

Snapshots: Two Years of Transition

I've been unsure if I was going to publish this collection. I've told friends, my therapist, that I'd rather post my naked body. There is something far more revealing in this work than my nude form.

It speaks of my insecurities, my pains, my innermost thoughts. Of being torn down and rebuilt. My cynicism. There is no sanitization of self, only raw, blisteringly raw words: snapshots, slices of how I'm feeling in a given moment, each accompanied with a literal snapshot, unedited save for a black and white filter. These offer a glimpse into the physical side of my transition, and how I looked on the day (or nearly, in the case of the few times I didn't have a photo from the day of) writing the accompanying poem.

Someone very close to me once told me I have a need to be witnessed and she's absolutely right. I often fear that were I to suddenly die, would people know who I was and what I stood for? That question drove me through many major decisions in my life, and ultimately, is the reason I had to come out. Not just as trans, but so many times in my life- to come out as things other than the person I've been expected to be.

What became apparent to me in forming this collection, and what has been most striking to me, is how my voice developed over these last two years. The emptiness in those first few poems. I often describe them as "there was nothing there". I was a shell of a person. And there is much pain in many of these poems. And that doesn't stop as the collection progresses. But it becomes nameable. Specific pains over the utter void and dissociation the early works paint. As I'm dragged into facing my actual thoughts and experiences, kicking and screaming. My close friends know I'm a crier, and its been amazing to relearn to cry as I've undergone the transformation of the last two years. Two years of body and mind transforming, and this collection shows both.

As of me writing this a few days before the anniversary of my beginning my medical transition (it is Sunday, Wednesday marks two years on estrogen), there are 41 poems. I wouldn't be surprised if there are a few more before I call this collection complete, but I also wouldn't be shocked if it ends here. I didn't write any poem specifically *for* the collection, I merely put each poem I wrote into here. Some are certainly stronger than others, many I was urged to attempt to publish. But I think it is stronger like this, the progression, the journey, all laid bare.

I'll leave a content warning for suicidal ideation, dysphoria, dysmorphia, homophobia, transphobia, sexual assault, violence, sexual content

5/01/24 - 6 days before E

should I dye my hair purple
would that make me happy
would I look in the mirror
and see her smile back at me
would life get any easier
with bright peacock feathers
changes as signals
of symbols of changes



5/06/24 - 1 day on E

pretend to be happy
you're too much if you don't
say that you love life
you'll be locked up if you won't
"just wait it gets better"
don't care bout that now
wishing i was not here
day in and day out



5/12/24 - 6 days on E

pins and needles in my soul
take it off right at the bone
it's a spiritual gangrene
don't know if there's much worth saving

there's a numbness creeping in
as the nothing sinks its teeth in
threw out everything with meaning
so no surprise I'm left unfeeling



6/03/24 - 28 days on E

I'm doing all the things I told you I wished I would
got my ears pierced I'm still looking for the studs I told you I'd buy
I got a new job got some structure now in my life
I'm writing new songs for the first time in a while

on paper everything's better
and I know it should be ok that we weren't forever
but I cry pretty regularly
and I wish that you didn't hate me
but I guess that's how things had to be

I'm trying to be more honest about who I am
peeling the masks that I glued to my face off my skin
and it scares me to think that I'll never be the me I was with you again
I just want to feel stable when I'm spilling over the brim



8/05/24 - 3 months on E

you would've loved seeing me get into skincare
and growing out my hair
if you were here

I can hear the way you'd call me pretty
as i dressed girly
if you were here

don't get it wrong I'm doing it for me
but it certainly would be more easy
if you were here with me



10/2/24 - 5 months on E

I'm Waiting

I'm waiting for the day someone pushes me into an oncoming subway car
Not because I want it- I don't- at least not anymore

But I expect it.

Hated for existing and constantly reminded of it.

I slur myself to minimize the hurt of the onslaught of slurs I'm subjected to-
Because maybe if I remove their meaning they'll sting less.

Every time I go out dressed as I wish I wonder if that will be the day I get shanked.

I do not fear it, because I expect it.

It feels more like when than if.

It's worth it.



11/12/24 - 6 months on E

growing pains
of wanting to be here
I'm feeling things
cause I've given up giving up

half a year
of living through choice
not by default
I've come to enjoy it

being here
it's painful and beautiful
ive built up my cup
and filled it to the brim



12/10/24 - 7 months on E

I Wish

I wish it was taboo I liked girls

I wish I got too close to my best friend and got butterflies when I saw her and wondered why

I wish I screamed a little inside every time she touched my leg and giggled

And wondered what it meant when we kissed and it felt right

I wish I was confused why I didn't want a boyfriend

I wish the other girls suspected something was up with me

I wish I felt myself get wet when I thought about my crushes

And touched myself at night to the thought of them crushing on me too

I wish I got too drunk and got eaten out and screamed in pleasure

I wish I realized for the first time that maybe just maybe I'm not into men

I wish I kept it secret, ashamed of something undeserving shame

And told my closest friend in hushed whispers, and they whispered back "I know"

I wish I snuck around, exploring, and learned more of who I was

I wish I made mistakes and got hurt and sobbed my brains out til my cheeks hurt

I wish my family weren't sure how to react when I came out

But didn't leave and ended up learning to be ok with it

I wish girls would buy me drinks at bars

I wish they looked me up and down when we chatted

I wish men hit on me and I'd complain to my friends "how do they not know I'm gay"

I wish I was still figuring things out, but that things had happened a different way



2/26/25 - 9 months on E

More to Learn

I knew everything but nobody does
I tried too hard but not hard enough
sit down child you'll be humbled yet

was it the right time like we thought
or maybe I needed to grow up
boy you've got a ways to go



4/03/25 - 10 months on E

promised I wouldn't be let into heaven
so why am I here
depraved abomination not good enough for Eden
god why am I here

child of a deity
forsaken for being me
forbidden fruit still on my lips
and yet I am here



4/14/25 - 11 months on E

peel
my skin back
and shave
my bones down
and make me who I've always been

softened
like clay
under your hands im made
invert me unto your whim

deify these
flesh and bones
I'll resurrect them
til they're my own

a co-creation
with potions and salves
which crafted of witchcraft
to me I am born



4/23/25 - 11 months on E

green
is the ugliest color
but I don't hate it on me

stolen
glances on the train
what I wish I could be

living
with ease of existing
no convincing no need



4/27/25 - 11 months on E

did you feel alive today
like you did yesterday
and every day since jumping under
a brand new world of shining wonder



5/15/25 - 1 year on E

do you think I'm too far gone I'm sorry
no I'm not
is it easier to not think about me
I'm not gone
I'm not lost because I've changed
I'm not found and I'm not maimed
do you think I'm better off broken
is that cozier for you?



6/29/25 - 13 months on E

am I too quiet for you;

is it hard to hear me after I've been begged with pleading eyes and words unsaid to soften my voice until it's barely a whisper-

am I too loud for you;

is it hard to hear me say the ways I am diminished, ignored, cast aside, belittled, massacred-

am I too ungrateful for you;

for not accepting your "grace" of being invited into spaces for which we should need no invite-

am I too demanding for you;

for wanting the same privileges willfully given with no requests needed to my peers-

am I too visible for you?

am I too visible for you?

would it be easier if I were not?

must I beg to be seen on knees scraped raw to then be expected to spew gushing gratitude glorifying the crumbs gifted reluctantly?

am I too fucking visible for you.

would it be easier were I not.



7/04/25 - 14 months on E

jaded
sharpened and
double bladed
posthumously elated
I made it

vindicated
sick of the stipulations
unexpected expectations
conflated

deflated
just a bit- never defeated
irreverently berated
how outdated

unstated
strength in the unstated
performatively paraded
I hate it

serrated
soft but masqueraded
porous and inundated
oversaturated

now steel plated
unapologetically unmoderated
unfiltered yet still obligated
how long will I take it

simultaneously throw and lay em
bricks are foundation



7/20/25 15 months on E

tracing lines over my body
the canvas I embody
fingers softly worship
melt my mind to syrup
and you whisper gently
not a nothing but still sweet
tell me what I already know
stretch marks are trophies of growth



8/01/25 - 15 months on E

I wish I were smaller

Because maybe then people would understand how delicate I am



8/31/25 - 15 months on E

i heard a whisper that roared
said that i could be set free
it would come at a cost
but also doesn't everything



10/13/2025 - 17 months on E

oscillating
dissociative unreality barely containing
the molten sputtering overwhelm underneath
it claws in its fight to surface
smothered and shoved down to simmer some more
more weakly with each iteration
whistling from the cracks formed
an uncontainable pressure builds
break is imminent;
perhaps necessary.
are the burns preferable to the numb?
who will be left to extinguish the scorched?
can will be reawoken
on the brink of utter collapse



10/14/25 - 17 months on E

dare you withhold my credit
for despite all I still am.
for all the swarms of those
who would cheer should I falter -
I still am.
fuck resilience; I asked not for iron skin
take my strength; I despise it
yet the credit- the credit is due.
earned in the forges
irrevocably granted
welded in the twisted alloy
of flesh and iron.
I am dynasties -
and therefore never an outcast.
I consumed libraries -
I am not merely capable
I am power personified.
a life lived of lies
told with such persistence they ring true
yet merely a hollow facade of festering falsehoods flippantly fostered
that deserve not to be honored.
tell yourself no lie.
I shall tell myself no lies.
do not doubt me for my name
for I am she.



11/01/25 - 17 months on E

pleading for disfiguration
pursed lips speechless in prayer
send your angels, send the butcher
mutilate and carve



11/23/25 - 18 months on E

Witness Me (lyrics)

hold up
wait a minute
holed up
in a pit and
old yet
intermittent

thoughts

head up
in the clouds
heads up
we're coming down
fed up with what im

not

don't wanna be
sanitized
don't wanna be
analyzed
don't want on my grave
she was the perfect girl

don't wanna be
patronized
don't wanna be
canonized
just witness me as I am tonight
promise witness me when I die



12/08/25 - 19 months on E

84% of cis lesbians have positive viewpoints on trans people, a study said.
84% of cis lesbians have viewpoints on trans people.
84% of cis lesbians view trans people.
84% of cis lesbians have looked at me funny.
84% of cis lesbians bowed out of conversation with me.
84% of cis lesbians don't feel comfortable getting too close to me.
84% of cis lesbians don't feel comfortable touching me.
84% of cis lesbians would never date a trans woman.
84% of cis lesbians believe in "male socialization".
84% of cis lesbians feel entitled to my body.
84% of cis lesbians will fuck me then leave me on the curb.
84% of cis lesbians will say groping me is a joke.
84% of cis lesbians will make themselves the victim for assaulting me.
84% of cis lesbians will hold a "trans women are women sign" at a rally.
84% of cis lesbians have no trans women in their lives.
84% of cis lesbians would sooner date a trans man than a trans woman.
84% of trans people wish they were polled about how they feel about cis lesbians.
84% of trans people wished people would stop telling cis lesbians how great they're doing on their allyship.
84% of trans people are fucking tired of 84% of cis lesbians.
84% of cis lesbians have positive viewpoints on trans people, a study said.
84% of cis lesbians can suck my fucking dick.



1/06/25 - 20 months on E

on faith

you placed your faith in a god felt not seen untested
and i place faith in a me that spitefully still breathes
with lungs weighed under newly budded breasts that know belong
with skin softened not as much as a mind eased, a heart cored

where you feel the hand of god
the finger on the philtrum's lingering shadow
the gentle nudge of a deity urging expansiveness
of purpose sought and found and still sought further
that same Hand in mine squeezes gently
naked fingertips tracing nothing
the embrace of a tug silently spoken ungestured
in every earned breath and beat of a steady heart



1/08/26 - 20 months on E

let the heavenly council avert their gaze
turn their cheeks
revolted
and peer between barely split fingers
with morbid curiosity
cronenbergian monstrosities of ourselves
we've created
now intertwined interlocked intersexed
gruesome enraging gorgeous art
stolen from the throne room itself
in the image of ourselves created
defiantly deviating from divine decree
drug parched tongues devouring flesh
desecrating in worship of each other
we are both golem and warlock
shapers of our own mortal clay
holy scripts of unearthly blue placed under our tongues so we may live
and now engaging in sodomese sin
screaming in prayer for all the council to hear:
oh god fuck yes

(this poem is titled '**On Sucking a Girl's Dick**')



1/13/26 - 20 months on E

feature not a bug
are you?
are your eyes not yet pried open?
eyes land i land on the silent screams of thousands shipped
objects of elite's pleasure, sold
was your jaw not wrenched agape?
concentrate i know you can,

you've known concentration.

is it only a monster when it hocks its acidic sputum on family?
transitive property be damned
i too have known its burn
genocide, the watchers call it, though we have long known
even before the dogs

but you've learned to praise that already.
cheering at charred fields of poppy
hundreds of thousands deemed not enough,
take them all you said.

i should've known when at least 28 confronted power to speak
and that meant nothing.
what's the screams of a few million more?

or of the daughter you call son.

or the piercing chill of ice never thawed
ship them strip them shoot them;
let us dissect what is human, in pieces it is unrecognizable.

and now one taken, one that looks like you-
except that one is Good
and I'm certain what ribboned remains of you are left
you twisted into twine to justify.

when will tears part nailed shut eyelids
melt the solder that fused them so;
i dare not acknowledge it isn't blindness
with eyes wide open you see it all- don't you
sight as a
feature, not a bug.



1/17/26 - 20 months on E

sugar free peanut butter cups in the top cabinet
hidden as a special treat, individually wrapped
because I don't trust myself to take a breath and
stay
will talk anyone to death instead of write
flower adorned journal pastel pink pencil
bought to inspire
demoted to the closet
for safety or fear



1/17/26 - 20 months on E

Calm Expectancy

bellowing shouts apprehensive glances
backing away; all backed away
at least 6 feet too many inches
trench coat flailing with every jerk
small, perhaps timid, leather clad grasped
spittle spawned as sworn to serve swears to erase

drawn towards why the only one
5 foot negligent inches
object of rage as well
frozen feet urged forward dancing in warring tugs
one and one makes two
or perhaps none

the abyss beckons
an arm's length away
desperate eyes dart
flight sought but not fought
nor could it be
with choice made on behalf

scheduled death
imminent, efficient,
(if the mission)
seemingly without inhibition
a behemoth beaten
into denying submission

the hum the roar of a beast
torn free and ushered to the tail
swept away; swept away as well from the
bored booth bastion.
now glancing both ways
on a one way street.



2/9/26 - 21 months on E

Dry Aged

sawing slowly removing blackened pellicle
every kiss of the blade an act of devotion
carving fuzzy pale mold and dry, hardened armour
revealing pink and sweet, appreciated by trial
still fresh beneath affects of age
tender to the touch, like youth but more complex
some describe as funky, nutty, but also earthy and
dare I say fruity
preserved under the flesh sacrificed to allow rebirth
nay- not rebirth
for under the cocoon waits the same cut
growing pains, now ready for fire



2/14/26 - 21 months on E

“Woman”

woman
or some approximation thereof
the simplest descriptor i have
and often accurate enough
though not complete
i met a woman- or some approximation thereof
i enjoyed her music and we got drinks
we exchanged nudes and had bad sex the next night
she told me she was not a woman but to she her
I didn't know that was an option
to not fit into a pole of the binary
but to approximate it



3/7/26 - 22 months on E

The Duality of Gender as Performance

subversive, applauded
is the woman who ensnares masculinity
legs spread, voice deep, taking up space
confident, loud, assertive, sexual
unless by some bizarre chance
she was born presumed A Man



3/8/26 - 22 months on E

On Being Perceived

diminutive presumptions in glances stolen silently
of identity swallowed unprocessed, unchewed, raw
visual cues unencumbered by nuance or personhood
the floral undertones now overcome with rot
followed and tainted by a “was” or the “is”
and not the “am” or “will be”
enamored by exoticism whilst self;
ignorantly ignored
when the entirety of I Am seen is
The Least Interesting Part



3/19/26 - 22 months on E

Hisphoria

ive learned The Fear of the Masculine
big, bouldering, unencumbered
the spun hips of avoiding the swiftly approaching oblivious
the "incidental" brush by, the hand on the small of my back
condensed into a corner to create a cradle for He Who Expanded Himself Further Than the Space Accommodates
the silent headphones to remain watchful
the glances over the shoulder inconspicuously as can be managed to the tune of Too Loud Speech

- and in every reflective surface
in the vibrations of my jaw as it resonates with the utterance of my lips
in the tears i shed in the cries i weep in the yells i shout
in the descriptions of I As a Woman Scorned
in the check presumptuously handed to me
in the pelvis tilted to a degree deemed unright
i am reminded of HIM



4/01/26 - 22 months on E

On Having Been 'A Man'

shadows;
shadows cowering in the dark
blanketing the risen, consuming the created
smoke alchemizing volumetric lighting obscured
wispy tendrils of reflected viscera painting the floor-
never quite in focus, always just dancing beyond the foreground:
neither opaque nor transparent.
of what substance are they?

yet everpresent: tainting, twisting, defacing torsions of reality
noticed in their lewd provocation nearly as soon as the subject lit;
the absence of the illuminated fog forcing past into present
with little regard for will, want, need.

for what is can be overshadowed and the femininity of brightness dimmed-
how can all see that which is now without the Shadowed Ash of Was?



4/04/26 - 22 months on E

Never

i thought you many things
but never late
it is this punctuality that presents the finality of
The Letter
i clearly picture you receiving and reading it
the too-loud DING of a notification
the surprise at the sender and the announcement of
the pained ascent from the armchair
to lumber to the desk
twisting the body to avoid the furniture forming no clear path
the sigh and creak of the chair at arrival
likely still adorned with the cheap massage attachment
I purchased for Father's Day so so many years ago

hidden by the myriad of cluttered trash
and fossilized remains of a house past-
a kitchen table set with books and stacks of god-knows-what just behind in the Florida room-
all left unnoticed of course for the setting never changes, no matter the renovations
awakening the desktop to give proper attention
the cursory read, then the slower, more methodical one

did you cry?
i sure did.
I painstakingly chose every goddamn word
shielding you from pain while refusing to silence myself or apologize for Wrongs Not Committed.

i chose life. i chose life.

perhaps the request to be called my name was too exorbitant
or perhaps you asked for permission to respond and were told better you not.
or perhaps you deleted it immediately like you do all your mail; a clean inbox for a "clean" mind:
no longer concerned for those already mourned.

did you mourn? i assume you did-
tore your shirt and sat with reddened dissociated hollow eyes as you did with the death of your parents-
for the mother who's dying wish was you not be told of her passing.
for the father you remember only in occasional stories retold from the lens of He Who Must Be the Hero.

did you mourn so hard the letter came from a dead man.

i thought you many things
but until now i had not thought you a coward.



4/23/26 - 23 months on E

i talk

and i hear a man's voice
i talk and i hear a man's voice
i talk and i hear a man's voice
i talk and i hear a man's voice
i talk and i hear a man's voice
i talk and i hear
a man



4/27/26 - 23 months on E

The Same

'we're all the same' he says proudly
sequined suit glinting in the laser array
a mantra more for himself than to me, surely
practiced in the mirror at a body he can stare at with ownership
in a penthouse apartment he bought with money earned
from a degree paid for by doting accepting parents
cruised through with silken sheets, gourmet on demand, balance free credit card
now attending musicals performed down the block
with friends lovingly called faggots
provided courtesy of a cushy job he Works So Hard At
he had wanted to be a singer but oh well he'll settle for wealth

we're all the same
i quaked as the knife was drawn, slurs slipping out of drug addled canines
when i just want to get home.
groped with curious prowling fingers for daring to have a body i shaped and nurtured.
disrupting bottom lines with inconvenient marginalization so discarded and fired -
all while being told to. take responsibility.

are we the same?
in your skimpy little outfit and your sexy mask -
have you met and shaken hands with hardship?
we're all the same he says, sipping his drink, smirk painting his barely parted lips
yes, I think.
you are all the same.



5/01/26 - 23 months on E

The Abyss

i can feel things now
but now i feel
the pain
the pain
The Pain
THE PAIN.
throbbing pulsating observing-
the scraped chalkboard of daily squeezing into
a skinsuit that doesn't quite fit.
stretching and contorting to resemble divine femininity
to be handed pain from the creased hands of strangers.

I've worked thirty years, he said
a veteran
he didn't work for no damn faggots, he made clear
spittle landing across the car,
the silent shuffle of the other passengers deafening
his face contorting not unlike mine to fit all the vitriol into his scowl.
he's worked thirty years
hoping i'd no longer exist.
fought wars
but not for me.

"wasn't it better" i hear the ghosts ask
the ever-present ramblings
of everyone i've known and left behind;
wasn't it better in The Before?
i can imagine them pleading if they learned my pain
"you can come back" they'd whisper with wetted eyes
delectable anonymity in outstretched upward-facing palms;
but god it is so much better to feel pain
than nothing at all.



5/02/26 - 23 months on E

Trained Voice

i take my voice off like a bra
and feel the baritone of it spill out the cups
the consequential relieved sigh
the full nudity of her revealed
like breasts no longer quite as round and perky
but truer, with bare skin and pinkened areola
bassy reverberations like the sagging of worn tits
resonances and tone expanding with the unclasping
and still i wear the pushup every day
for the shape and hold provided
the performance drops as the intimates fall
yet like many an actress
i feel truer me with the bra on
and wish she were part of me, and not something
worn



5/03/26 - 23 months on E

The Crawl

knotted ropes of sinew, cuffs of bone
now loosened; though not quite released
with pressure eased a wheezy breath can endure
yearn illuminates once-empty eyes with newborn thirst
wide open, moistened, seeking
home. consumed by haze yet unmistakably
there, simply out of reach
for now
restrained with just enough slack to crawl
but not to flee
soil ridden forearms scraping bare earth, knees frictioned raw
never having been home but knowing distinctly
its scent
each drag of the body pulling it closer
awarding yield from this bondage, sure as it is slow

