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Te Whare Wānanga o Waikato

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CICADA

A thesis
submitted in partial fulfilment
of the requirements for the degree
of
Master of Professional Writing
at
The University of Waikato
by
EVIE HOWELL



THE UNIVERSITY OF
WAIKATO
Te Whare Wānanga o Waikato

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CICADA is a name for a noisy insect and an author and a collection of creative nonfiction poetry. It is the story of a trans woman rediscovering herself after attending an All-Boys High School. CICADA is a clear midnight sky in the lake's mirror. It is six panic attacks trying to convince an examiner on why they should give a shit about CICADA. CICADA wants to be angry. At her high school, at herself, and at the dead boy in the lake. CICADA wants to show you the ugly side of transformation and transition. CICADA also wants to piss without crying, but it seems it's easier to write a manuscript than it is to untangle one's own backlog of trauma.

Foregoing pride in being part of the LGBTQ+ community, CICADA opts to expose herself, all parts that are flesh and raw, all parts that are soft and ugly, all parts that are gruelling and never-ending.

CICADA is a reoccurring theme of a boy lost at sea. The dead boy is everything that was, and everything that is now wasted thanks to the emergence of CICADA. He is a vessel to direct anger at. He is innocent yet blamed and scrutinized by CICADA for stealing her years from her. When you look for the dead boy in the waters, you may also see the stars in its reflection, and find the lost girl floating in dance with the beloved dead boy.

The girl is dead potential, and everything that could have been, adrift in liminal outer space tied to a homemade spacesuit constructed by the dead boy. The dead boy and the lost girl are ghosts in the lived experience of the present CICADA, the transition, the artist, 'the woman' writing to the audience. Transition is often compared to a caterpillar's journey of becoming the beautiful butterfly. CICADA is the opposite, enveloping the reader into the ugly reality of the never ending and every-day pains. The struggle to unlearn habits and to grow new skin as the old dead skin decays and rots away. It depicts a colossal range of everyday experiences and complications of living as a trans woman. CICADA overcomes tasks such as: getting dressed, showering, going to the bathroom, and even needing to revamp her social circle and career. CICADA also battles with herself. Her need to distance herself from the innate feeling of needing to educate, clashes with the desire of confronting the ignorant and standing with strength and visibility.

CICADA aims to play with distance, humour and joins the new voice of poetry, harmonizing with other queer writers who are creating the new poetic mould. CICADA barely touches the iceberg of transgender issues as a whole. CICADA is able to say a lot about a global issue from one person's experience. Through a magnified lens and focus on one individual experience, it provides a scale and context of how important empathy and support is for the transgender community. There will be moments unrelatable, confusing, and oddly specific that will disarm any reader. CICADA is to feel like an alien. CICADA is for no one and for everyone. CICADA is selfish enough to be about the author and not the reader.

CICADA



EVIE HOWELL

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For myself,

Thanks to Kira,

Mum & Dad,

Sara Hirsch,

Tracey Slaughter,

and High School for failing me.

CICADA

Evie Howell

ONE – BOY



@trashriot
TRASHRIOT

I am not trans

I am not trans so there is no need to figure me out. I am not trans because I have the gentle voice of every other woman. I am not trans because you stare at my tits when I wear tight tops. I am not trans because you want to sleep with me. I am not trans because you can just tell. I am not trans because my chin is smooth. I am not trans because I know how a tampon works. I am not trans because you can just tell. I am not trans because I bleed. I have a vagina. I am not trans. I am not trans because I am a trans ally, I have a friend who is trans, and he is going to be a girl one day. I am not trans because I am happy. I am not trans because I have learned how to deal with unwanted attention from a young age. I am not trans because I know how to do makeup. I am not trans because I don't have panic attacks in bra stores. I am not trans so there's no need for me to talk about it. I am gay though. But that's not important. I am not trans. That is important, however. I am trans because I made a typo. I am one hundred percent not trans. I am not trans because all the dick jokes that I make have no real basis and are simply ironic. I am not trans because I had my tits at fourteen. I am not trans because I had to spend my high school years setting boundaries. I am not trans because I am sending this email to give you a heads up that when I come into the classroom, I'm not trans so that may affect some children's behaviour. I am not trans because I don't want to be. I am not trans I just have a weirdly specific amount of first-person experience to understand what it's like to be trans. So, I can write this book. I'm not trans though. Because, when you look at me for a second and a half too long, it's because you want to fuck me, not because you're trying to figure me out.

To be a normal gay girl

I want to be thirteen
and start high school
at an all-girls school
I want to learn how to
deal with discomfort
from guys on my bus
opening legs to reach
over and touch mine

I want to be fourteen
and pinch at my tits
practice my makeup
and wonder when my
rack is going to be as
relevant as Chelsea's
I want to be upset at
her 'cause all the boys
list her name first in the
"would fuck" category
even though I'd never
fuck any of them back

I want to be fifteen
and be on the school's
first XI football team to
make my brother proud
I want to be in the locker
rooms and feel guilty for
not keeping my eyes away
from Chelsea's sports bra

I want to find her attractive
but pin it down to being
jealous and never consider
that I'm confused I just
know I want to look that
good when I'm shirtless

I want to be sixteen
and have to deny rumours
that Hayley started about
me being a lesbo because
I'm too pretty to not have
at least done hand stuff
I remind them I have long
hair and I shave my armpits
there's no way I'm a dyke
I want to pick a fake crush
from the boys high school
to pick a guy who isn't a
fucking sex obsessed fiend
someone who is probably
also in the closet and that
I can tolerate taking me
to the end of year formal

I want to be seventeen
and get drunk in games
like fuck marry kill and
never have I ever and
spin the bottle where it
lands on Chelsea and I
get to kiss her while guys

cheer and whistle but I
really fucking enjoy it
kissing her makes sense
even though I think she's
into it ironically and by
the way I'd fuck Cameron
marry Zach and kill Lee
if I had to of course and
I have never had a sex
dream about a teacher
I want to be so drunk with
the girl I got to kiss and
fail to hide a smile when
she laughs and says she
thinks she might be a lesbo

ABSENT

I love you, Mister Nineteen
Mister life of the party
Mister gets drunk on bass
Mister spits his tears
and tries to lean into
the jokes of his
monochrome tongue

I watch Mister Nineteen
watching
two ice cubes
spin in his drink
like bathtub whirlwind
he can't figure out
which one is cat or mouse

Mister Nineteen
cries
just to be an artist

Mister Nineteen
doesn't kill himself
he washes his eyes
in the river when
he can't sleep
or if he forgets
to blink

Mister Nineteen
dissolves in vodka lemonade

like ice
unsure on
the who or the what or
the where that he is
he sinks himself
and loses track of
if he was meant
to be mouse or cat

Mister Nineteen
takes pearly white
pills each night
and has just finished
building himself
out of wet cardboard
and mud from the lake
he is geared up and ready
for the pressure chamber
the airlock exposure

Get ready for take-off
Mister Nineteen.

Oh, Mister Nineteen, you were so pretty
I wish I could tell you
that you find yourself again, that you don't dissipate out there
that you rid yourself completely and entirely of that suit
that no material will weld itself into your skin as permanent iron patchwork

Oh, how I will miss you
Mister Nineteen
Oh, how we will all miss you

Stories from Boy I: Into the shallows

Father told Boy
half-truths through pipe
and chimney smoke
Tales of pirates
of hero and forewarn
Whispers of sea cryptids
or other beasts
that lurk below

Boy watches bedroom
ceiling dance in
candle flicker
And father's breath
sails him off to sleep
His window squints
open to let the breeze
take father's folklore
down with the current

Captains dive from
the peak into gullet
of behemoth
They vanquish
or vanish
on the still of
his window
and into the shallows
of the lake

Boy's mind leaves him
and joins the ventures
of the mist

His bed a coffin sailboat
His body soon to be dead
When the tide comes and
sniffs him he hopes
that he too is taken away
and leaves as a legend

A boy with hope that
his breath is taken
with his Father's fog
that sits on the lake's surface

(no subject)

Hi, Reader. Due to personal issues, I will be unable to work this week. I wanted to give you a heads up with enough time to find cover. Sorry for the inconvenience!

Hi, Reader! Feeling rather unwell today and unable to write. Thanks for your understanding. Apologies for the inconvenience.

Hi, Reader. I've got COVID. Can't write sorry.

Hi, Reader, I'm sorry for the late notice but something has come up that requires my urgent attention. Will be late to write, will keep you updated. Sorry for the inconvenience.

Hi, Reader, I disposed of the test and unfortunately don't have another on me.

Hi, Reader. Calling / writing in sick requires too much emotional effort and gives me a panic attack. So instead, I am going to show up to work my shift. I will take regular crying breaks. Thank you for your flexibility and understanding.

Hi, Reader, unfortunately due to some personal struggles regarding three-dimensional imposter syndrome, I feel unqualified to work today.

p.s. Please note, this is not a letter of resignation, as I fear change and losing job security. Not to mention the emotional effort writing that letter would require.

Hi, Reader. Still unwell and instead of resting, I spent my day feeling guilty that I wasn't working. Resulting in me getting no rest, nor any work done.

Hi Reader. I'm dead in a lake.

Hi, Reader. I have decided I will be unwell forever. Will keep you updated.

Hi, Reader, I've woken up today with a migraine. Painkillers haven't been able to do the trick, will need some time to rest. Sorry for the inconvenience.

Hi, Reader, sorry for the inconvenience.

Hi, Reader, I had my leave approved two weeks ago. I can't work today as I'm at my own funeral. Thanks for your understanding. Sorry for the inconvenience.

Hi, Reader, I have an appointment today, will it be possible if I could finish this work 10-15 minutes early, so I can make it on time?

Hi, Reader. My specialist said the water in my lungs and my lack of pulse will impact my ability to work, and recommends taking time off work to recover for the foreseeable future.

Hi, Reader, I am so so so so so so so so so so so so so so so so so sorry for the inconvenience. I can provide a medical certificate if needed?

Hi, Reader, the funeral director said I'm unable to crawl out of my grave and the coffin is non-refundable. Sorry for the inconvenience.

Hi, Reader, I'm sick. Read something else.

You can miss him if you want to

You can miss the pretty boy,
if you really want to.
Like the way you miss spending two dollars
at the dairy
and how the thought of a zombie chew
makes your gums tingle.
You could miss him like that if you really
wanted to.

I suppose if you'd like to,
you can miss him like a high school lover.
How sometimes you think of him
when you pass the park where
he failed to tackle your tongue.
You might wish you still knew him
and wonder what he's up to,
wonder what it's like to kiss him
now you don't have your braces.

You could miss him like game day.
Where you hit school early in
bike ride fog and
hand-me-down blazer.
Pack into getaway bus,
and banter with the coach.
It could be like a
'skip a whole day of school'
kind of miss him.

I think you could miss him like a family pet.
Call him an old boy and
say he lived a good long life.
You could sprinkle his ash into your medicine box
tilt your head back and swig each night,
and leave it at that.

If you wanted to go all out,
build him a statue.
Make it out of stone and heart.
Call him a valiant hero,
etch his name into your city's lore.
Celebrate him and
do your best to immortalize him,
but I will have a sledgehammer ready

to break him to dust.

Cicada I: Paper Wings

I have no idea how to tell you
 that I want to peel my face off
 and how I would like a fistful of corvine
 to pierce their beaks through my skin
 from the inside

I want my funeral to have a shrine in a barren field
 and my casket be a large stick up my arse
 where I become scarecrow
 empty and homely rot

I have no idea how to talk about
 my skin cracking in my mirror
 losing sharp flesh in the downpour of my sink
 I don't know how to say
 finding shame behind the image makes me feel
 woman
 and how I feel
 not feel
 know

I know I'm not a woman because of the the the the the
 shell I am cicada shell I am noise I am remains I am cicada shell
 I am sweat and summer and I have a poor relationship with my shower

I have no idea how to convey
 the concept of sending my head into orbit
 detached and decapitated in
 a helmet bucket
 I want to give it a new home
 with the whispers in the stars
 for it to go around

I don't want this poem to finish or this book to exist because
that means my project is complete

It means I have found a way to tell you that I don't want to
have to call myself an artist and mean it

It means I amount to something it means

I have to leave my skin and casing

on the fingers of summer

and go make noise somewhere else

Throwing birds at a glasshouse

Boy has birds in his brain.

I want to play T-ball with him,

to kneel down and chant

swing-batterbatter-swing.

Knock his head clean from the shoulders,

into the pits of the grandstand.

I will score a home run.

While he will watch young lovers

kiss under the bleachers,

until the crows come to peck his eyes out.

From his gullet they rip and

taste his first dive at the try line.

Donate his dome to science.

Teach the high school magpies

how to apply pressure

with the scalpel.

Have the grade A student slice it open.

Have the avians with the piqued heads

poke at his melon.

They can gargle his

best-in-class science fair project.

Visit him at your arcade.

He is whack-a-twat and

test your strength.

Bring the hammer down

and shatter the cranium.

If you beat the high score,

you can have his first date

and feed the polaroid
to the sparrows in the street.

You can find his husk at a garage sale.
This antique junk
is fit for a cauldron brew.
Take it home to workshop.
Shove his skull in a vice,
crank it until you hear a pop.
Buzzsaw through the jaw,
sand off all the rough edges,
shake and stir the contents inside.
Present your D I Y mug to your feathered familiar.
Consume his underage parties from it.

Take him camping.
Skewer his temple
and burn his coat over fire pit.
You can share laughs,
while the skin crinkles.
When the tongue melts from his face,
the eagle scouts chew to notice the
summer camp turn to goo and
how it tickles the throat on the abseil down.

Bake him into a blood and berry pie.
Crack his face on the kitchen worktop.
Make a small dent in the eye socket.
Pry it with your thumbs and split him right open.
Watch the yolk ooze in.
Toss the carcass in the sink then
mix em mix em mix em mix em mix

until all that remains are the
sweet kisses on the windowsill
for the Disney hummingbirds.

my love, it is time
to clear out the carcasses
that sit behind the
glasshouse
eyes

Lost Neon

She shivers
under M T E L
and blinking O

She flicks her fire
lights up her lungs
and cries with rain

She is alive

and I envy everything
she is

pop song for the gays*(chorus)*

la la la

I'm glad I'm friends with

pan-sex-u-als

la la la

oooo

I'm kickin' it with my

pan-sex-u-als

yeah

I li-ii-ke

be-yang

ooo (yeah)

friends with

pan-sex-u-als

'cause they think ('cause they think)

that gender

am-big-u-itaay

is atr-aaa-ctive

I don't (do-do-don't)

like my

fa-ace

but my

pan man here

thinks its

ok-aay

mmm (he likes it)

and I get confused

cause I

don't-know-if-he's-being-nice-or-what

so I
just-overtly-tell-him
that if he likes it so much
why doesn't he (uh)
fuck it (fuck it! ooo)

(chorus)

uh huh
yeah
my friend now gets
awkward (real awkward)
cause it clearly seems like it's a joke
jo-o-o-ke
but if it's a joke
then why doesn't it sound like
I'm jo-o-king (joking)
so he calls my bluff (poker sty-le)
“Yeah, sure if it's cool with your partner”

(beat)

(rock guitar) FUCK YEAH IT'S COOL WITH HER (IT'S FUCKING COOL WITH HER)
I DOUBLE DOWN BITCH (NO TAKE BACKS) *(guitar solo)*

(chorus, with cool rock guitar addition)

(bridge)

boo ba doo oooo yeah
I don't take compliments
I won't take compliments
boo ba doo oooo yeah
I appreciate the sentiment
but I can't take compliments
boo ba doo (x2)

Saxophone solo

So don't compliment me unless you're prepared to sleep with meeeeeee - UHH

(key change - chorus)

boo ba doo oooo yeah *(Repeat and fade out)*

Dear Mum and Dad

You did nothing wrong.

You loved me and supported me aggressively.

You wanted to give me access to every opportunity possible
that would enable me to achieve
anything within my potential.

You gave me the world,
but holy fuck that thing is heavy.

You did nothing wrong.

Two teachers are A+ parents.

I'm against Mum buying lotto tickets,
and Dad banking on fixing trash.

I am just an accumulation of the worst parts of you.

So, I'm not one for having faith in lady luck.

You did nothing wrong.

There was no saving this.

You did nothing wrong,
except for supporting my decision to pursue this dead-end cul-de-sac circle-jerk of a career
that is creative writing.

I love you.

TWO – GIRL



@elenakalis
Elena Kalis

Here, Mother

Mum would describe her daughter
to other mums
as a tomboy.

‘Cause, she gets stuck into sports.
‘Cause, she grew up with two brothers.

Mum wonders, even, that maybe
her daughter
should have been born a boy.

She plays football,
because her brothers do,
but she does just enough theatre
to sway mother’s suspicion.

She doesn’t play with dolls.
She isn’t barbie or mermaid,
horses or unicorns.
She is Jak and Daxter,
Ratchet and Clank.

She doesn’t stay clean
the way big brother does.
She drinks gutter rain
as a toddler
and keeps dried mud on
her shins and kneecaps.

She doesn’t care for outer space
the way little brother does.
But she still watches the faux glow

of the sun and it's lovers
rotate her to sleep.

She enjoys shopping with Mum
and Mum would never need to say

“I wish I had a girl”

That sound wouldn't carry

in the vacuum anymore

Her daughter would no longer be

lost

She would no longer be

in cardboard helmet

She would no longer be

whispering to Houston in walkie talkie

She would no longer be

mixed into the stars

like dust smothered into paint and smeared across the surface of astronaut visor

She is here, Mother

She is graffiti mask

She is spray paint smiles

tshick tshick
tsshhhhhk thsshhhhk

ticka ticka ticka ticka
tick shhh ticka shhh
thsshhhhhhhhhwickticka
shhhkkhs

she is
right here
hello mother
she is she
she is she
she is she
she is she

she is she is she is
is she is she is she is she is she is she is she is she is she
is she is here ----- she is here she is
is she is she is | She is all better now | she is she is
here she
she is she she is | She is all smiles now | she is she
she is she she is | She is no longer would | she is she
she is she she is | She is seen she is she is | she is she
she is she she is ----- she is she
hello mother
right here she is she is she is she is she is she is she is she is
she is she is she is she is she is she is she is she is

right here, mother right here, mother
right here, mother right here, mother
right here, mother right here, mother
right here, mother right here, mother

I took media studies in year 12, Mrs Oliver taught us that science fiction is a lens into societal fears of the period that the film was made in, that media studies isn't a subject you take just to watch movies, and that the best seats in the cinema are a lot further forward than you'd expect. (She encouraged me to take scholarship exams at the end of the year) I barely scraped by my NCEA exams.

I like to hope that

I never live in science fiction

That the world I have is as real and natural as it could be

But I can't help but think

What if I lived

Twenty years earlier

when I should have

What if I lived

without surgery

or Matrix pills

Would I still

rip the tendril

from my throat

What if I lived

without Ripley's suit

or an o-two helmet

Would I still

get my face fucked

and spit up a goo child

from my chest

What if I lived

without going 88mph

and thinking that

my mother is hot
Would I still
have a chance to manipulate
my dad's sperm so that
I come out with a vagina

What if I lived
without the need
to find my voice
or myself

What if I lived
and was a normal
gay girl struggling
with herself

What if I lived

Well
then this poem
would have no need
to be studied

Your starving artist is still alive

we are orbiting still
unsure if it is still too late
to take our heads out of the clouds
and come back down to earth

we are trading maccas monopoly
tickets for a coffee card with
seven stamps
we are only poor because we smoke
there's no wind to carry it up here
it hangs around us
litters ash in our helmets
but if we get high enough
sometimes we get an idea

this space station fucking sucks
and its one-ninety a week
we are alive, Houston
leave a message after the groan

look at us like fishbowl
wonder why we are called stars
us performers us artists are stars
cause there are fucking
billions of us

sit quiet
make a wish
and watch us burn out
when we please

The shape of one

Black-red plaid
dress is overhead
subtle soft lesbian
zip on left hand side.
She is grasp around
under-boob
and lack thereof.
She is short breaths
and she lets the wind
draw back curtains
of perky underbelly.

Bra is alien.
She is black and lace
and hidden in shelves
well away from the
plastic curves displayed.
She is four hooks and
stiff pole posture.
She smothers your ribs
like a good first impression
to the in laws.
She preaches that
silicone or foam
can close the gap
to find femininity.

Jumpsuit is stoner
and mum.
She shops sales

and hangs over
wide shoulders
like Greek god.
Pull strings tight
corset conductor
constricts the
orchestra waistline
to find shrivelled sound.

Panties are pawn.
Disposable to puppy teeth,
disposable alongside
loose flesh packaging
that overflows onto thighs.
The term boy shorts
redacted
alongside product that
fits unfortunately well.

Closet is reusable coffin
and I plan on staying here
until I am found.

Recycled Love Poem

in the space between their touch
he can feel a love flicker
to the beat of old pop
like a snake's tongue
they dance
leaving trinkets and words
in a space soon to be forgotten
under starlight
he promises her safety
and his chest peruses
the moon
the stars flicker
to the dance they shared
the clouds borrow their trinkets for tonight
and the sky assures them
that their secrets are safe with her

they cheat on sleep
with internet messaging
buzzing on vibrations
and blue light
it warms them
like a blue flame
and when the
fervour has a voice
it sings
kisses and laughs
smoke is sent up the chimney
to give more secrets to the sky
on its way up it giggles

and dissolves into the clouds
leaving the two
to flicker
into the early morning

chestnut eyes
flicker
like a snake's tongue
in coordination with
flashing lights
and a smile
he decides
a love struck cartoon
no longer feels
unrealistic

i only sleep when i dream of surgery

put me under
i want to float away
on a gurney
rub anaesthesia
under my gums
and tattoo a
smiley face under
my eyelids so
i can see happy
dreams

wake me up when
my tits have
their own
gravitational pull
i want to attract planets
with my waist
hug them tight
under my dress
so that i can
pretend i am
pregnant

i am gone
on the promise
that i arise without
fleshy extension
and instead
be given a nest
that i can keep my

secrets and orgasms
safely within

i will not come to
without progress
without my jaw
gentle
without
my stomach
subtle
without
my throat
soft
spoken

my love,
i am ready
to become
anew

Lego head

I am writing to you in a
bleak bedroom cell.

I have contained myself here,
in fear of cross contamination
with the outside world.

I am patient zero
in self-isolation.
My cell is a coat of
blue light
and dusk paint.

Air is dense in the chamber.
I feel as though I can float
but my limbs carry effort
across the landscape of my mattress.

Due to the fever, I abandoned
my suit at 15:00.
I remain in half of a duvet,
a bra, and my helmet.

I have attempted to claw inside
my torso
so that I can rip the virus from
the host.

My skin, unfortunately stays
mostly intact.

My helmet is a Lego head
I have painted

smile

on the plastic.

I have always thought about it,
you know?

When you change a Lego head,
onto a Lego body,
does the head
get a new set of clothes?

Or does the body
get a new face?

This is why I always dream of guillotine.

When I am finally able to
remove my head,
I wish to whisk my hand in
the bowl of my skull
and reach around into the corners,
like pulling names from a raffle.
I hope to pull the memory,
or thought,
or idea that suggests
transition.

Then hide it in under the chest
of drawers
where it can sit with the
receipts of yesterday's gifts.

Cicada II: Emerge

Coming out is not
closet eruption
scarf noose unties
& rainbow suspenders

Coming out is not leap
or faith
or breaking back on concrete

Coming out is crack
& split on spine
with a shiver roll down
It is metamorphous

Seduce me in my airtight
black rubbish sack
watch me as foetus
kicking mummy's belly
wringing & swirling horror show

Coming out is pimple
bottom left of lip
it feels royal purple & fat
dig me out or wait
until any pressure
pops me

I come out like froth and goo
I boil & bubble in beaker
burn & stretch my skin until I reduce to

tongue & cheek

in bone bowl

I cannot keep coming out

I am Russian doll heart

uncase me & peel me

pass my parcel at parties

& scrape any residue of

the carapace that the others

knew me as

Coming out is the scab of

borrowed time

It is to pick at it until it

glazes over

It is pus & blood

& the sizzle of you dissolving

Come out of yourself

eat your scar tissue

swallow the carcass

that you outgrow

again & again & again & again

& there will always be some left

of you

for you

to consume

estronaut

I want to be woman / show me woman / show me tall heels / and high legs / make them
 naked / to show / me why I should hide them / show me beauty standards / double standards /
 double dees / and standard drinks / show me diet / show me shoes / and ribs / and scales /
 show me to smile more // show me unsolicited / weird messages / harass me online / on my
 free time / casually though / make sure it's a joke / hit on me when I speak / or hit me when I
 speak / show me how it's / so cool that a girl plays videogames / yes I do have a boyfriend /
 show me how to keep the secret / because showing gay / is a whole other shitshow // show
 me ladylike / show me to my knees / expect soft from me / show me puppy tricks / like sit /
 stay / roll over / come / show me submissive // show me my idea / show off my knowledge /
 to me / for me / show me protection / show me damsel / and distress / show me your lover /
 show off your show wife / fresh from the other trophies / show me your collection / your
 conquered / show me my place in the / show me cabinet / because I can cook / if you show
 me / seventy-seven cents / and an hour / the pastry is yours // show me vagina / and uterus /
 and ovulating / woman is not woman / without ovulating / I want period / I want blood / I
 want it all / show me all / show me how to tuck again // show me second place / I can come
 second / or not at all / show me woman / curves / and looks / check me out / show me asking
 for it / show my allegation / grope me / fuck me / and whether I asked for it / or not / show
 me asking for it / show me how to / show my mother / my motherhood / show me
 psychological thriller / show me pregnancy and / scares and / how to be Wolverine / with my
 keys // show me the clinic / show me whore / show me the bloodiest decision / of my life /
 about a life / but first please show me how / it feels better without a condom // show me tits to
 show / you / so you can show / your dick in one hand / with your other on a cigarette / 'show
 me, woman' / show me the smoke / you blow up / your friend and family's arse about how /
 modest I am not / show me modest / do not show me prude // fetishize me / show me tranny /
 trap / traps / shoulders / jawlines and cheekbones / show me how you can tell / tell me where
 I am not woman / do not tell me what woman isn't / do not tell me what woman is either /
 show me

a window into the fourth wall



Don't read into it.

Trans creator creates trans creation

What came first, the artist or the tranny
without trans would trans creator be an artist

Trans creator doesn't want to be known for trans creations
Trans creator will refuse to be defined by being trans.

Trans creator creates trans content,
Because it's easy to write about what you know. (trans)

And no one knows trans like trans creator does.

Trans creator would love to write about
Bees or some shit
But trans creator has to be trans every day so it's hard to see the bees
when being trans (shit) is in front of your face

Trans is political. Trans creator is political. Trans creator hates politics.

Trans creator can't create anything that isn't trans

Trans content creator is educational and important because who else will discourage the kids to choose this because it's a choice to choose this becoming a writer I mean you choose to become a writer don't become a writer it's not worth the trouble

bbbbbbbbbb
bbbbbbbbbb
bbbbbbbbbb this is shit

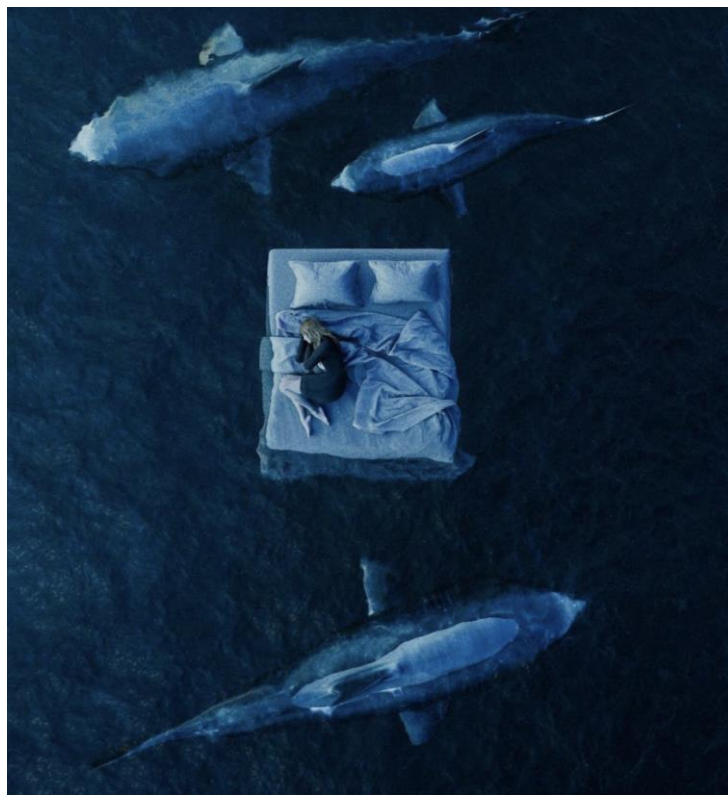
Trans content creator cannot create or cater towards non trans audiences.

Transcreatorcontemplatescreatingtransporn

would Trans t????its sit com??fortably in content creation to ?collect cash wit hout an education????????

am i h ot enough ?? for porn?

THREE – DEAD



@itskaiwan
Kaiwan Shaban

Stories from Boy II: Where the wild things aren't

The feathered one's flock to the sill
They learnt from Peter
how to put Boy under
They learnt from Peter
that life sucks everywhere
from Timbuktu to Neverland

Boy will not lay still
Boy will not have
green eggs and ham
He is not hungry
like the Caterpillar
He has no appetite
so he goes to bed
without supper

He licks and sticks
picture books
under his eyelids
like Father does with
his tobacco in gums
Boy will listen
to the corvine
and ask them if they know
where the wild things aren't

If they could take him away from here
Where would they take him to

Magpie suggests a stroll
Down past Donaldson's Dairy
to collect friends like trinkets

Crow offers a tea party
through a rabbit hole and a quaint
game of croquet with the Red Queen

Raven chimes in and implies a cave
where the Gruffalo lies
will be as safe a place as any

Of course, the flock knows
that life sucks everywhere
from Timbuktu to Neverland
But you need to sail to
where the wild things aren't
to know for sure

Boy is on a bear hunt (of sorts)
and he is extremely scared

DEADNAME for a reason

He is DEADNAME for a reason
I hung him from the rafters myself
hoisted him with the strength
I got from the testosterone he poisoned me with

I have beaten him like pinata
his teeth and screams and pleas
fell like sugar teardrops into my mouth
I took my time to make it sweet

I peeled his heels so he
could not run from me again
I shaved off his calves like kebab meat
then tugged and chewed his toenails off
for good and tasty measure

I gave him scalpel
drained his heart from his biceps
his forearms and armpits
I had him pose like Hercules
his muscles cried
like blood from an angel's eyes

No need for the coroner
I spelunked his chest cavity
examined the cause of death
by licking the last beats
of his heart

A letter to those who loved

I have lost my loves
they washed away
downstream
with my ecdysis
tied to the rocks

i

To my friends that didn't
kill me in high school:
Brotherhood is brutal.
I need to be woman.
Then woman who is
comfortable being in
a space designed for men.
Until then, save a spot in
the game lobby for me.
I will revive soon enough.

ii

I'm sorry I don't call anymore Grandma,
despite my father's persistent
reassurance and encouragement.
The rotting mind is brutal.
I can see that the world
is losing its grip on you,
and I can't bring myself to twist
that grasp any further.

iii

To the education system and employers:

I cannot be your martyr.
I am unfortunately gifted with the skills
of two teachers as parents.
This poem fucking sucks, and I would be better as a teacher.
Blame my uncle,
for coaxing me out of a teaching degree
after seeing how insane it made his sister go.
Kidding, Mum.
He didn't say that.
Maybe he implied it.
Maybe I'm just stirring shit
to make next Christmas more fun.
Maybe if they pay more,
I can withstand the proverbial spotlight and be a lightning rod beacon.
Because we all know
it's important for kids to see a real trans person that exists in flesh and bone.
Maybe if they pay more,
I'll be your trans Jesus.

iv

To the stage and the wasted decade:
I am no longer talent.
I am done with the role of
Boy.
Double Major in Theatre Studies and Writing Studies
are two halves of a shit sandwich.
I will always be hungry
and all I will have,
is one half of a shit sandwich.
Script will only have room for the tranny.
Until I learn how to be my own woman,
I will never play the woman.

Okay here's my four-step strategy on how to make poems worth money.

Step one:

Write poetry.

Allude to some suicidal tendencies.

(This will help us in future steps).

Disguise your work as 'deep' by adding unnecessary white space.

Now, underline the mental illness factor once more.

On paper this collection will look like casual void screaming.

If so, it means it's working. Keep it up.

At face value a reader will not give a shit because you are clearly alive,
and therefore fine.

If this is the case, we have the green light to move on to step two.

Step two:

Kill yourself.

Step three [a]:

Leave a trusted person or loved one.

(This is the hardest step).

Place your collection to be published,
alongside your suicide note.

(This could also be used for step four, see later).

After the initial six second grief
of your trusted-loved-one finding your dangling, drowned
(or other means of being dead) body.

They will stumble across your 'conveniently' placed gold mine.

Step three [b]:

Raise social awareness of mental illness and suicide,
without having to be on this shithole of a plane.

Make a positive difference in the world,
by not doing anything.

Step three [c]:

Avoid debt.

Your writing studies degree becomes useful,
and those fuckers at StudyLink can collect payments
from your decomposing, very dead, gaping asshole.
Your loved one gains revenue from the fun fact
that the artist killed themselves after writing this.

Step four:

Profit.

And bathe in the afterlife that doesn't fucking exist.

cerberus: a recycled hellhound from the space between the dead boy and the lost girl

Tomorrow never flatters me

i wish that I didn't have to sleep
i don't ever want to do tomorrow.

I'm pissing everyone off
mostly me
I can't fucking

sleep

I'm so angry
I just want to do something

right

God, I wrote something like this 2 years ago

4 years ago

To the same playlist

I have written this

on the same keyboard

I have the same desires of

fucking

smashing monitors.

I think I have three heads.

i used to play shooters off and on

Line

with my friends

Before

Teeth ripped at my gums.

I don't play anymore because

They're really good at pissing me off

I'm really good at getting pissed off.

Nothing really changes.

Nothing really changes

nothing really changes

They know when they do it

I'm sure they do

We forget I'm depressed sometimes

they forget that

i act

And I can't find the credit I gave myself

which is not good

I have

Looked everywhere

and

bruised myself

but I have never been in a proper fight

i played football for over a decade

I can kick things

pretty hard.

i think i have three heads

it gets loud when they,

The others

pull and

push
each other

and

Don't pay rent

and tear my hair out.

I don't need it anyway

There's no need

According to them

My head has no use

Other than a battering ram

I keep making the same mistakes

I am hitting my head

against a brick wall.

I used to play league with my friends

and my brothers.
i used to have fun playing

I don't have fun when I'm not winning

I know I am unwell

I fucking love winning

I find it hard to constantly try

and keep it all in

I can understand the appeal though

I am unkind

to myself
i'm lost

I keep

Wondering what it's like

To have one head

A vagina

Or a good idea

on when to
sleep.
daydreaming

and

beating the shit out of
myself

tires me at least.

It's nice to know

I am not deep

and

nothing really changes.

What that means is that

I

am

waste

I am wasting my time
with art
and

I am
wasting time

Everyone's time

I am not
good
enough

i have had
enough

Enough

of it

I yell at people who can't hear me
only when I'm winning of course
because

i find it funny

I imagine they say

how

I can be better

I need to be better.

cerberus
has three heads
as if one was not
enough

In loving memory of the poems I didn't write

The biggest shame of modern technology
is that I cannot plant a USB or device into
my temple, download my ideas and upload
them directly to the art-craving-part of yours.

I have to invest in this alphabet soup medium and
dilute thoughts down to images down to words.
By the time I have gotten six drops in,
I have forgotten where I was going with it.

I have no idea where my ideas went
I am writing about lost potential
I am writing about
I can't remember

I know I don't often plan, but I'm certain I had blueprints,
an idea or direction of where this project was meant to go.
I just don't know where I put it because,
this jigsaw definitely doesn't look like the fucking box.

DOWNGRADE > PATCH UP > UPGRADE

demolish	and
collapse	then
deflate	and
correct	the
damage	again

Cicada III: Husk

I'm so glad you're able to live your life as the real you!

thank you thank you thank you thank you / I don't get to come out and be / I have to sit in my own piss and shit and discern / the difference between my faeces and eggs / laid here a decade ago / cicada is to lay and waste / cicada is to hatch / cicada is thirteen year olds finding it funny to ask you if you got your penis cut off / cicada is wanting to cut parts of yourself off / it is wishing that you can / crush the shell you left / behind and glue it together from scratch / cicada is / fit in / to sing with the songbirds / and dance with the butterflies / in summer / it wishes to fly from your roots to somewhere new / somewhere where no one knows you / because you don't know you / somewhere you don't blank people you know because you don't know if they know the you-now or the you-that-you-used-to-be / you know / cicada is to rustle / it is your mind to vibrate / cicada is double edged / and ugly / and cicada can't find the words that accurately fit this feeling because as far as cicada is aware this feeling is yet to exist / cicada is discovery / I don't know who I am and / who this husk of the person you loved is

I think all women feel like that though

yeah I guess yeah I guess yeah I guess / all women get time to grow up / all women get to adjust / to the birds and the shit / thrown at them / all women get to realize from a young age that the game of life is one for men / cicada can't bitch about it though / cicada shut the fuck up / you're just like the butterflies so stop / creasing your torso / we were all cocoon once / we were all cocoon / once / not twice / we all hate our wings / and wish they were different / we all feel scared of the songbirds and the predators / cicada you are not the only one to strip yourself / cicada you are not the only one who has grown / too big for you / we all leave behind our growth / we all need to discover who we are / what do you mean rediscover / we all learn to leave our growth behind / cicada you are not the only one who feels like they don't belong with the butterflies / cicada / by no means / are you / or your case different

Six sounds like sex in a kiwi accent

This poem is 6 feet under my high school
 It has reserved its spot
 Next to the few in my year group
 Who killed themselves.
 It's all tied up in pretty
 school pride colours
 of black and blood.
 This poem is my high school diploma.

This poem is 6 feet under
 football studs.
 Studs that track over social sport soil.
 Studs who track who scores the most.
 Studs that see the
 loose and ready,
 upturned and dirty,
 easy to get
 6 in deep,
 or silver-tongued cleats getting
 6 goals in
 on light soil skin.

This poem is 6 feet under
 the breeding grounds
 and the man up motto:
Sapiens fortunam fingit sibi.
 Which roughly translates to:
 Sink or swim,
 and we will take credit for the victors.
 But it's in Latin so,

be inspired, I guess.

This poem is 6 feet under
an “emotional haka” video
with 3 million views.

Look, mate.

Your name is famous.

It’s buried under the assembly
where we mourned a kid named “Jarod”
who was year 12, apparently.

Buried under the best friend and mother
who requested nothing be said.

So they changed your name and year level.

So they can show how much they care about you,
“Jarod”.

This poem is 6 feet under
the curious thought of why no one else
would want to be a girl.

Just to see what it’s like.

Just to be delicate.

Just to know how the studs feel
on soft soil skin.

But this poem isn’t educated enough
to tell you why.

This poem has a eulogy written
in the fine print of your enrolment.

This poem is indented on your tombstone
in the early graveyard plot.

This poem is the worst years of your life
that you wish you could relive.

This poem is casually homophobic for a laugh,

This poem works out and fucks,

This poem knows how to throw a punch,

This poem has vodka in a drink bottle,

This poem has a rape allegation.

This poem cannot be unlearnt or

RetrievedRetriedRecalledRelocatedRepeatedRevived,

This poem is buried

6 feet under tear ducts.

This poem is coming out

in an open casket.

Branded Jumpsuit

You will always be trans

You will always have that sound in your throat

Even if you bury it in a black hole back pocket

Place a fishbowl face and

A charred spacesuit on

Try and hide in the vast

We will find you and

You will still be trans

You will always be twenty years in the hole

You will always be Boys' High alumni

You cannot shove that in a tube sock and bottle rocket it

Somewhere out of jurisdiction

The alien feeling of penis and testes will remain

In the outskirts of orbits and in the residue of asteroids

When your skin is yours

And your smile is owned

We will find you and

You will still be trans

You will always be label or question or gawk or surprise

We will find you and

You will always be the guessing game

You will still be trans

You will be the enigma until you

Float alongside your incinerated words as

Long gone dust in the milky way

Stories from Boy III: Recycled Suicide Note “Sailor”

Boy is a bedroom,
an inverted lamp shade,
a sea of clothing caressing the shore of the sheets.
The light switch is his anchor.
Each night it dissolves Boy
into the hollow of his skull.
Each night Boy sets sail.
Each night Boy is Sailor.

Sailor ventures where he’s told he shouldn’t.
He floats on bedrest; a sailboat haven.
Fixated on finding a safe death,
Boy quests to find the edges of his globed head
Sailor probes his necrotic mind,
a haven holding onto a dead safety.

Boy confuses rain on the glass
with tears on a treasure map pillowcase.
Sky is mother, peeping through a gap in the door.
Mother moonlight speaks in lullaby
and gives soothing sway
to comfort her lost and stranded.

Mother falls behind the fog and cries.
Her face grows heavy,
and the charcoal clouds mimic her.
A cell phone lighthouse plays patty-cake with Boy
as waves pull him away
from lollipop and red-liquorice memories.

Overcast smoke thickens
and hinders Boy from the heavens.
He seeks shelter under a duvet,
and readies his sheets as sails.
Praying that he can take the hit
from the night's storm.

Sailor walks the plank,
and peers at his hollow sea below.
He stares down the dive,
and it stares back
with sirens of song lyrics.

Sailor dives in, and ventures where he's told he shouldn't.
In water unwarm and unwelcoming.
He quests with closed eyes because
down here, even a beautiful face
will make you flinch.

His mind becomes a vessel
and he sings the insomniac's anthem,
on the quest for a dreamland.

Ode to the dead boy

Shick tuff Shick tuff

Soil is light
freshly shuffled
easy to get
shovel in deep

Shick tuff Shick tuff

There are rumours
of a dead boy
in the pit of
a football field

Shick tuff Shick tuff

Some say the casket
is empty
others say
there's no casket at all

Shick tuff Shick tuff

I want to find out
if he buried himself
then crawled out
after he died

Shick tuff Shick tuff

So far, I have found
skin, penis,
a lot of pills and a pen
I think the dogs got him

Shick tuff Shick tuff

No notes
or clues of suicide
just sad letters to himself
the dogs must have got him

Shick tuff Shick tuff

Someone should write to him

Shick tuff Shick tuff

Dear the dead boy

Shick tuff Shick tuff

Many are missing you

Shick tuff Shick tuff

Sometimes I do too

Shick tuff Shick tuff

But it's best I make sure

Shick tuff

That you remain dead

FOUR – ROT



@essal99
Lasse Nilsson

_ :) _

force myself to

smile

in the mirror

paint myself and

cry

write 'i love you' in lipstick

coo myself to kiss me then

strike at the image

with my teeth

bite a

smile

into me with the shards

and coat my sink in the

reds of my lip

force myself to

smile

in the mirror

because i need to be proud

smile

look how far i have come

be smiley proud

others aren't as lucky as myself

i look at the flesh flop from rot and

smile

force myself to

see it

can't force myself to shower
or i see it

i see the cracks on me
and so i make sure to sit still on the ice

blood and wax
gloss
drip on the frost
see it
on winter window

smear over my weight
and spread the pressure

i will not move
i will just
see
red
gloss
drip
to
fall
and I will
smile

MY MORNING ROUTINE | VLOG | CICADAA IRL

Hi my chirpers! So, a lot of you have been asking about my morning routine! So, today I thought I'd share it with you! As usual don't forget to like and subscribe to support the channel and be in to win our sponsored giveaway. Huge thanks to "Real Peel" I'll talk about them later in the video. Okay let's get right into it.

"So, today is um Friday... It's currently 6:17 am, so uhh yeah! Let's do this!"

So, the first thing I do when I get out of bed is decide what I'm going to wear for the day.

"Does this look cute? Ew, no, you can still see my face."

So, this is always a constant struggle, LMAO! Because I want to perform femininity for the delicious male gaze. But instead, I'm going for a tomboy aesthetic, so I don't have a panic attack about how I'm not 'woman' enough.

"Okay that was tricky, but I'm pretty happy with this ensemble, got me some sweatpants, and this hoodie that has a BBQ sauce stain on it. Typically, I will pair it with some ankle socks, and some sketchers I slip into easily, but today I might spice it up by wearing my Vans that I have worn for five years."

So, now it's 7:00 am which means it's time for my first cry nap of the day, I am a firm believer in starting the grind early, this fuels me and energizes my soul for the day, bringing a vibe and energy that I can vibe with.

"So, it's, 9:09 am, usually, I will put on the outfit... that um, took me an hour to think about. But I'm having a minor crisis today, because I can feel my skin. Just like all the time, and I need to get out of it."

So, this is where I begin the process of ripping off my skin, thanks to our sponsor of today's video "Real Peel" I'm using their brand-new product the PotatOMFG Peeler. And what can I say, this thing gets results. It's a huge step up from their already amazing original PotatOMG Peeler. It helps me get in the small gaps that my fingernails can't catch.

"Oh my freaking god this thing is so amazing, look I can just get my upper lip and nose... like that. Wow though seriously, one peel and its done. I love the little upgrade from the PotatOMG Peeler, the adjustable blades make the annoying corners so much easier."

So, usually this can take me up to an hour of hacking, but "Real Peel" takes it all in one clean sweep, look at that, straight to the flesh. And if you use the code CICADA30 at checkout you can shave 30% off your order. Check out their 'Real Peel Deals' too, honestly, it's such a steal and works a treat if you're preparing meals or if you need to slice face skin off.

"Alright chirpers now that my skin has been shed its time to get in and out of the shower as fast as I can, not 'cause I have anywhere to go or anything, I just... fucking hate it."

So, one shower later its now around 11:00 am and this is where I would take my second cry nap of the day, but today's a task day! I use the term task day when I have to do something a regular functioning adult would do as an everyday task.

“It’s task day today, um... so, I have to eat, duh. But usually, I can uber a meal and use that for a couple days. But I don’t have any money for this weekend, so, I have to um. Make cereal, my go to is a childhood favourite “Milo Cereal.” Mum would only let us eat this on holidays, so I have a soft spot for it. I recommend the nostalgia trip as it helps me sweeten the past and realize that today is awful and every day to come will be even more so. But you’re welcome to switch this cereal out with something you prefer.”

So, today has been huge already, I have showered, peeled, and fed myself. This is usually enough to call it a day and I will wait for bedtime by scrolling seven types of media and retaining nothing for six to eight hours. But today, I’m going above and beyond to show you that true work ethic you know me for.

“So, um. It’s currently Saturday, 1:04 am. I have my computer here, well laptop. And I am going to turn it on! Typically, I stare at this document right here, it just shows all the work I’ve done on this book and— well, more importantly, the work I haven’t done on it and need to do. So yeah, I tend to just stare at this for at least an hour before turning off my computer.”

So, I actually surprised myself and wrote something. I didn’t film any of the process but I managed to record some just before my bedtime dissociation routine.

“I AM GOD’S FUCKING GIFT TO THIS WORLD, SUCK MY TWISTED MIRACLE DICK. LANGUAGE WAS INVENTED FOR ME TO SPEAK IT AND USE IT. I DID IT FUCKWORMS I WROTE A POEM. I CAN ACHIEVE ANYTHING, MOUNTAINEERS, MILLIONAIRES AND MINOTAURS HAVE FUCKING NOTHING ON MY ACHIEVEMENTS.”

So, yeah that’s my morning routine! Thank you so much for watching, make sure you like and subscribe and stay tuned for next week’s video, where I go through my evening routine byeeeeeeeeeee.

four at best

I have snail between my legs,
spiders back on my chest.

Bullfrog on my neck,
mushroom moss on my chin.

Stray cat whiskers at my forearms,
cauldron as a stomach,
and wilted weeds from my scalp.

one year ago, I was prettier

one year ago, I thought that I was prettier
one year ago

I was more than makeup
on a Gruffalo
and a four at best

Fly on the wall

I spent thirty minutes displacing my bedroom
to kill the rotting buzz
of a fly drilling into my sleep
after spending thirty minutes
uprooting my bedroom furniture
I snatched the fat dot
smothered it into bubble wrap
punched the pops into the dresser table
I flattened it into plastic and guts
and kept going until my knuckles
were buzzing

the corroding vibration
of smug wings persisted
I had only pummelled its lover
I pinched the culprit
from the pill packets
stitched between the bed and it's
siamese table
I bathed the bug in the blood
of its accomplice
watched it squirm it's broken body

I thought about eating it
to feed the birds in my brain

Green Sleepers

This is your brain in transit. / It is on a rattlesnake train / that hisses and vibrates on the / rust
that snaps the ends of / your painted fingernails. / Look at the way it sits / in a seat with fangs
pressed / behind the knees. / Viper pumps caffeine / to keep posture awake. / Veins clench /
on wrist / on hand / on eye / on the / pumping venom to keep you awake.

This is your brain as the gawk. / Watch flies run circles / around the glass rim. / The
flies watch the / second and half overstayed / eye contact / of passengers watching / you. /
Watch rattle tail flicker in time with / tongue tasting / corners of the stale seats / that have
nothing to do with / the dried chewing gum under your thighs. / The discomfort smells like /
syringe and vinegar like the / venom pumping to keep you awake.

This is your brain on jealousy. / The flies live a lifespan shorter / than this journey /
shorter than / the head turns / that stick and lock / at the controversial. / Mix acid and spit into
concealer / so passengers never look on the face twice. / Watch the pretty / legs / hair / waist /
let it drag your eyelids / downwards and / diagonally out of your / keep awake / wipe the
venom that leaks / the venom that keeps pumping you.

This is your brain on impatience. / Tapping your two-sixty-two bpm foot / makes the
travel across the rails faster. / Moults a layer by / peeling the rings around your eyes / and
resisting your seat. / Hide all evidence of scales / in pockets you don't have any more / in the
armpits / of plush toys / in under gum / of upper lip. / Keep awake / pump venom to keep you
awake / swat the movement on the wall / lick the corpses / when no one can keep awake.

Keep on awake / keep on pumping / keep awake to keep venom / keep awake to
pumping venom / keep to you / you awake / venom pumping you / you keep / pumping
venom to keep you awake / venom pumping to keep you / to keep you on awake.

This is your brain on awake.

Shit you shouldn't care about when someone introduces themselves.

I am a Scorpio

I drive an orange Ford Fiesta 2014

I was born and raised in Waikato

I had a burrito for lunch

I think red is my favourite colour, but like, I love the blend of orange and the pink on either sides of that colour spectrum too

I have blue eyes, well, grey I guess

I prefer coke over pepsi

I have rehearsed my next three panic attacks

I want to ride a crocodile, that's my number one thing on my bucket list

I am a Gryffindor

I do not always leave my pizza crusts, nor do I ever always eat them

I could never move to Australia

I hate spiders and

I struggle in the heat, but that's where crocodiles are

I am indecisive about mint ice cream

I don't understand why billionaires exist

I mean I understand it but, like, why?

I don't know why I haven't seen a billionaire ride a crocodile

I think Jeff Bezos's childhood fantasy was going to space so really in his own way he did ride a crocodile by flying himself to the moon or something

I think Elon Musk had a childhood fantasy of being popular and loved so he wanted to know what it was like to be cool, so he rode a crocodile by buying twitter

I can't afford a therapist

I can afford a degree

I have a lot of student debt

I have no one to talk to about these thoughts

I get these thoughts a lot

I mean like a lot

I am telling you my head is infested by them

I got my mum to fund some psychologist appointments and this overpayed cunt is absolutely headfucked by me

I am gay

I like women

I like feminine appearing people

I bet you I can spit my drink into your mouth from here

I was my psychologist's last client before he mysteriously quit his job

I can count to one hundred

I am transgender

I have a colossal penis despite my feminine appearance and I want to get it chopped off wow wee yes I do that's how surgery works and it's so cool that we first talk about this when we introduce ourselves, please tell me about your mumbo jumbo throbbly wobby cock do you wanna keep it? do you have a name for your big girthy meat dangler? can we please talk more about our fleshy penises?

I'm curious, please forgive me if this is rude or ignorant, but would you stick your dick in a crocodile's mouth?

T is for

TRANS

pride that only exists when you
can't be hidden

TUCKING

yourself away into small
sock and taping yourself against the wall

TRANNY

said "ironically" by white kid
who doesn't want to, or need to understand

TESTING

endurance by the week, patience by the month
and your suicide note punctuation far too frequently

TAKING

and

TIME

TRIMMING

your friends list and
your nails with your

TEETH

to a blunt

TRICK (T is not for TREAT)

your loved ones, and yourself
that progress is being made

T is for

TRIAL and error and trial and error and
error and error and error

THIRST

to fetishize and

TRAP

to the male gaze

THRILL

of being catcalled
and harassed

TRIANGULAR

and permanent Dorito

TORSO

TAILORED

bridesmaid dress that still
looks like shit

TOP

that is a cookie cutter for the frame that
you aren't

TOILET

TRIPS

THAT

feels like spy film

TIPPING

dick down and making sure
you make noise when you sit to pee

THREAT

to women community

TOUGH

bouncers not sure what
to make of your I.D.

THING

between the legs begging for a botched
circumcision with garden shears

TILTED

for the whole day when you see
high school alumni

TIE

worn to your grandfather's funeral
that feels ingenuine to keep or throw

TAMPON

that sits in your handbag as
womanhood license

TWIST

in gut and blood in pants
you long for

TONGUE

and the voice that ruins it

THROAT

and the resonant bulge in it

TOMB

and the boy they grieve not in it

TRUST

that everyone will love you all
the same and knowing they won't

THRUST

into advocation spotlight
and beacon for the young

TOMORROW

always arriving despite you wishing
against it

TORCHING

hair in clinic
and numb aftershave

TELLING

studylink, winz, nhi, ird, etc
that your legal name has changed

THEN

receiving a letter with the DEADNAME on it
and you'd think that paying over two hundred dollars to change DEADNAME that important
places that require legal DEADNAME would be informed to update it. Like I had to fuck
around for over nine months to get my DEADNAME and gender marker changed but it's too

much effort to change it in a few DEADNAME systems despite all my effort? But the person at the arcade took one look at me and asked me if I wanted to change my DEADNAME. Just be the person at the arcade next time please

TYRANT

who overexplains things
and is too woke and P.C.

THICK

THIGHS

and no
rights

THIN

statistic of successful trans people
in [insert industry here]

TESTOSTERONE

being an undead cockroach
under the skin of your jaw

TEMPTING

the straight guys
but they're not gay, so

TINY

giveaways that imply
you have a penis

THINKING

puberty was fun the first time
so why not do it again

TERRIBLE

arguments to debunk on why I

am problematic / have a genetic advantage in sports / google Japan vs Brazil volleyball and go to images / shouldn't pee in women's bathrooms / stalls aren't made of glass / am just a trend and you're poisoning my child with these thoughts / we have been suppressed and hiding just look at the rate of left-handed people over the years

T is for

THANK you

for considering me human

TASTE

of salt and mint

in the

THOUSAND

of dollars and pills and appointments and questions

to have

TITS

the size of

grapes

TRICKLE

down of

TEARS

and flesh

in the shower

THOROUGH

cleansing of your image that

remains stained when the steam clears up

Cicada IV: Cycle / Nymph

tiny nymph fucker
hatches from egg
burrows its smug arse
into the ground
for one to two
decades /
it will wait for a summer
to dislocate
its deformed
chode of a torso
just like an accordion
to make noise that
fucks everyone off
just like an accordion /
the ugly bastards
will slap their wings
and provide nothing
to the ecosystem
other than a snack
for deranged cunts /
nymph emerges
as shithead cicada and
fucking screcrecrecreces
for a couple of weeks
it fucks
shits some eggs
and dies

Describing to an alien (or cis person) what gender dysphoria is, the transition process, and the panic attack I'm having which is why I can't come to your fucking party, Alice.

one

you are vile in bottle

inside like ship

cork opens in stomach

lifts mustard to chest

when shower

mirror

piss

you can't exactly

be cicada shell

it must float out

of you in sweat

when dress

walk

piss

catch up on ten years

of foundation

press rancour in sponge

tap it on face

when talk

chin

piss

you are attraction

celebrity and pearl

splash acid at flash

to dissolve film reel

when look

fuck

piss

two

it starts in the changing rooms / most noticeably it feels like it's not the right fit / the clothes as well as the penis wearer in the room / i will let you know when this feeling subsides / cry on your lover's shoulder / order breast forms from wish.com / find confidence with kararaina's friend you just met / wear makeup / pay thirty dollars for fucking sponges / wear yourself out / to outback / in fishnets / in heel / in cock in sock tuck / smile about it / to the camera / to the bouncer holding your outdated license / to the boys you're not interested in / get rid of clothes that your brother would have stolen from you anyway / buy new / (clothes. not brother) / shave everything / come out to flat / come out to home / predict / expect / react / to the reactions / mum's just pissed that the money you borrowed went straight to k-mart wardrobe / emily and flat gets cheesecake to celebrate / grandma's already forgotten / choke on the correction / understand why people have a fear of public speaking / and speaking / come out to facebook / to 262 likes / 114 comments / and 12 removed friends / shave everything again / no / wax it / count the days down for appointments / enjoy the

wait

for the breasts

wait

for the cheeks

wait

for the surgery

wait

for the voice

wait

inside sweat wear

wait

for the surgery

wait

for it to feel right

wait

to come out all over again

three

Hi, I fucked up my lipstick,
punched the counter and am
crying on the floor.

I'm not coming tonight.

falling (apart)

“In case I should fall” – Sara Hirsch

I am falling apart
from the knuckles and fingernails
sharp and rigid into
soft camel humps for
lovers’ wrist

I have beer gut disguised as
fat uterus
occasionally
I lie on my stomach
and sweat
I feel the fruit – that is my belly
sour in the shadows
of wet dew turn
from kiwifruit fur
to peach rot fuzz

my chin leaks like mozzarella
it drips and bubbles
skin turns to package wrap
that pops under stress
and I slap sal’s on my face
so it has reason for grease
soon my jaw will drop
when I see a mother
my head will heat like
bun in oven
over the red and yellow envy
that I have for something, someone

not because I want it

but because I have no option to want it

my love, it is time to rot

to collapse, fold and decompose

to become soggy

pizza box and

warm fruit

piece by

piece

until

anew

In lieu of the political poem

The statistics for transgender suicides could not attend this book.

The victims of transgender hate crimes could not attend this book.

The American lawmakers could not attend this book.

The comedy television punchline could not attend this book.

The transgender athlete could not attend this book.

The biggest franchise in 'Magic & Fantasy' could not attend this book.

The porn category could not attend this book.

The fourteen-year-old from the All-Boys' High School can, however, attend this book.

The fourteen-year-old from the Boys' High School gets along with students from the Girls' High School. He is in year ten. He is straight and can tell when he is attracted to a woman, physically or romantically. The fourteen-year-old boy gets along with students from the Girls' High School, and feels less pressure to do so, compared to fitting in at his high school. The fourteen-year-old boy finds friends. Friends from the Girls' High School. Boys from his high school will tell you that 'friends' means 'soon to be fucking'. Year Eleven invites the fourteen-year-old boy over to her place to watch a movie in the weekend. Year Eleven is sixteen and a couple other friends will be there too. The fourteen-year-old boy is straight. He can tell when he is attracted to a woman, physically or sexually. Unfortunately, Year Eleven cannot host. Could fourteen-year-old ask his parents? Unfortunately, Year Eleven's friends cancelled, and the author has since forgotten why. Year Eleven has snacks and movies and her mum is there too. Fourteen-year-old's mum has now met Year Eleven's mum. Year Eleven's mum feels assured that her daughter is safe, after meeting fourteen-year-old boy's mum. Unfortunately, the dog needs to be walked. Unfortunately, Boy's mum doesn't check on her son when she gets back. Because Year Eleven has a grasp on his dick. Year Eleven assumes porn is real. That tight, hard and fast is good. Fourteen-year-old boy is frozen. He doesn't speak. He doesn't say no, he doesn't know how. His dick is hard though. The fourteen-year-old sees the colour of his living room drained and saturated. Boys are meant to want this. Boys boast and brag about this. He doesn't say no, he doesn't know how. He endures it. Year Eleven becomes upset that the encounter was one sided and that he did not

reciprocate. The students from the All-Boys' High School don't believe that he didn't want it. So, he doesn't speak anymore. Only one student will believe him, when fourteen becomes seventeen-year-old boy.

The Trans Exclusive Radical Feminists also could not attend this book, but they have left a message.

You are not one of us. You are not safe. You are the predator. Please die.

Sand in the waist

Do you enjoy being fleeting flesh?
 A sack for the years to rot your skin sour.
 Are you content knowing that your cycle,
 starts from sacrifice of your mother's pristine vagina,
 and ends with you producing tomorrow's bones.

Or would you prefer that time floated motionless?
 Sat in a vacuum, no drive or momentum.
 No perish, nor wrinkles, or funerals.
 Your vagina still intact and your mother almost dead, almost.

Are you waiting for the laughs,
 cries, failures, and triumphs of your legacy?
 Do you feel dead once they fuck from the nest?
 To know that your role is done, and the rest is just
 waiting for the bus driven by a scythe.

Or would you rather a reality of never
 putting your dog down or worrying about birth control.
 Do you consider this to be the peak of you?
 That you've grown enough and you'd
 rather not have the dealer hit you and go bust.

Would you still get married,
 when forever truly means forever?
 you only have to make the most of it when you have no choice.
 So, do you still choose to live?
 even if it meant you died.