindle. I creep closer to the warmth of your body. The world is quiet when your lips are still. How magnetic you are. How grateful I am to witness the last light of a dying star. How honored I am to view the last sunset.

Summer Stars

Gwendolyn Stryer / -After Larry Levis

My mother once ripped a gauze
From her aquarium specialist's ear. The boy,
Danny, was known for wearing enticing
Skin tight dresses on the weekends, & even he
Was not brazen enough to say
While clutching his jet black earring,
"You did that on purpose!" Why
No soul was so foolhardy as to
Place the blame on my mother, for
She would ensnare you in your own words
That surely were destined to damn her this time
Back when it still mattered,
She never once admitted defeat.

I never understood how a mother could inflict purposeful pain,
Then gently sip inexpensive wine.

Sometimes, I climb a crumbling dirt hill,
And listen past the highway's hum,
Beyond the city's summer silhouette to see
A veil of faint stars, alive, and growing.

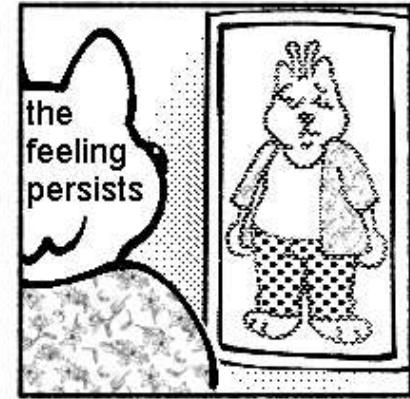
I used to feel somber when I looked out to them.
In Raleigh, the light was dimmer.
In a Raleigh that cannot be returned to,
My mother is growing feral
With a genuine cat-scratch fever
Sapping her strength.
Her directions become erratic. I watch,
In dismay, as I insert her IV drip.
She drinks casually with the other arm
Resting the Coors Light on her bedside table...



Doggy See Doggy Do

Amy Rosenbaum

Fermi Aparadox



osenbomb.com





Doggy Day Out

Amy Rosenbaum



Polynomial



#DOGMATH



HURRY
@ HURRY! @



Each of our minds is akin to an elaborate Palace, one where the mindscape is molded Into a suitable home. I can imagine now Disease running rampant through our halls, Marking belongings with its poxy, elongated, Influence. There can be no sense of direction if Gravity is turned off. The furniture floats aimlessly Through the foyer, while in the basement The long unstable furnace reignites itself, Shoveling coal past boxes of holiday decorations And bicycles that have been sold for liquor money.

I stand under the streetlamp, four blocks away.
I do not run, that was our agreement at birth.

For years, shattering silence took us
And I believed what was left in the margins
Were two people viewing the same sky as it grew.
Yet each time before, I was wrong.
Ensnared like a philosopher
At a physics convention.

Tonight I'm able to talk to you mother, although
Your brain has been chemically altered.
The candor in your messages stokes
What remains between our shared husk.

When you threw me out at fourteen, I was gone for good.

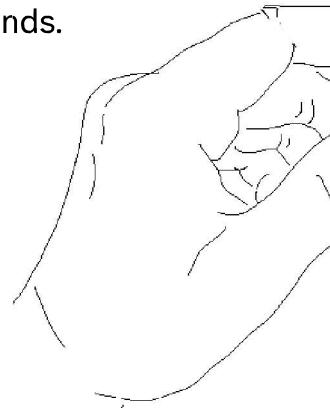
Summer nights continue to pour over me.
Finding your true, fragile form
Like a cicada's shell given life
From the dark abyss. I wander
Back down the hill,
I'm reconciling still.

Blue
the end
of sadness

On Being Touched Gently For The First Time In Years or Maybe Ever

CL

in my dream i am a pair of eyes and two hands.
the rest of my body is across the room and
a boy with gentle hands is touching it-
or about to touch it. or wants to touch it.



I am tired of hands.

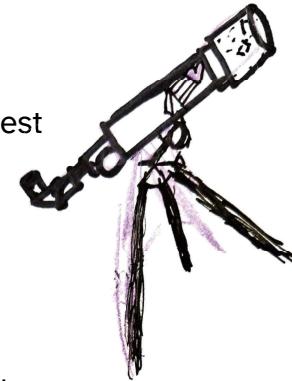
i am only present in my fingers and- my
mouth is mine in the same way my bones
are mine. a matter of accident or
responsibility . at least i know how to use
them. at least they listen to me.

My knuckles bulge like bird wings. Like
worms. I consider plucking them. I have discarded
so many delicate things- I dream
about hands on hands and
tenderness. I am afraid I won't understand,
but when I am asleep it doesn't matter
what language it speaks, it's all in one head anyway.

the boy is also tired of hands. i understand
this in the same way a moth understands a lamp. i know
how to beat my wings against the glass.

I want to learn a love that doesn't scream of desolation.

There is none
None, none
That could compare to His chest
Nestled, fitted together
Against my back
Heartbeats entwined



I will stay
I will fight
I will break and love, over and over
Willingly, gladly
To reform as something greater
For having known Your touch



Stargazing

ECHO / @judeorion on instagram

Constellations cast a gentle glow
Moonlight reaching down softly
Cradling the night
Orion gazing below fondly

Winter sunlight
Heating brittle bones
Aching joints
A reminder of living

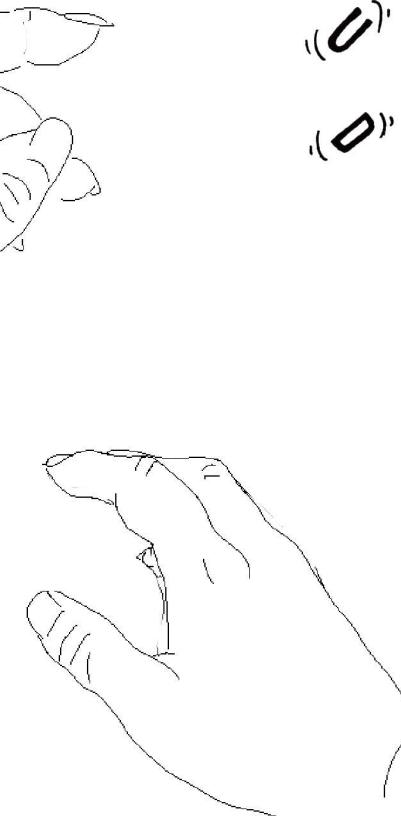
The distance twists
I run, I run, I run
Calling loudly for Your touch
Roots of sunflower
Tangling over arteries
Flesh and bone and sun

You are a piece of me
The question lingers,
"What do we keep this for?"
Not a single living soul
Plucks my heartstrings
So desperately, feverishly, passionately



Heavy boots patter home from work
Coat drawn close
To be hung at the door
With the sweetest of honey mango kisses
Something hot and savory on the stove
And the warmest espresso brown eyes

'(P)'
'(R)'
'(O)'
'(U)'
'(D)'



Proud

D.K. Rynn



I wanna represent
What it means to be
P r o u d
I wanna represent
What it means to me
To be
P r o u d



It means to walk taller
Stronger
Not let that weight on me
Bring me down no
I don't
Need your fake loving
For me to be louder
Higher
Better than pretending
I'm happier
I'm happy being
P r o u d
Proud of being me



I wanna speak to it
What it feels like to be
F r e e
I wanna speak to it
What it means to be
Truly f r e e
Indeed

Be/Lieve

Kai Law

It means to walk taller
 Stronger
 Not let that weight on me
 Bring me down no
 I don't
 Need your fake loving
 For me to be louder
 Higher
 Better than pretending
 I'm happier
 I'm happy being
 P r o u d
 Proud of being me

p r o u d
 Proud of being
 Personable
 Resilient
 Out
 Understanding
 Defying expectations
 Proud, Proud

Pride
 Righteous
 Other
 Uniquely
 Defining what it means to be
 Proud
 Proud

It means to walk taller
 Stronger
 Not let that weight on me



Bring me down no
 I don't
 Need your fake loving
 For me to be louder
 Higher
 Better than pretending
 I'm happier
 I'm happy being
 P r o u d
 Proud of being me

p r o u d
 Proud of being
 P r o u d
 Proud of being me
 That's what it means



Emphasize
 the HOT
 and be less
 MASH
 I believe in
 lone and
 switchblades
 and my friends



Little Devil

AJAX



Trans Rights !

Cherri



Coffee With You

Jace Lockewood

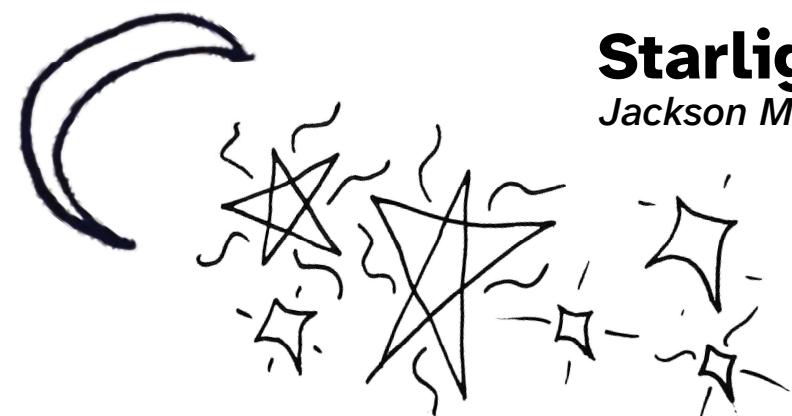


I breathe coffee and chocolate,
Laughing through the pages of the hand-bound leather life we
dance in.
I exhale a wine-drunk remedy for youth,
Intertwined with my affection:
The trees of our old growth home, grip to our foundations of joy
and carrying on.
Cheesecake wishes and dreams of a life well lived,
Scatter around like stars in your childhood bedroom.
Enraptured by unspoken treasures, our voices carried by the
wind across the timeline of every porch we've ever sat on.
A life without you in it, does not exist on any tapestry of mine.
I will elevate your cherished song I hear from the core of your
lungs, and sing along.
You move amongst the crowded commons of the masses, with
the spotlight tickling your ears, I will not look away.
A pinky promise wrapped in thread, will keep us forever moored
to the shore of a transcendental home.
Ineffable is my first true knowledge of unquestionable love,
needing nothing from you but a moment in time, to breathe in:
Coffee and chocolate and beautiful, bound pages mix with my
fermented affection, just agitated through aged roots of two
lives, well-lived in the rhythm of care.
Intertwined in the stars we share.
You are one of the faces I see in the moon,
A voice carried by the wind.
No matter the seas in between, we prevail beyond.
The love for my ever-cherished friend, carries along.



Starlight

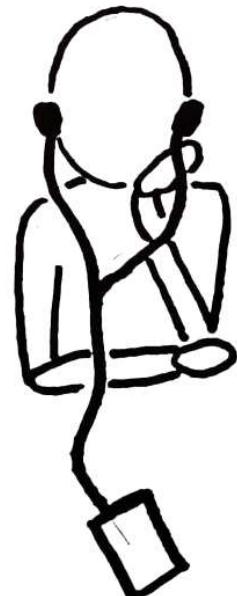
Jackson Maddy



Coffee

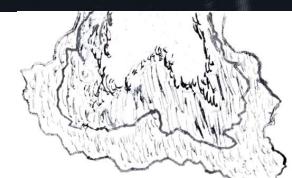
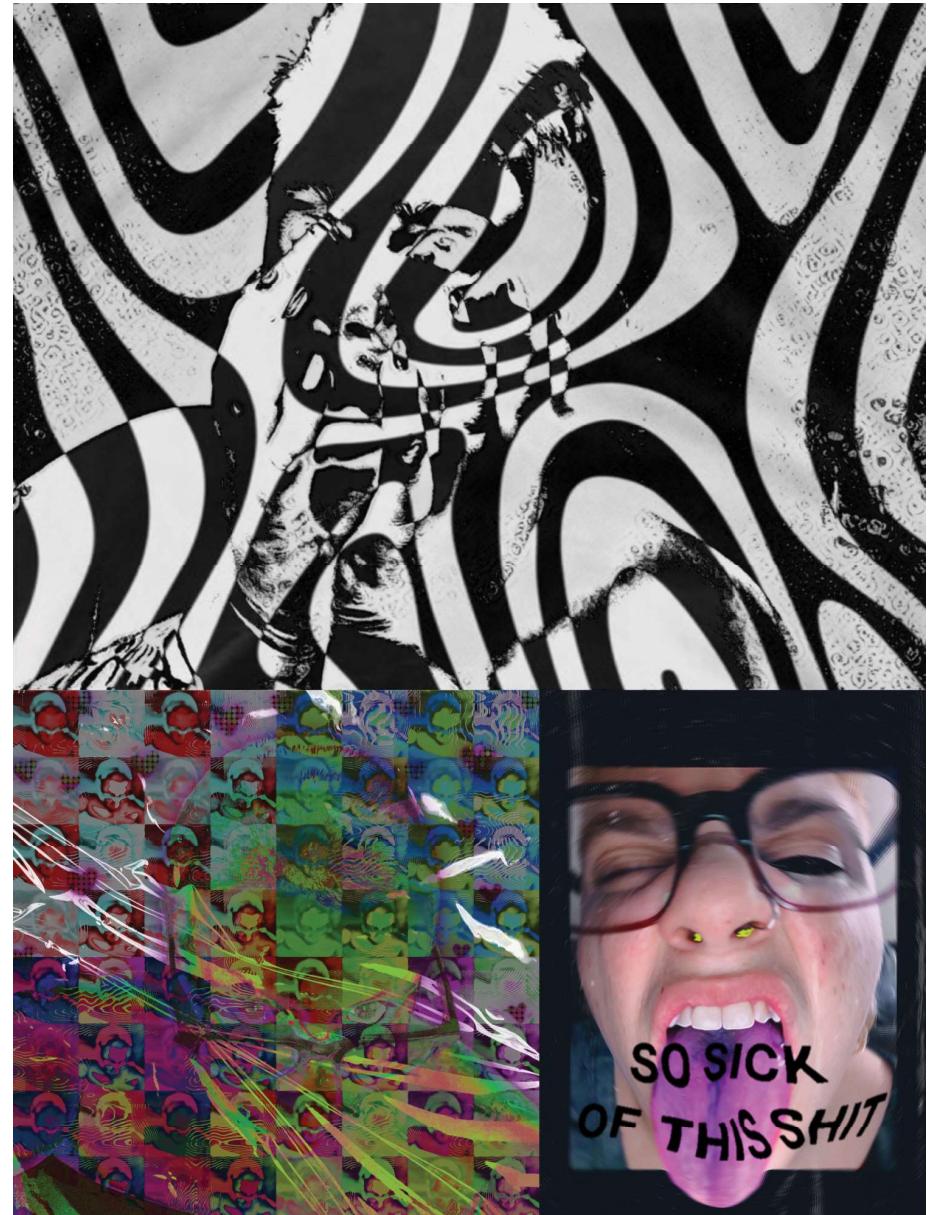
Bug, @/bugsdayOff

I'm sitting in the corner of my favorite coffee shop
Headphones on
Laptop out,
Music blaring in my ears and my own words written on the
screen.
I wonder if I would be someone
That my old self would look at and think
“Wow,”
“He's so cool, I wish I was like him.”
I wonder if I'm making him proud
Despite being so far behind where he wanted me to be
I wonder if
My existence is enough
And I hope
That other queer kids like I was
Look at me
And know that one day
Before they even know
They'll be sitting in their favorite shop
Working on something they love
Feeling content, maybe even happy
And that everything is okay.



Untitled self portraits

Phizzi



**Soup
for
my
family**



Nickle



Signs
Nickle



The Ones That Don't Count

Taiga

There is to my frustration a large community of transfeminine folks who, knowing they are in the presence of nonbinary people like myself, can only talk about men with a vitriol that I can't bring myself to believe is an involuntary trauma response.

How, as a genderfluid person, am I to feel safe in an insular community I've spent years in when they have no trouble saying things about me that "aren't directed at me" because I'm not cisgender?

Who is actually trying to dismantle gender norms when they dig in their heels and claim entitlement to speculate about how their gender-nonconforming-man-of-choice is *definitely* an egg waiting to hatch even-and-especially-if he's had to publicly ask people to stop speculating about him being in the closet?

Why can they offhandedly mock straight trans women for liking men and cry victim when confronted with that fact?

In choosing to associate with the Other, we don't count as vulnerable folk who need solidarity in their worldview.