

A Woman.

*"So call me what you will,
take from me,
but a woman is electricity,
an artist,
the lightning's brilliant play."
—Tanya Louise Hendy.*

I, I am a transgender woman.

**You look at me
as an abnormality,
a broken program.
You not only look,
you ask others**

**"Look,
look at him-her-it,
a transgender woman".**

**No. No I do not,
I do not wish to fit,
fit into your**

"perfect world".

Now I know. I will never, nonever be you.

**I, I am a woman,
a woman in a body,
a body of a man.**

**No, you do not,
you do not have to interrogate me,
to prove that.**

I know that for myself.

Now I know. I will never, nonever be you.

Even you,
a woman with so many,
so many words,
words I have listen to.

Even you did not,
did not see me as "her".
You saw,
a transgender woman,
"reminding you of fears and doubts
in your heart."

Am I not a "real",
a "real" woman to you ?

Now I know. I will never, nonever be you.

And you,
almost my mother,
so your words hurt,
hurt even more.

I know,
what you meant,
when you said
"Your selfish choice was yours,
and you will have to live with it,
live with it for better or worse.
Only time will tell."

Do you ?

Do you really think
your God
will punish,
punish me ?

Now I know. I will never, nonever be you.

Would my mother
understand ?

Would she welcome me ?
Me as a woman.
Me as her daughter.

I think she would.

What if she always,
always imagined,
imagined me
as a girl.

And those long afternoons
she spent,
spent with me
stretching freshly washed sheets,
teaching me to cook,
and do needlework,
was her way,
her way of telling,
telling me
"I wish you were a girl".

If she could,
could see,

see me now,
but she—
(will never,
nonever will.)

Now I know. I will never, nonever be you.

I, I have missed so much.
A first date,
with a boy
or a girl.

Will I. Will I find comfort,
comfort in being
a boy,
a man,
a woman
in the same life.

You said
"Lucky you not many,
not many can experience that".

But will I. Will I ever again,
hold a hand in my hand ?
Or am I,
too scared ?
Or is it,
too late ?

Now I know. I will never, nonever be you.

I, I sometimes,
sometimes just want,

want so much to hurt,
to hurt myself,
and spend all day crying,
crying to forget,
I will never,
nonever—
bear a child.

You said
"You already have one".

But, it is not the same,
as to bear,
bear a child,
a child inside you,
and open,
open yourself to show,
show your child—
a whole new world.

No. No I will never,
nonever have that.

Now I know. I will never, nonever be you.

I, I look,
look through my almost,
almost transparent,
transparent hands,
and I want,
I want so much,
so much to be—
to be invisible.

And I wish,
I wish not to be—
not to be anymore.

Will I ? Will I end,
end like so many,
so many others worn down,
worn down under the burden,
the burden—
of your looks ?

If I give up,
will you,
will you feel—
feel any regrets ?

Now I know. I will never, nonever be you.

But perhaps,
I never,
nonever wanted,
wanted to be you.

I, I just,
just wanted,
wanted to be,
to be myself—

A Woman. A Woman. A woman.

Kylie Supski, Melbourne, 2015.